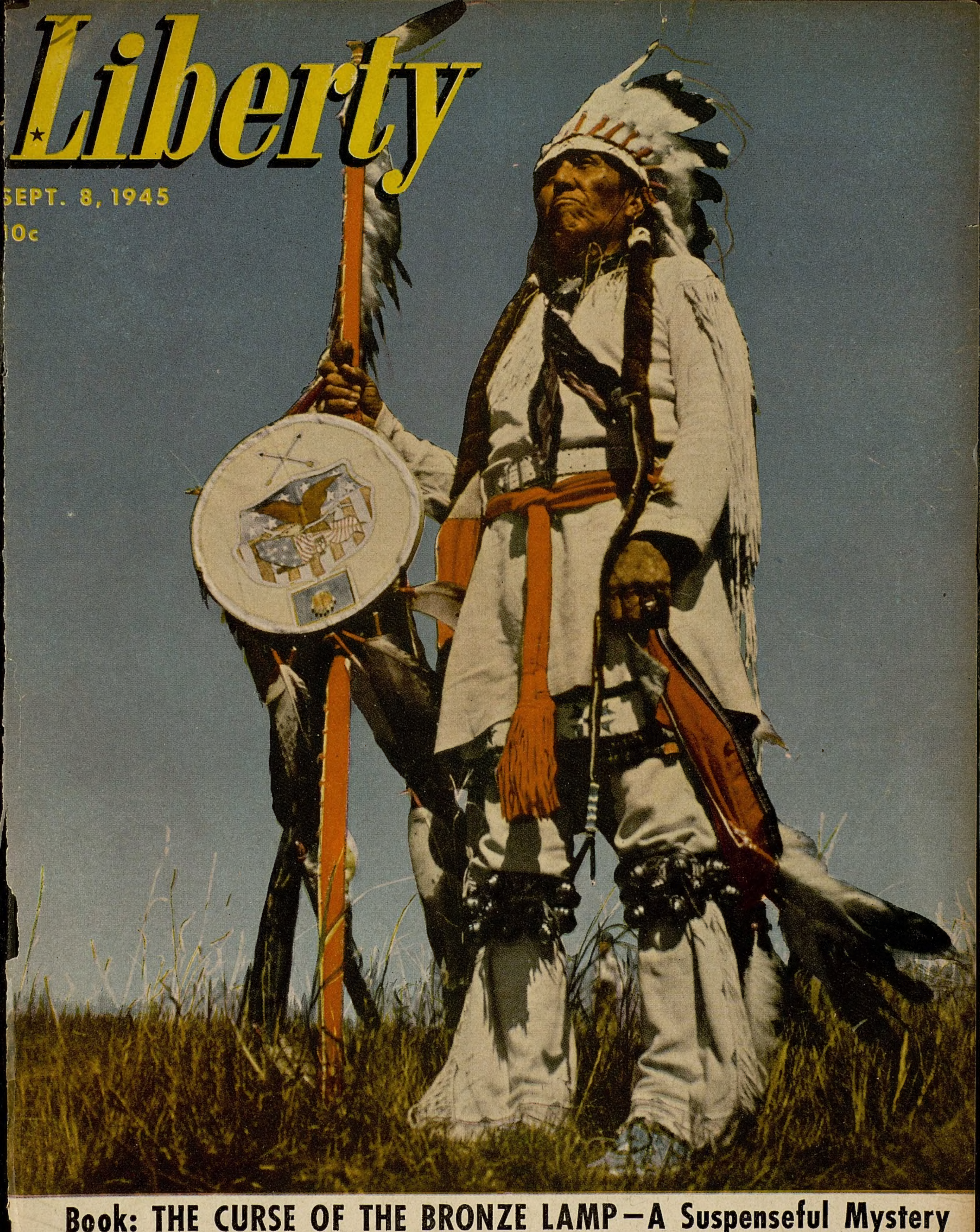
Liberty

SEPT. 8, 1945

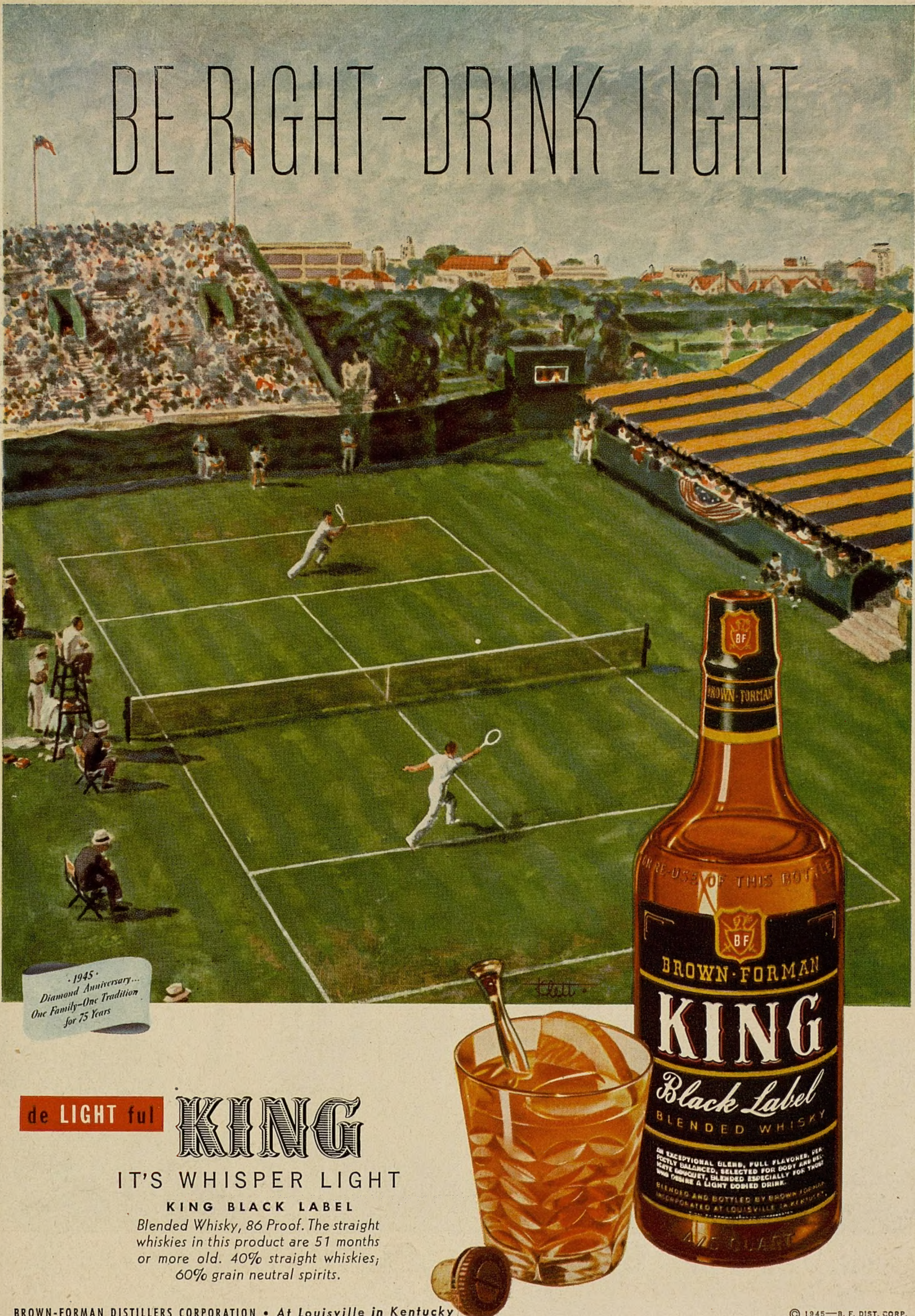
10c



**Book: THE CURSE OF THE BRONZE LAMP—A Suspenseful Mystery**

**ROOSEVELT—MAN AND STATESMAN** By Jonathan Daniels

# BE RIGHT - DRINK LIGHT


Klett
BROWN-FORMAN
BF
FOR RE-USE OF THIS BOTTLE
BROWN-FORMAN
KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKY
AN EXCEPTIONAL BLEND, FULL FLAVORED, PERFECTLY BALANCED, SELECTED FOR BODY AND DELICATE BOUQUET, BLENDED ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO DESIRE A LIGHT BODIED DRINK.
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY BROWN-FORMAN INCORPORATED AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY.
4/5 QUART

·1945·
*Diamond Anniversary...*
*One Family–One Tradition*
*for 75 Years*

**de LIGHT ful** **KING**

## IT'S WHISPER LIGHT

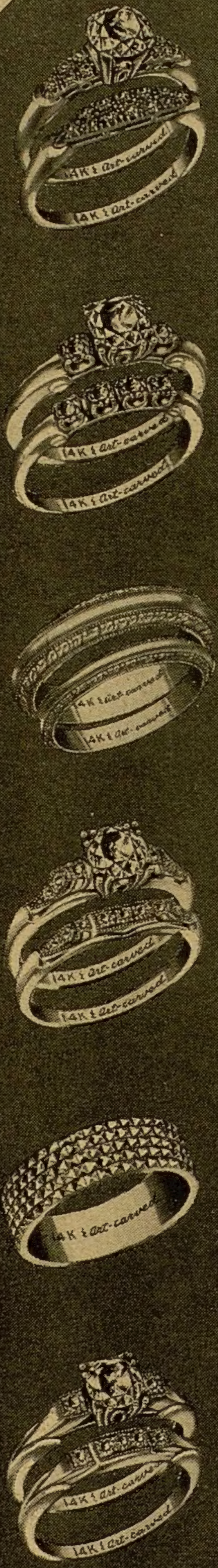
**KING BLACK LABEL**

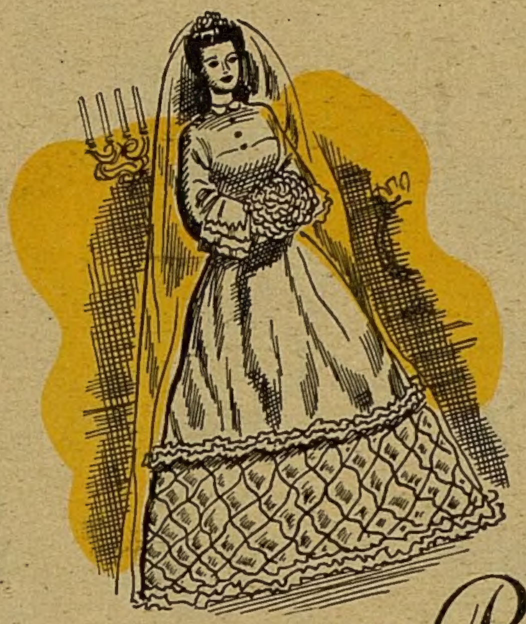
*Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 51 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.*

**BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION** • ***At Louisville in Kentucky***

© 1945—B. F. DIST. CORP.

LEADERSHIP IN STYLE AND QUALITY FOR NEARLY A HUNDRED YEARS


14K Art-carved
14K Art-carved
14K Art-carved
14K Art-carved
14K Art-carved
14K Art-carved
14K Art-carved
14K Art-carved
14K Art-carved
14K Art-carved
14K Art-carved



# *Art-carved* Rings by Wood*

Exquisite modern designs, finest craftsmanship, unequalled diamond value . . . created by quality ring makers since 1850.

Look for *Art-carved* within the ring.

**J. R. WOOD & SONS, INC.**
Dept. B., 216 E. 45th St., New York City (17)
Manufacturers and Diamond Importers, 1850-1945.

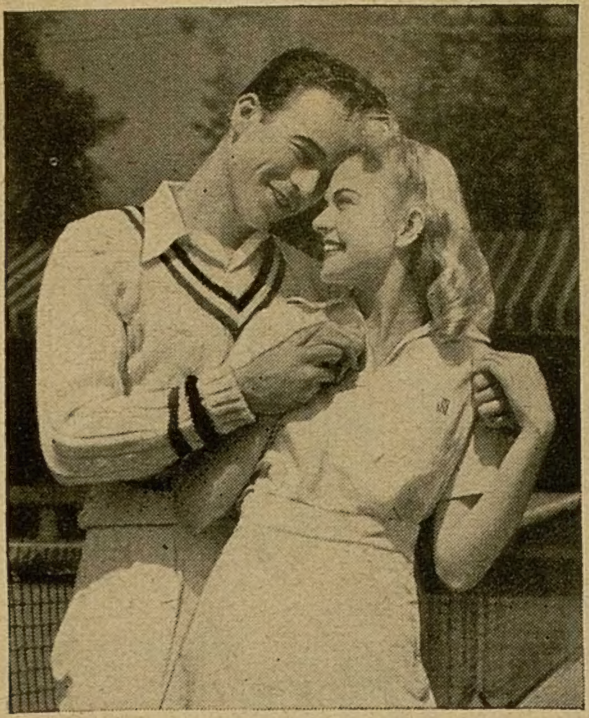
*Trade-Mark Reg.

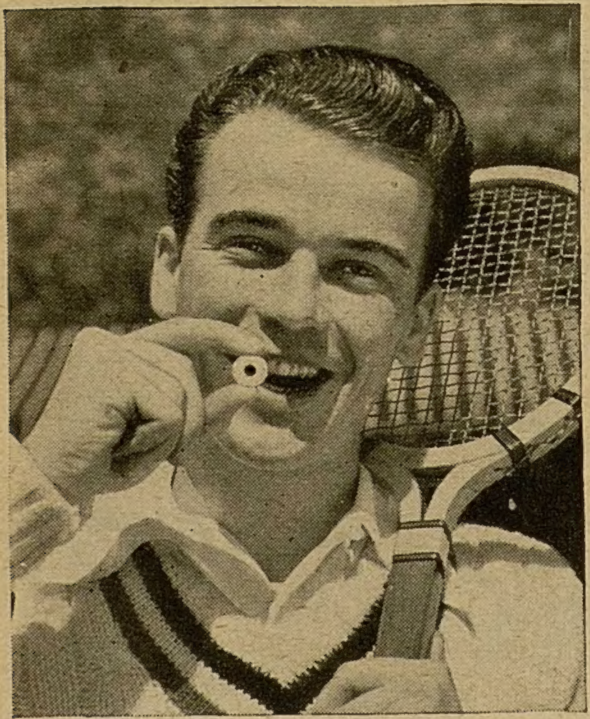
AT LEADING
JEWELERS
EVERYWHERE

SEND FOR "THE BRIDE'S SILENT SECRETARY WITH DIAMOND RING GUIDE".

If she's
still playing
singles...

When you
want to play
doubles...





TRY THIS

MORAL: *Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.*

PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

Disappointed? Your favorite Life Savers temporarily missing from the shelf? Don't fret. Life Savers are lining the pockets of servicemen overseas. Try other flavors—they're all swell!

# In This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Edward Maher, Editor

*Associates*

Edward Hutchings, *Exec. Editor*
William E. Rae, *Articles*
Kathryn Bourne, *Fiction*
Joseph Anthony, *Books*
Sid L. Hydeman, *Art*
Lee Pasquin, *Management*
Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood*
Stacy V. Jones, *Washington rep.*

Staff: Ruth Berman • Alison Butcher • Elsie Christie • Molly Crickmay • Harry E. Dounce • Helen Greenwood • Otto Kurth • Jerome Parker • Carlton Porter • Vivian Sande • M. J. Tait • Daniel E. Wheeler

## ★ ARTICLES

Roosevelt—Man and Statesman, *Jonathan Daniels*........ 17
The Indestructible Destroyers, *Ensign J. M. Allderige, U. S. N. R.* 20
The Man with All the Answers, *Mort Weisinger*......... 24
Curbing the Clot that Kills, *Dr. Robert H. Feldt*......... 26
They Made It, *Bill Slocum, Jr.* .................... 28
Mississippi Miniature, *Franklin H. Stevenson*............ 31

## ★ FICTION

That These May Live—Part I, *Oscar Schisgall*............ 18
Welcome in the Heart—Short Short, *Jean Kinkead*...... 22
Chick Is the Word for Frederick, *Edwin Rutt*........... 32
Trial by Stone, *Eugene Swan, Jr.* ...................... 36

## ★ BOOK CONDENSATION

The Curse of the Bronze Lamp—*Carter Dickson's entertaining mystery story woven about an Egyptian relic—abridged to a reading time of one evening*........... 39

## ★ FEATURES

Vox Pop ........................................ 6
On the Beam, *Wayne Parrish*.......................... 13
The Camera Eye—Pictures .......................... 34
Books in Review, *Joseph Anthony*...................... 54
Crossword Puzzle .................................. 54
This Man's War, *Old Sarge*........................... 64
Woman-Talk, *Margaret Fishback*........................ 66
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary (*Unabashed*)........... 70
Liberty Goes to the Movies............................ 82

## ★ EDITORIAL

Medical Care for the Average Family, *Paul Hunter*..... 90

*Cover: Native Son*

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

*President*, Paul Hunter; *Vice-Presidents*, Edward Maher, Homer Rockwell, Lester Tunison; *Sec. and Treas.*, Thomas W. Kavanaugh; *Business Mgr.*, John Dungan; Lee Wagner, *Circulation Mgr.*

NO LONGER CONNECTED WITH MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS OR THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, September 8, 1945, Vol. 22, No. 36. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions. $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you.

Copyright, 1945, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

"**HERE'S TO THE FOUR OF US...BOTTOMS UP!"**

**...and here's to this gay and tender love story paced to the fast-moving tempo of our times!**

Here's to LIZABETH SCOTT..
blonde..beautiful..aloof..
alluring..what a gal to be
picked to ride herd on three
wild and willing bird-guys.

Hubba!
Hubba!

*Four wonderful kids—*
*living the great love*
*story of our day*

**Robert (Princess O'Rourke) Cummings • Lizabeth Scott**

**Don DeFore**

***in HAL WALLIS' Production***

# "You Came Along"

with CHARLES DRAKE • JULIE BISHOP • Kim Hunter • Helen Forrest
Directed by John Farrow • Screen Play by Robert Smith and Ayn Rand • A Paramount Picture

**Paramount - Entertaining the World for One Third of a Century!**

We Search Millions of Acres in California to Find this Rare Mission Briar, and Make Superior-Smoking MONTEREY PIPES

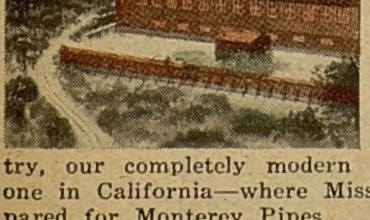
Mission Briar Burls

MONTEREY
Specimen Grain
$5
(also Select Grain $3.50)

MISSION BRIAR

***ONE OF NATURE'S RARE NATURAL GROWTHS... NOW MADE INTO HANDSOME PIPES***

From California's Mission Country comes the Monterey Pipe, made of Mission Briar, an event of real pleasure and satisfaction to every man who likes to smoke a good pipe. Botanists say Mission Briar is equal or superior to any briar used before. Smokers say it yields a smoother, cooler, more enjoyable smoke. Monterey Pipes are seasoned by modern means in California, mild, sweet and cool, for greater smoking enjoyment. Ask for Monterey at dealer's.



Part of America's new Pipe Industry, our completely modern factory, the only one in California—where Mission Briar is prepared for Monterey Pipes.

**Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.**

# ★ VOX POP ★

## "The Voice of the People"

### ANGELS OF MERCY

Auburndale, Fla.—I have just read the letter from S/Sgt. D. L. D. in Vox Pop (July 21), and I see no grounds for his attack on nurses in the service.

I was a prisoner of the Germans for a little over ten months and was in a hospital near London for two weeks after I was liberated. The nurses and doctors there treated us like kings. Anything we wanted was ours for the asking, and no bones were made about it.

My brother had his leg shot off in Normandy and he, too, resents anything said about combat-zone nurses and doctors. It may be the way the sergeant says in the Pacific, but in the ETO things were entirely different.

I'd also like to thank the Red Cross for the swell work they did for American P.O.W.s. There's no way of telling how many boys they kept from starving or freezing, but I'm sure I wouldn't have made it if it hadn't been for those wonderful people. Others might think the Red Cross is a nice organization, but to P. O. W.s, they were simply Angels of Mercy.—*A Paratrooper.*

New York, N. Y.—May I have the honor of taking off my hat to S/Sgt. D. L. D. for the most revealing bit of writing I have seen on the subject of our Army nurses?

I'm a merchant seaman on an Army transport and I, myself, have seen exactly what the sergeant describes. I was on one of the best hospital ships the Army has, and I've seen enlisted men fined and busted just for speaking to a nurse. The corpsmen get the jobs that a nurse should handle, while she is in the officers' lounge on "A" deck, enjoying coffee and a tête-à-tête with some brass hat.

Wounded men are lying two and three decks below the water line, and nurses and officers are reclining two or three to a cabin on "A" deck or on the sun deck, enjoying a pool. Wounded are packed in, about forty or fifty to a ward, with one head and a drinking fountain.

Also, why doesn't some Washington big shot check with the veterans' hospitals? Many a battle fatigue case without a scratch on him has left a ship with a dislocated jaw and a bruised face. And I'll bet a lot of G. I.s can back up what I say.

No sir! Half of our Angels of Mercy aren't such angels as pictured, and the few good ones there are can't keep pace with the others.—*R. D. L.*

### THE CHINESE PUZZLE

Memphis, Tenn.—The letter from Miss McCoy of Alaska in Vox Pop (July 21) has me burning. She quite calmly defends the Chinese Communists and suggests that we forget the heroic Chiang Kai-shek government. And furthermore, she implies that the Chiang government is not interested in fighting Japan. Of course she overlooks the fact that the Communists have made little or no showing against the Japs, their usual lies to the contrary.—*Paul Kennedy.*

### HELP FROM THE CONQUERED

Virginia Beach, Va.—I want to thank you for printing the condensation of Robinson Crusoe, USN—the story of George R. Tweed on Jap-held Guam as told to Blake Clark (July 14). It was a wonderful story and I think that everyone should read it. It shows more clearly than anything I have seen yet what suffering a conquered people will go through and what risks they will take to help our boys.—*William Andrus, S2/c AOM.*

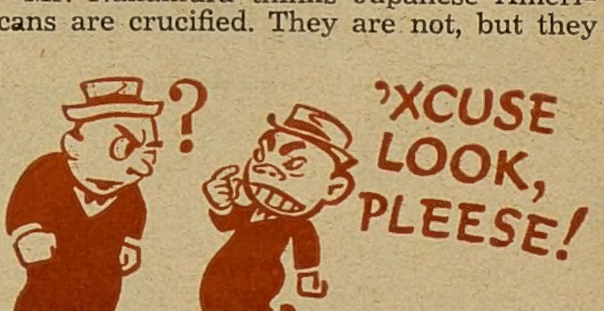
### TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT

Jasper, Minn.—According to Irving Wallace in How We Look to a Jap (July 14), the Japs seem to have a pretty accurate idea of us Americans in some respects. Of course they do distort us, but at times their views come too close for comfort.

They speak of our "dime-store patriotism" which requires kisses before we will buy bonds. There is more truth than poetry in that.

The Negro is not in slavery, as Mr. Nakamura thinks, but Governor Ellis Arnall of Georgia makes no bones about not wanting Negroes to have social equality. Why not, pray tell? They are good enough to fight but not to have the same opportunity as the whites.

Mr. Nakamura thinks Japanese-Americans are crucified. They are not, but they are unjustly persecuted merely because they look like Japs. They have proved they are Americans by the large number of Purple Hearts and other decorations they have earned in Italy.



But the Japs are absolutely and abysmally wrong about our fighting men, as, no doubt, they will find out by V-J Day. —*Jacqueline Tweton.*

### WHO'LL TRADE?

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.—I am sure that you will never publish this letter, but here goes anyway.

Mr. Howard Rourke states in his letter

(*Continued on page 8*)

**Many wounded veterans going to general hospitals . . .**

**travel in regular Pullman sleeping cars.**

**This makes their trip as comfortable as possible, but . . .**

RAILROAD & PULLMAN TICKETS
RAILROAD & PULLMAN TICKETS
RAILROAD & PULLMAN TICKETS

**sometimes makes it hard for others to get Pullman space!**

# There's the shift to the Pacific, too!

**The pictures** of the wounded men above—taken en route by permission of the War Department—help explain why the travel situation is more critical than ever.

But these pictures tell only part of the story.

In addition to the many sleeping cars Pullman is privileged to provide to transport American wounded to hospitals in this country, many *more* cars are needed to carry out the greatest mass movement of troops in history. The need is increasing daily.

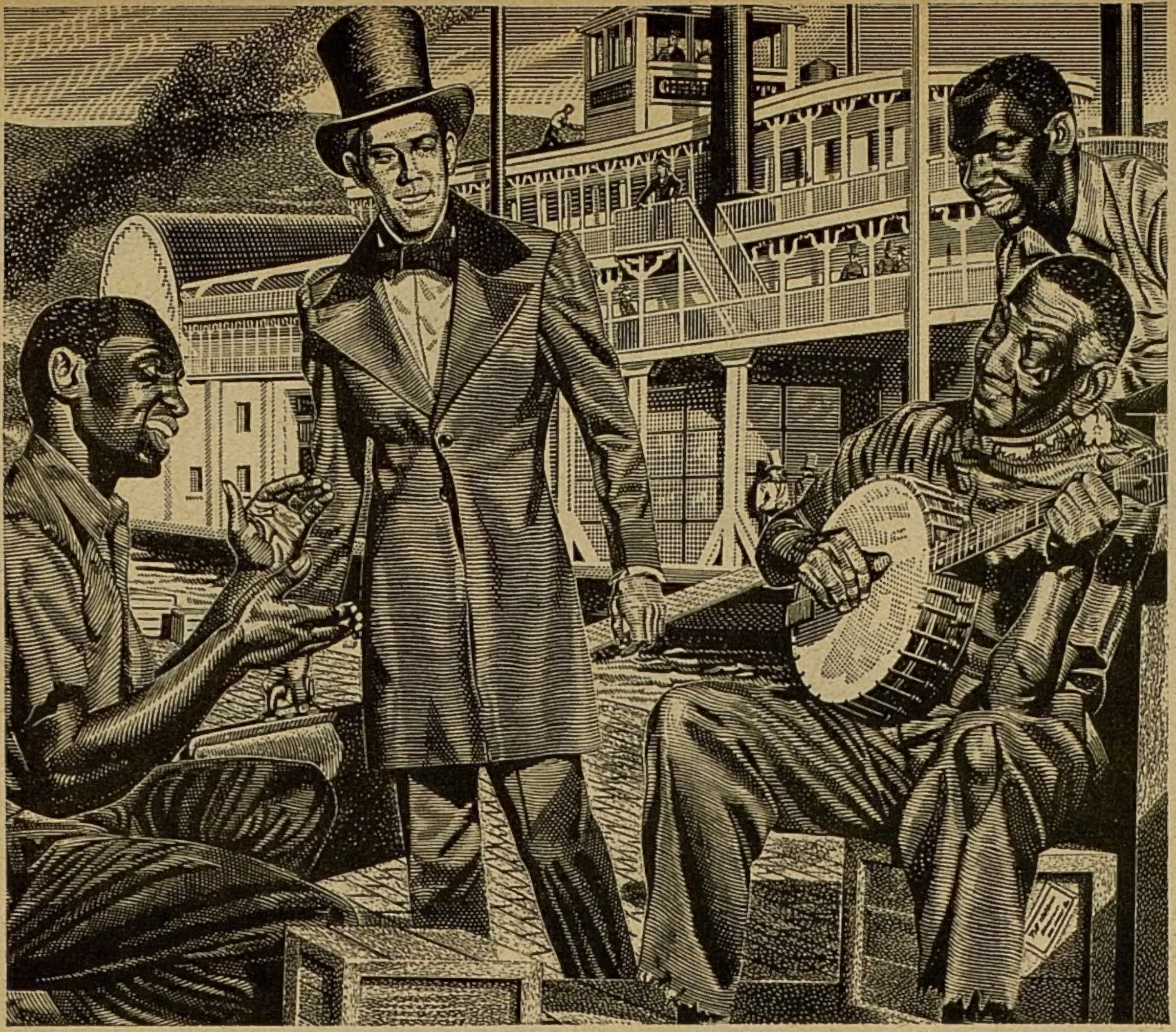
More than a million fighting men will cross America this year. Many thousands of them will travel in Pullman comfort. Many will make side-trips home on furlough, too, before going "on to Tokyo".

*So the military load on trains will probably be greater—for the next few months at least—than at any time since we have been at war!*

If you *have* to take a trip—and *should* find it hard to get the Pullman space you want exactly when you want it—please remember that *Pullman's war job isn't over, either!*

**PULLMAN** **For more than 80 years, the greatest name in passenger transportation**

© 1945, THE PULLMAN COMPANY



## How America's best-loved folk songs were inspired

**His family frowned** at his "devotion to musick." So, in 1846, young Stephen Foster was packed off to Cincinnati . . . to work in his elder brother's steamboat agency until he outgrew his "strange talent."

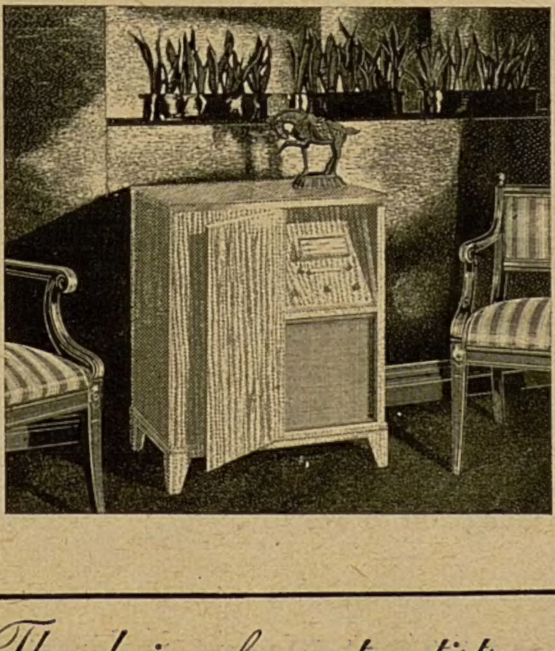
**But there was melody** in the air of that Cincinnati waterfront of a hundred years ago—*music of the South* on the lips of the Negro roustabouts who manned the gorgeous Mississippi River steamboats from Memphis and New Orleans.

**Dutifully,** the twenty-year-old boy kept the books of "Irwin & Foster, Agents." But in his spare time he would jot down verses—and tunes to go with them inspired by the colorful new environment in which he found himself.

**Soon,** this young Northerner was composing folk-songs that seem to have been born and bred in the old romantic South—*Swanee River* and *Old Black Joe, Camptown Races* and *My Old Kentucky Home.* In the words of Alexander Woolcott, they "are now, and for generations yet to come will be, an enduring part of American life."

**Today,** when wartime tension seems hard to bear, why not summon back the peaceful past by listening to one of the mellow songs of Stephen Foster as rendered by a Magnavox radio-phonograph? So faithfully, so beautifully does this instrument reproduce the world's great music that it has been chosen above all others by such famous masters as Kreisler and Rachmaninoff—by Ormandy and Beecham. The Magnavox Co., Fort Wayne 4, Ind.

» Illustrated at right is the Magnavox Contemporary, one of a wide variety of models ranging from smart modern to authentic traditional designs . . . each a masterpiece in tone and craftsmanship.



**Magnavox**—*The choice of great artists*

RADIO PHONOGRAPH

(*Continued from page 6*)

to Vox Pop (June 2): "Money? The average Red Cross worker overseas makes no more than a master sergeant!" Now Mr. Rourke, being an ex-director, should know whereof he speaks, so we shall see just how much money that is.

A master sergeant nearly always has over three years' service, so we'll figure it on that basis:

| | |
|---|---|
| Base Pay (o/3 yr.) | $144.90 |
| Overseas pay | 27.60 |
| Quarters ($1.55 per day) | 46.50 |
| Salary per month | $219.00 |

Mr. Rourke failed to mention (but I'll bet he took advantage of) the extras that the Red Cross worker gets that the serviceman doesn't. Their "rigorous living" includes quarters of an officer, food of an officer, privileges of an officer, including Officers' Bar and Post Exchange. I have yet to see a Red Cross worker walking on the road. They have always been riding in a jeep or, on this island, in States-side sedans. I have been overseas for more than a year, and to date have never been offered a ride in a Red Cross vehicle when it passed me on the road.

Now gentlemen, my heart bleeds for the poor, underpaid, underprivileged Red Cross workers, so I suggest that, as they are so envious of the "recognition and benefits" of the servicemen, they should go to the nearest recruiting station and enlist at the handsome "money" of fifty bucks per. I can assure them that they, each and every one, will get the benefits when they return. I wonder how many servicemen would trade jobs with them.—*Pfc. F. E. W., U. S. M. C. R.*

## MIDST PX RATIONS

ITALY—I have just finished reading your May 5 issue, which we received in this allotment of PX rations. I really enjoyed the story by Wessel Smitter called High-Climbers Don't Die. I think it is one of the best human-interest stories I have read in your magazine to date.

I am hoping, soon, to be back where I will not have to sweat out a copy of Liberty for two months. Thanks to the necessary amount of points I should soon become a civilian, possibly before this letter reaches you; especially if it takes as long to get to you as Liberty did to me via Army Exchange Service.—*Harold R. Mowery.*

AT LAST!
Liberty
F C

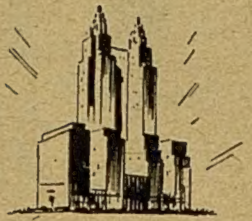
## THE FIRST IS LAST

FAR ROCKAWAY, N. Y.—In the crossword puzzle by Ted Shane (July 21) I noticed that he asked for the first name of Mr. Yutang, Chinese author, and gave three spaces for the answer.

He is obviously unacquainted with the fact that the Chinese place the family name first, followed by the given, or as we and probably Mr. Shane call it, the first name.

Therefore the first name of Lin Yutang, Chinese author, is Yutang, and not Lin, which was meant for the three spaces. —*Murry A. Selsman.*

*They had a date with fate . . .*
*and a rendezvous with love!*



**GINGER ROGERS**
as the lovely but lonely star who finds romance!

**LANA TURNER**
travels from 10th Ave. to Park—on curves!

**WALTER PIDGEON**
fresh from adventure—and plenty fresh!

**VAN JOHNSON**
Purple Heart hero with his heart on his sleeve!

**M-G-M**
invites you
to come on
an exciting
and romantic...

# Week-end at the Waldorf

EDWARD ARNOLD · PHYLLIS THAXTER · KEENAN WYNN · ROBERT BENCHLEY
LEON AMES · LINA ROMAY · SAMUEL S. HINDS
and XAVIER CUGAT and his ORCHESTRA · A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Sam and Bella Spewack. Adaptation by Guy Bolton. Suggested by a Play by Vicki Baum. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD. Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

Greatest Demonstration of

RAZOR LOYALTY

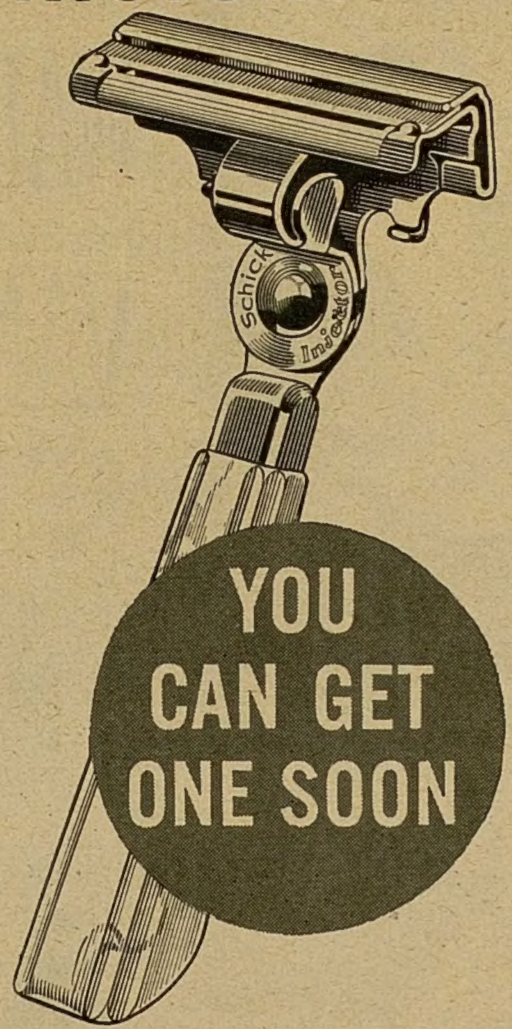
IN SHAVING HISTORY

▶ In 1942 war-time restrictions prevented us from providing Schick Blades for civilians. All of our production went to our fighting men. Hundreds of thousands of civilians had no choice but to lay aside their Schick Injector Razors and use some other type of razor on the market. And they had to keep on using these other razors *for almost a year!*

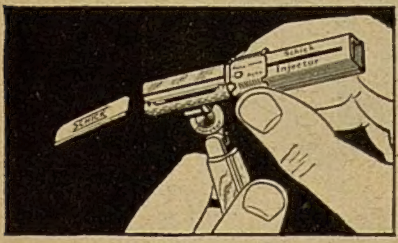
Then came the test!—a test probably unequalled in all razor history. For once again Schick Blades became available. Now, would these hundreds of thousands keep on with other razors—or would they return to their old Schick Injector Razors?

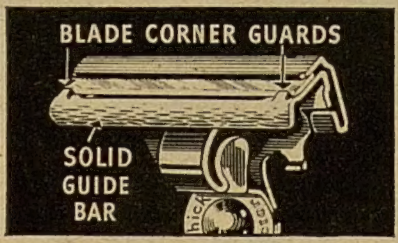
Some predicted we had lost our civilian customers. Others said half. But how wrong the prophets were! Here's what actually happened. The Schick Injector Razors were *put back to work*—almost to a man! We know because Schick Blade sales climbed back to pre-war levels within a few short months. A drastic test—and a dramatic answer!

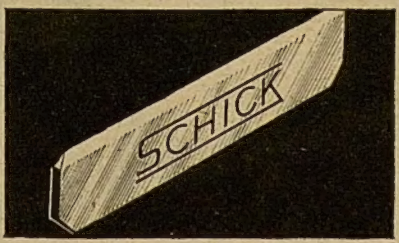
And now here's news for you who have wanted—but couldn't get—a Schick Injector Razor. We expect to resume civilian production shortly—so in a few months your store will have one for you. Then we hope you, too, will try the razor that passed the supreme test of razor loyalty.


Schick
Injector
YOU CAN GET ONE SOON

THE EXCLUSIVE SHAVING ADVANTAGES MEN COULDN'T FORGET!







**AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE**... A pull and push on the Injector shoots out old blade, slides in fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp edges or paper wrappers.

**SOLID GUIDE BAR**... has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Makes whiskers pop up for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.

**DOUBLE-THICK BLADES**... twice as thick as ordinary blades, 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. Take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.

Schick Injector RAZOR

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT 1, CONN.

# JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

## NEWSPAPERMAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

A GRADUATE of the University of North Carolina, Jonathan Daniels joined the staff of his home-town newspaper — the Raleigh News and Observer—in 1923. After three years as Washington correspondent, a journalistic fling on Fortune, and an interlude in Europe under a Guggenheim Fellowship, he took over the editorship of the Raleigh paper. He was a contributing editor to The Nation from 1940-42, when he became assistant director of OCD. About a year later he was appointed one of Roosevelt's six administrative assistants—silent and unpublicized fact finders and trouble shooters on direct orders from the President. White House press secretary (March-April, 1945), too, he's in a position to give an authoritative estimate of ROOSEVELT—MAN AND STATESMAN.

## SPECIAL EVENTS CHIEF

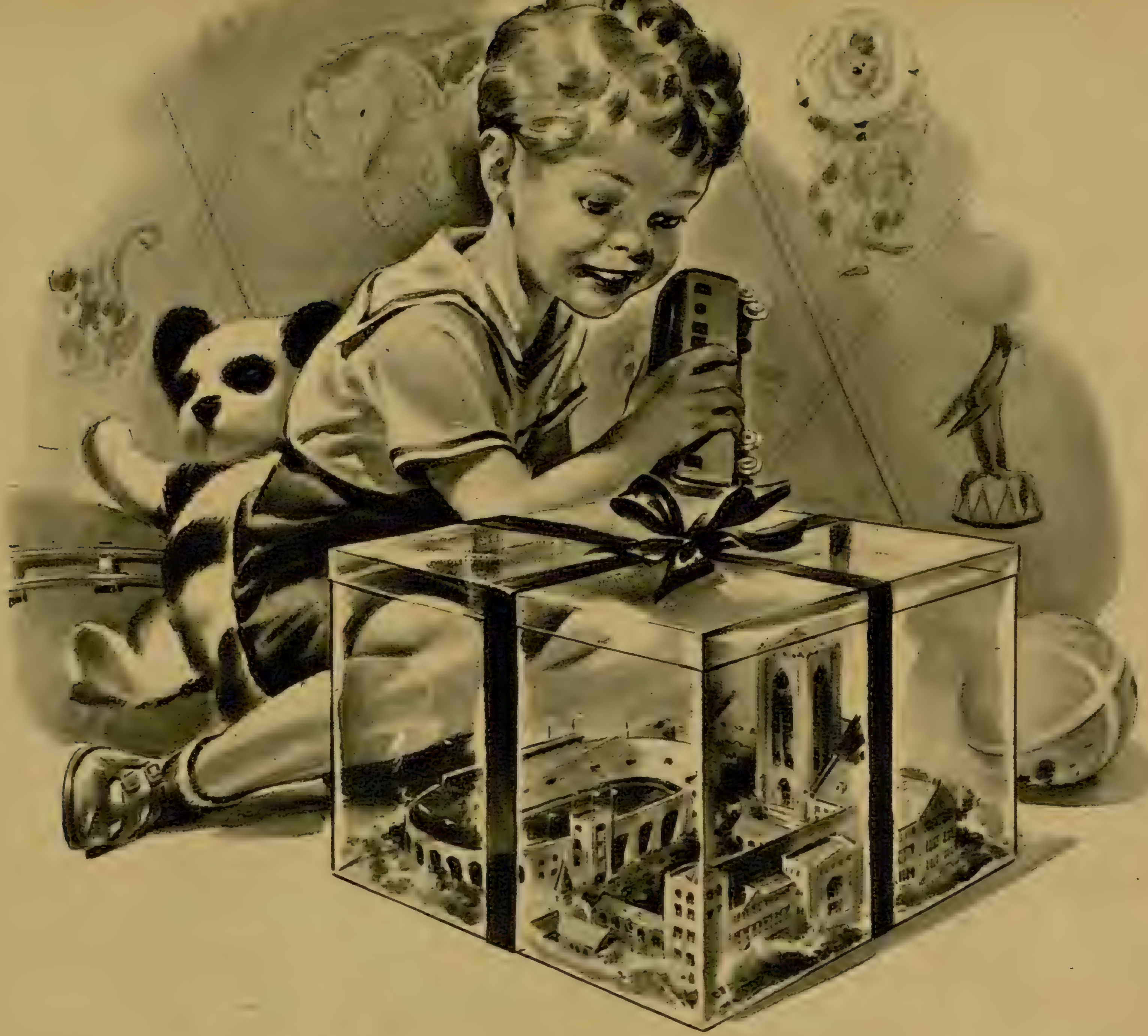
SINCE 1940 when he became director of Special Events at Columbia Broadcasting, Bill Slocum, Jr. has been piling up mileage — broadcasting from more than fifteen different types of aircraft and covering everything from Army maneuvers to political campaigns to hurricanes. He picked up the material for THEY MADE IT on a troopship returning from Europe, where for four months he'd been traveling around France, Germany, and England as CBS correspondent. A sports writer before he joined Columbia in 1937, besides heading the Special Events section he now turns out the scripts for two of the network's major programs—Report to the Nation and World News Today.

# NEXT WEEK

Liberty
SEPT. 15, 1945
10¢

Book: A. WOOLLCOTT: HIS LIFE AND HIS WORLD BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
SALTONSTALL OF MASSACHUSETTS By John Gunther

HOW does Senator Leverett Saltonstall stack up as a politician? John Gunther surveys the man and his works, and tells you why the Republicans are keeping a watchful eye on SALTONSTALL OF MASSACHUSETTS. . . . The U. A. W. is ORGANIZED LABOR'S PROBLEM CHILD. It wants to help run the automobile industry. But management thinks it should learn to run itself first. According to Morris Markey, there's a big storm brewing either way. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, A. WOOLLCOTT: HIS LIFE AND HIS WORLD, by Samuel Hopkins Adams, is an amazing story of the celebrated literary eccentric and his private glamor factory.



# HE'LL OPEN IT SOMEDAY

It's the springboard to his future success—his college education. His Dad has purchased it now, in the form of a Penn Mutual Life Insurance policy. When the boy is 18, the insurance will become payable in a series of monthly checks, whether his father is here or not—checks that will cover both tuition and living expenses through the college period.

This is but one of many arrangements for the future you can make with perfect confidence through your Penn Mutual representative. Among them are fine vacations and travel . . . a comfortable, unworried old age . . . a guaranteed income for your wife and family . . a home free and clear of mortgages.

Your life insurance is your most important investment—the solid foundation of a sound estate. As such, it should be arranged with the greatest possible care. Penn Mutual Underwriters are thoroughly trained to give you expert and dependable counsel. They know how to build workable and adaptable plans—plans that turn dreams into realities.

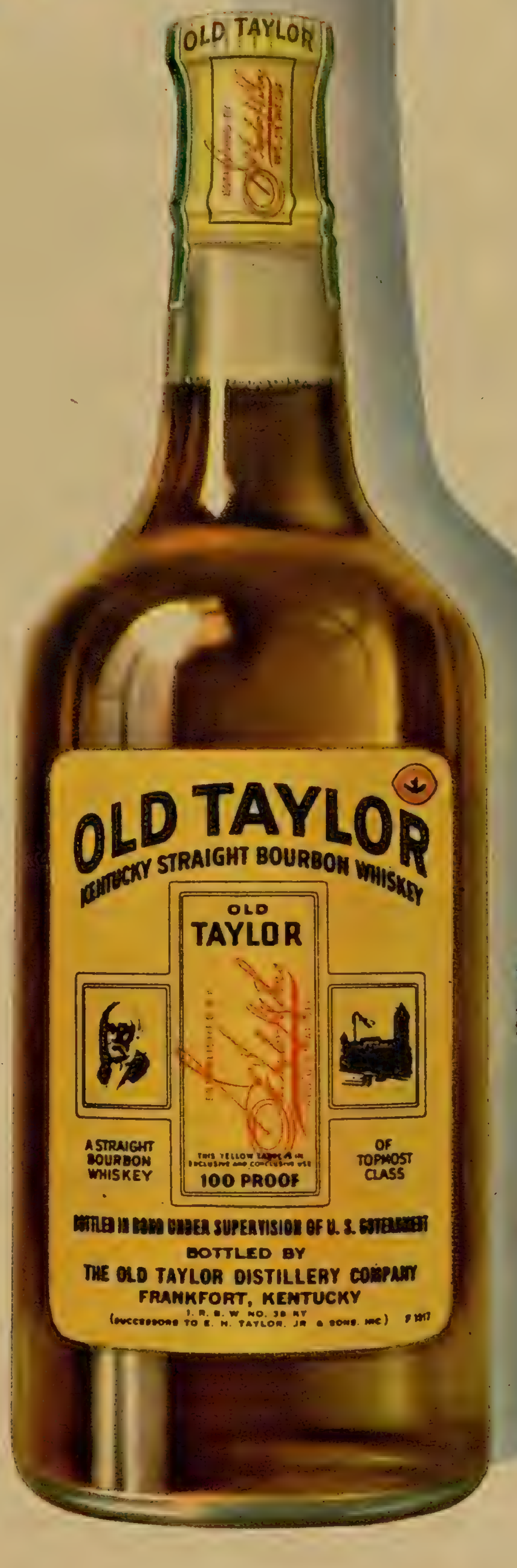
**THE PENN MUTUAL**
**LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**
FOUNDED 1847
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

BACK OF YOUR INDEPENDENCE
STANDS THE PENN MUTUAL

**Your Life Plan deserves the expert guidance of a Penn Mutual Underwriter**

# The Master's Choice

No one ever loved the good things of life more than did the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr. Nor has anyone more ably achieved them—witness his creating of **OLD TAYLOR**, one of the mellowest, most flavorful bourbons it has ever been man's pleasure to enjoy. Today, this sparkling handiwork of an expert distiller is still with us as **OLD TAYLOR**—the master's choice to all who value fine bourbon for the delightful hours and good companionship it provides.

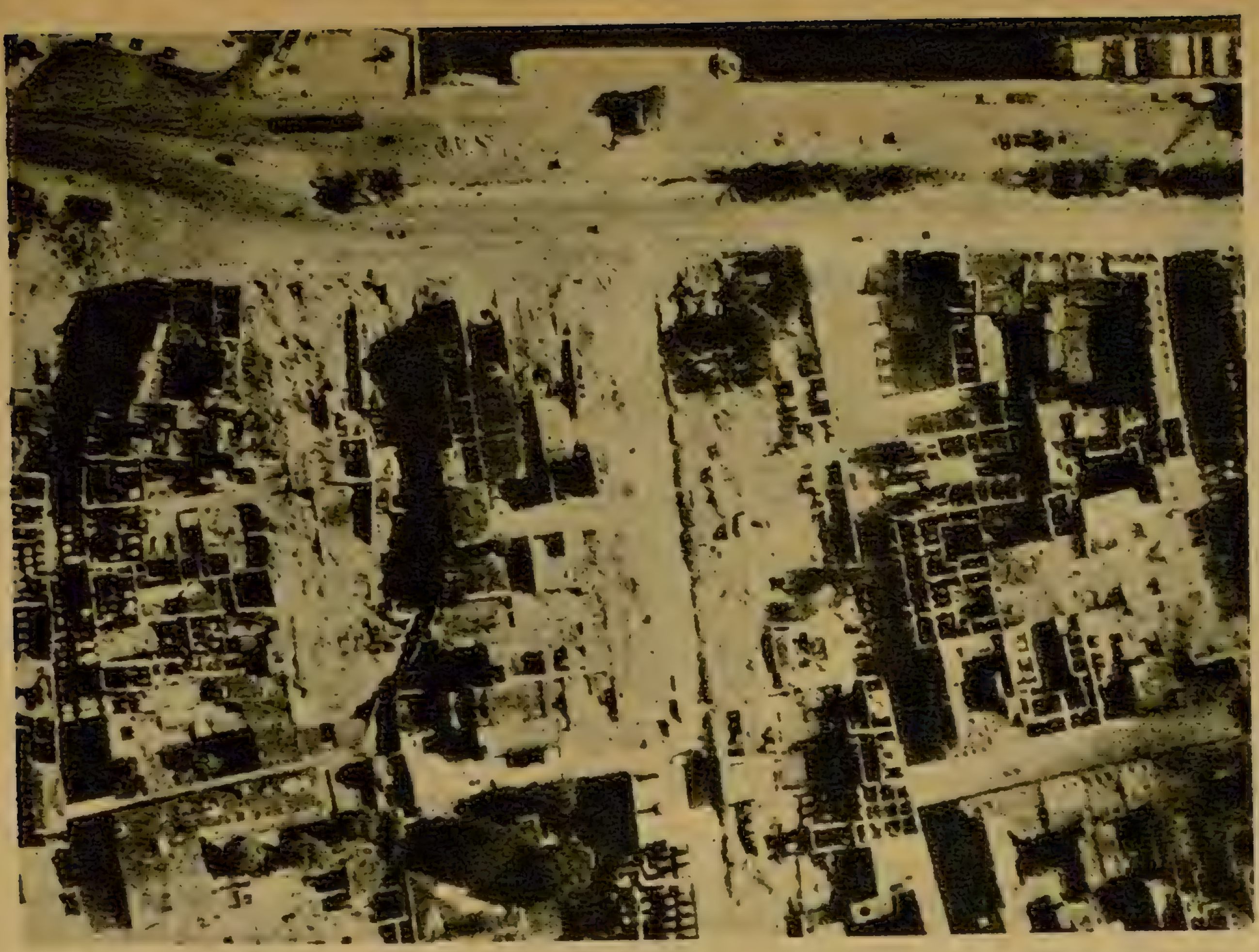

OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

*Signed, sealed and delicious*

## Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION
NEW YORK


INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Cologne's dockyard area after one R. A. F. bombing. By V-E Day, the entire center of the city was in this shape, as Mr. Parrish has seen for himself from the air.

# ON THE BEAM

**How Allied air power pulverized industrial Germany: A firsthand report on ruin that must be seen from the air to be appreciated**

## BY WAYNE PARRISH

Paris.

NO amount of advance build-up can quite prepare one for the shock of seeing bombed German cities. No descriptive words and no photographs can portray adequately the devastation which Royal Air Force and U. S. Eighth Air Force bombers wrought on every city of any size in Germany.

Your On the Beam editor has reached Paris after flying over and visiting German cities for two weeks, from Hamburg in the north to Munich in the south, and has yet to see a city of any industrial or communications importance that was not wrecked.

The evidence is complete as to the decisiveness of air power in paralyzing an industrial country. The amount of destruction approaches the incredible, and the wonder is that Germany was able to keep on in the war as long as it did, for its sources of necessary war material were destroyed or badly hit many months before the collapse came.

Air power brought down upon the Germans those full effects of war which they escaped in World War I. Most farmers and most small villages and unimportant small towns escaped the bombers, but every city felt their blasts.

Flying with a group of aviation writers as guests of the U. S. Strategic Air Force, your correspondent was fresh out of Washington, D. C. After an eighteen-hour flight from Washington to Prestwick, Scotland, and after a day in London, we took off one morning from an airport near London in a Douglas C-53 transport, and flew direct to the Continent by way of Ostend, Belgium.

It was a fine clear day. As we circled over the picturesque Belgian town of Bruges, we could see the canals, the narrow-gauge railways, the Singing Tower, and farmers at work in prosperous-looking fields.

There was no sign of war except the lack of motorized vehicles on the roads. The scene was peaceful and normal.

But as we neared the big port of Antwerp, upon which the Allies relied so heavily and which the Germans attempted to bomb out with rocket bombs, the signs of war appeared in force. There had been numerous bomb hits in Antwerp. The destruction here reminded us of London—it was bad, but far from being fatal, for Antwerp continued at work throughout the German effort to disrupt the unloading of supplies.

There was evidence of repair work in progress.

From Antwerp the flight headed direct for Cologne on the Rhine. At first the countryside was normal except for road traffic.

The canals were in operation, windmills appeared occasionally, and the farms were in good condition.

Then came occasional bomb or shell craters; then a few bridges were missing, and here and there were wrecked trucks or cars along the roads. Then appeared wrecked railroad trains and what remained of houses or buildings. Then followed whole villages which had been smashed to bits.

It was a steady build-up to the climax which we found at Cologne. Flying very low over the countryside, it was easy to see that the farms were no longer in good condition, that some villages were virtually abandoned, that ground action with tanks had taken place, and that there had been huge encampments in the area.

Even after this steady progression in spectacles of destruction, the sight of Cologne was a shock. Here, what had been a city with a population of more than 500,000

(Continued on page 15)

WEAREVER PACEMAKER

TOPS...*in 3 new ways*

**1. NEW VALUE:** 14 Karat Gold point; larger ink capacity; "C-Flow" feed; telescope-precision quality and construction.

**2. NEW "WRITE-ABILITY":** The finest, smoothest-writing pen ever made by America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer.

**3. NEW BEAUTY:** Advance, fit-the-hand design, interpreted in distinctive pearly stripes. In maroon, golden brown, green and black; with matching pencil. Made by David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J. (Established 1896).

*Other famous WEAREVER selections: DeLuxe pen $1.00, set $1.90; Zenith Pen $1.95, set $2.75. WEAREVER Refill Leads*

*By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer*

$2.75

Wearever Pacemaker set in fine gift box, **$3.75**

*Keep in a good mood – and keep going strong –*

The better your mood, the better the control you have over your energies. That's why you can accomplish more when you're in a good mood.

# "Fresh up" keep smiling!

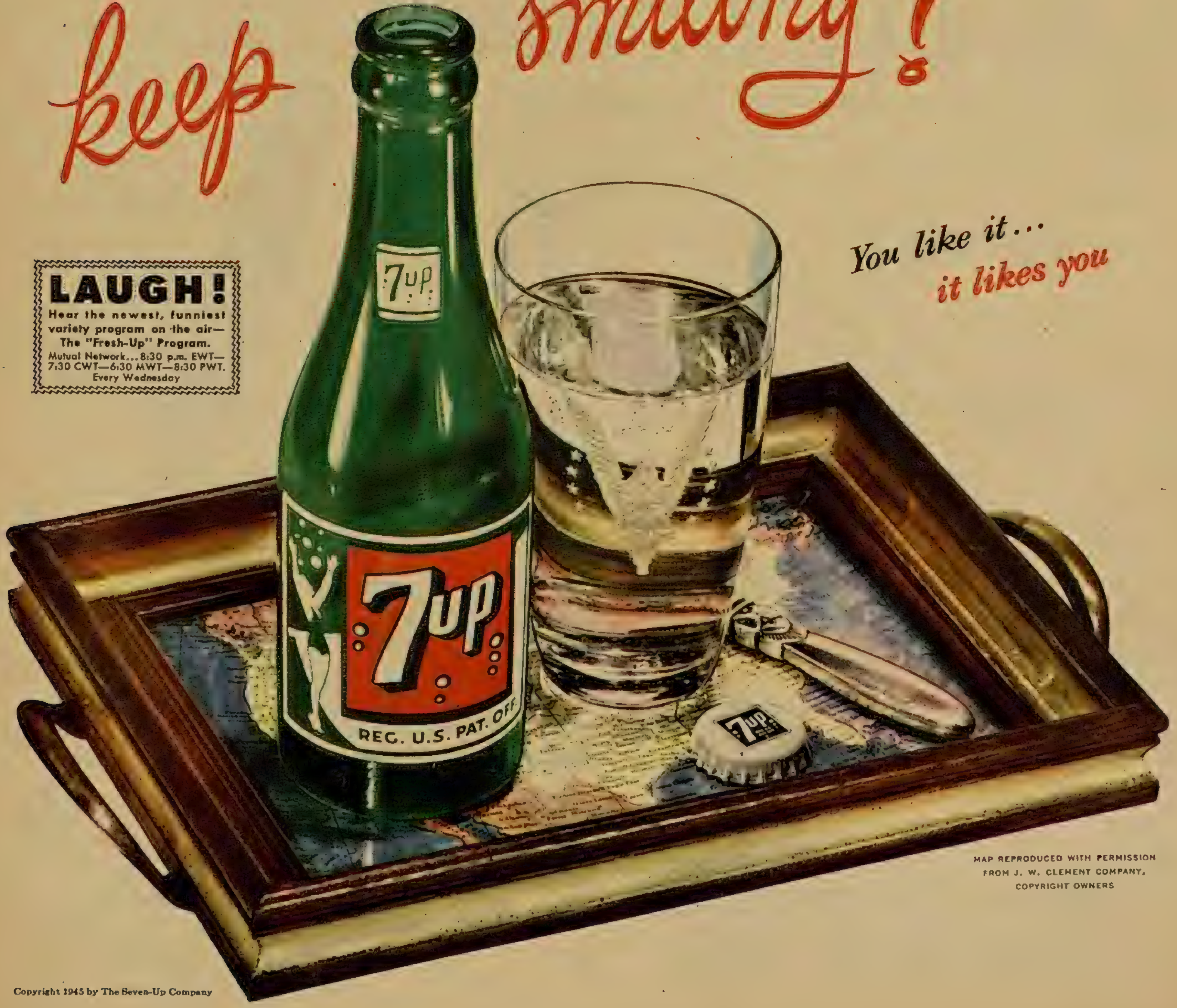
When the day is blistering hot and your thirst seems almost unquenchable, that's the time to make friends for life with a chilled bottle of 7-Up. This fresh, clean-tasting drink is too good to gulp, so sip it slowly. Notice how quickly the first cooling sip drives the thirst from your throat . . . . how quickly you "fresh up" and feel better. You like it and it likes you.

At home or at work, when thirst calls . . . call for 7-Up. You can get it just about anywhere from coast-to-coast, if you'll stop at the stores that display the 7-Up signs.

**LAUGH!**

**Hear the newest, funniest variety program on the air—**
**The "Fresh-Up" Program.**
Mutual Network...8:30 p.m. EWT—
7:30 CWT—6:30 MWT—8:30 PWT.
Every Wednesday

*You like it . . .*
*it likes you*



MAP REPRODUCED WITH PERMISSION
FROM J. W. CLEMENT COMPANY,
COPYRIGHT OWNERS

Copyright 1945 by The Seven-Up Company

*(Continued from page 13)*

was now dead. It was a mass of jagged walls and rubble. Two years had elapsed since Cologne had received its worst pasting from the air. Yet it was still in the same condition in July of this year, for Cologne is too badly ruined for a quick rebuilding. Only lanes had been cleared through some of the streets. Many streets were still dead-ended by piles of brick and stone.

We circled low over the city several times. A very few people were seen in the streets. A whole building was such a rarity that we pointed it out to one another in surprise and wondered how it had survived. In the entire central area of the city there was not a single whole building. For the most part there was nothing but utter ruin.

There has never been such complete destruction in modern times, and never such destruction apart from earthquakes and other natural causes.

We had all seen aerial photographs of Cologne before coming to Europe. We had all read newspaper stories of what Cologne looked like. But it can't be appreciated until seen, for it was impossible, at least for your On the Beam editor, to conceive of a large city literally destroyed from one end to the other.

For some reason, he expected to see large residential areas relatively undamaged. But in Cologne nothing escaped. It was all blown out and burned out. In the central portion of the city, even still-standing walls of shattered buildings are comparatively rare. That portion was, in the language of military communiqués, "pulverized."

MOREOVER, Cologne was far from being the end of the path of destruction. Heading down the Rhine, we flew over Düsseldorf, then over Essen and Duisburg and Dortmund and other Ruhr cities, and everywhere the result of bombing was the same. Factories, rail marshaling yards, business centers, residences — everything had been thoroughly plastered.

It is difficult to describe in words the appalling impression made by bomb damage when one flies for mile after mile over one bombed city after another.

From the Ruhr we flew on to Bremen, and here was the same thing again. An entire city destroyed from the air—factories, dock areas, U-boat pens, air fields, business buildings, and houses.

Then to Hamburg, second largest port in Europe and Germany's second city. This was the first German city we had seen with a few residential areas that had been damaged either slightly or not at all. Yet in large portions of it, Hamburg is among the hardest-hit cities in Germany.

In four hours from London to Hamburg on a devious flying route of about 620 miles, we had seen the remains of what formerly was one of the world's greatest industrial areas. It was a dead area now. Only temporary bridges existed across the numerous rivers and canals. Factories were quiet, rail lines blown up, and few persons to be seen in the streets of cities. Unquestionably, countless thousands still remained buried in the hundreds of thousands of tons of rubble. The Rhine and the Ruhr and the great port of Cologne were like ghost areas. It was as if at a certain hour the sweeping hand of death had reached out and suddenly paralyzed the whole setting.

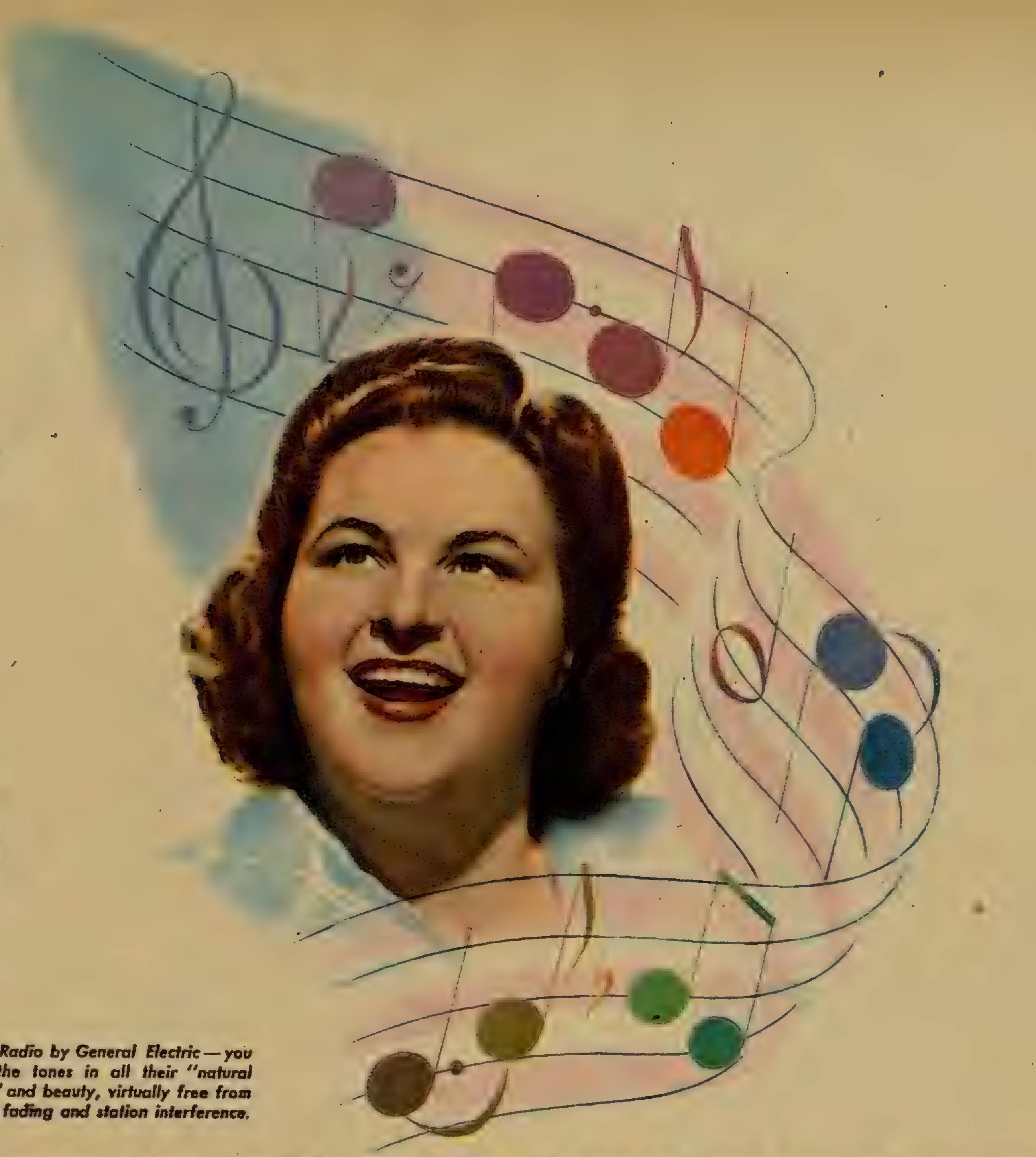
No one can see German cities today without realizing the full deadly extent of air power, for it was the heavy bomber that brought German industry, communications, and transportation to a stop.

Next week your On the Beam editor will give you details of the destruction of Hamburg.

BIG FOOT
LITTLE FOOT
THAT EXTRA MARGIN OF BRAKE SAFETY BEYOND THE EXPECTED
GRIZZLY
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BRAKE LINING

Be safe—be sure—with Grizzly Brake Lining! A brake action built for all . . . big foot or little foot . . . big truck or little car . . . Grizzly provides cushioned, "toe-action" stopping. Through 29 years of brake engineering, Grizzly Brake Lining has kept pace with progressing automotive demands assuring better braking under all conditions of service. For safety, economy, astonishing freedom from adjustment, and all around superior performance ask your brake service man for Grizzly, one of the *Finer Products of the Brake Lining Industry.* Grizzly Manufacturing Company, Paulding, Ohio.

*Star of the* ***KATE SMITH HOUR,*** *Sundays 7 p. m. EWT, and* ***KATE SMITH SPEAKS,*** *Monday thru Friday 12 noon, EWT—both over CBS.*



***Conventional Radio—lacks color and richness. Something is missing.***

***With Radio by General Electric—you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty, virtually free from static, fading and station interference.***

## Soon—in natural color tone—Kate Smith's "God Bless America" on a great new radio

SOME day soon you'll find a new and soul-stirring warmth in Kate Smith's voice on a great new radio. You'll hear rich harmonies and golden overtones never revealed before.

### New Purity and Richness of Tone

♪ On this revolutionary new General Electric radio her glorious voice will reach you in true "natural color" tone. You'll hear it in flawless beauty, incredibly free from the annoyance of static, fading, and station interference.

### Everything in radio and television

♪ This newest kind of radio is only one of the amazing models General Electric will offer some day soon at popular prices. There also will be standard radios, radio-phonographs with a startling new system of tone reproduction, and the new revolutionary self-charging portable.

♪ General Electric television receivers, too, with their large clear pictures, will set an entirely new standard in home entertainment.

**FREE:** A fascinating booklet, "YOUR COMING RADIO." 28 pages—handsomely illustrated in full color. A forecast of what radios, radio-phonographs and television receivers will be like after the war. For your free copy mail a postcard with the title, "YOUR COMING RADIO" and your name and address to Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.

**Hear the G-E radio programs:** *"The World Today" news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p.m.,* EWT, CBS. *"The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p.m.,* EWT, NBC. *"The G-E House Party," Monday through Friday, 4 p.m.,* EWT, CBS.

*For long life and better reception ask for electronic radio tubes by General Electric.*

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

170-D7

LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

**RADIOS**

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

# ROOSEVELT— Man and Statesman

**History, in due time, will measure the greatness of Franklin Roosevelt. But here, while his memory is fresh, is an estimate of the man and his works by one who worked closely with him—plus several hitherto unrevealed anecdotes**

### BY JONATHAN DANIELS

HISTORY, being written generally by men with neat minds, will undoubtedly divide the twelve years of Franklin D. Roosevelt into the two periods of war and peace—war and reform. In a sense, he himself once so divided it in one of the lighthearted parables in which he liked to dress serious concerns.

He spoke of two entirely different gentlemen: Old Doc New Deal and Dr. Win-the-War. I doubt that there were any such different doctors. Indeed, I believe that there was only one doctor, only one disease, and that in the whole twelve years the one remedy steadily applied was a determination to make democracy effective for the security and in the defense of free men. It worked almost to scientific demonstration that there are no limits to the powers and the possibilities of democracy gallantly led and confidently following.

Certainly only a person precise to the point of insanity would date the war service of President Roosevelt from 1.47 P. M. EWT, December 7, 1941. Then he received the first news almost accidentally, in a picked-up message of first alarm to naval personnel in Hawaiian waters, that the Japs were bombing Pearl Harbor. No sensible person had talked with a true sense of security in peace since Hitler marched into Poland in September, 1939. It was a strange item in history that Hitler, who believed in stars, came into power just five weeks before Franklin Roosevelt and on Franklin Roosevelt's birthday. The stars may not have been fixed, but tragedy and destiny already had fallen into shape for mankind.

Twelve years later it somehow seems more than a coincidence that Roosevelt died in April, as Lincoln died. The lilacs of the Lincoln legend were in bloom again. When Lincoln fell, Lee had surrendered; but a mourning nation had to wait eleven days beyond his death before Johnston ended his fighting with Sherman. Roosevelt saw the Americans across the Rhine. All that remained for victory in Europe were the signed and dated documents for the "unconditional surrender" he had demanded. The proclamation of victory which his successor read on May 8 had already been written before Roosevelt died.

American carriers, built under Roosevelt's devoted direction of the Navy, had stood in the roadsteads less than fifty miles off Tokyo and sent their planes with implacably increasing destruction upon the Japs. Iwo Jima had fallen. Okinawa had been invaded. In the rubble of Berlin, Adolf Hitler survived. But he survived only as the malefactor condemned by the American who paralleled his period and prevented by effective democratic leadership his fulfillment of purpose against human freedom.

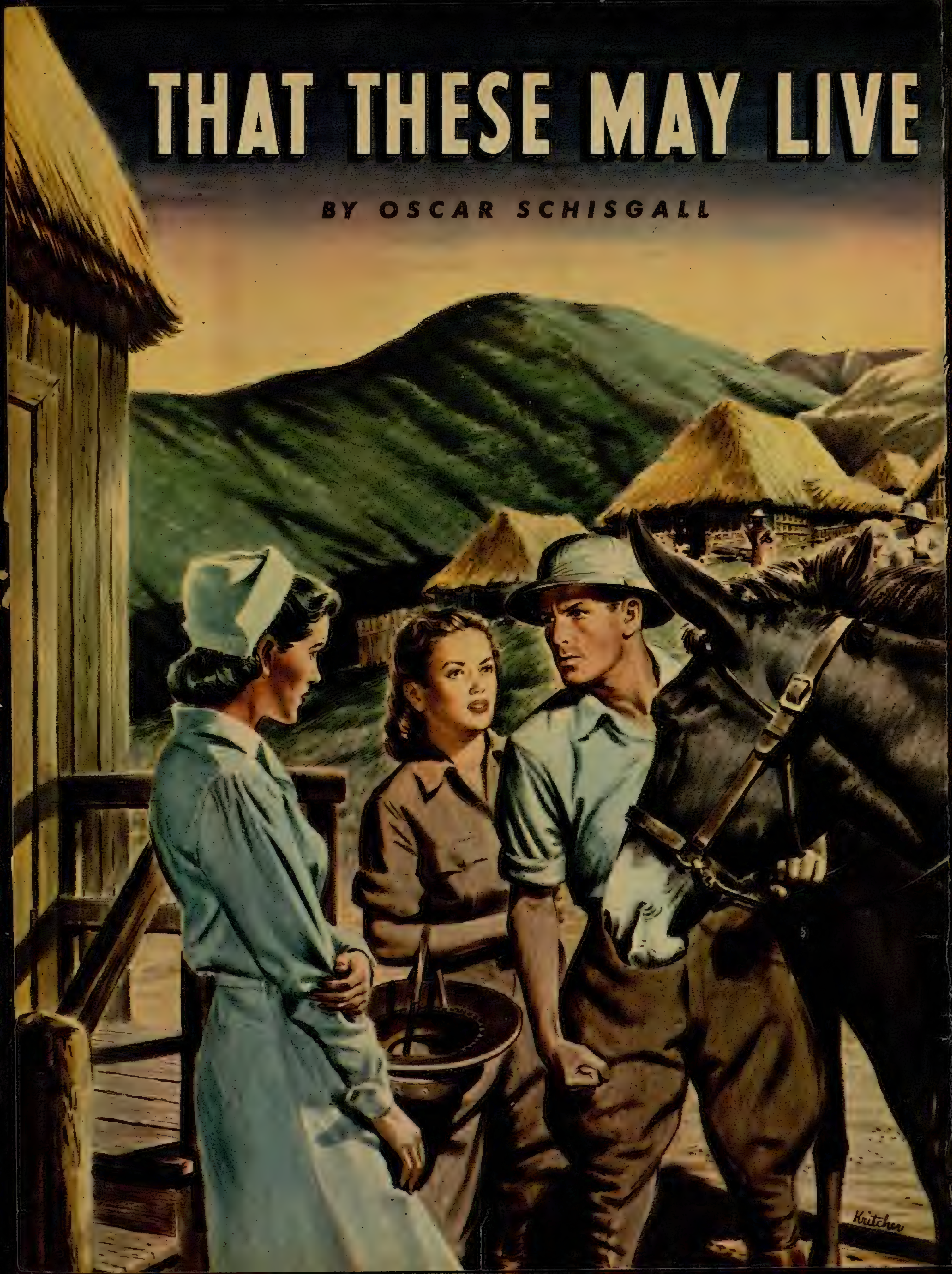
It was a triumphant time for a great man to die. And it was clear, before the bugles sounded last inside the hemlock hedges at Hyde Park, that he was not merely a great man dead, but that he stood already as the symbol of the American destiny in his time.

Better than any other man he understood that destiny. He was no solemn statesman in a plug hat. He had been wearing a pull-over sweater when he began his confident direction of the war as Commander in Chief on Pearl Harbor Sunday. Afterward war workers and soldiers, sailors and statesmen saw him in a flannel shirt, old hat, and casually knotted bow tie. He was a shirt-sleeves man in an informal America and he spoke its language to its understanding in great matters and small. And because he believed in the dignity of the

(*Continued on page 84*)

# THAT THESE MAY LIVE

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL



ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

***Marcia had come to this Godforsaken jungle of Brazil to be with the man she loved. But she found two men there who had little time for love — and between them there was a strange tension***

THE FIRST OF TWO PARTS

MANUELO GORZA, the guide, stopped his mule on a hill ahead of them. He pointed across the *campos* and shouted over his shoulder, *"Olha, senhorita!* The mines!"

Marcia at once straightened in the saddle —small, slim, angry. She was tired of clashing with the young doctor who rode beside her. With the end of the journey at last in sight, she tried to hurry the mule, if only to get away from the man. But her kicking had no effect.

Dr. Gresham asked in a dry way, "Why don't you let the mule pick its own speed? It knows how fast it ought to go."

She retorted, "I know how fast *I* want to go!"

"My money," Bill Gresham said, "is on the mule."

That was typical of him. It infuriated Marcia. Throughout the day she had been doing her best to like him. After all, as Arana's new bacteriologist, she'd have to work with Bill Gresham as well as with Dr. Ralph Worden. But he made it hard to be friendly. He was too detached, too cynical, and he had been that way ever since he'd met her on the river dock at Pirapora.

She couldn't understand such an attitude. As far as she knew, she'd done nothing to deserve it. He had looked pleasant enough when she had jumped ashore from the launch—a casual man, lean, ready to grin. Almost at once, however, when they shook hands, she had seen the surprise come into his eyes, and the uncertainty. He had glanced over her slight figure in a troubled way. And later, while they traveled through jungle trails toward the higher *campos,* his uncertainty had changed to this hard antagonism. It left her baffled.

I must look like a dud, she thought. And yet she didn't believe it. In fact, she felt she looked rather well in the riding breeches, khaki shirt, and sun helmet. On the river boat her three companions—the fat captain, the swarthy military officer, and the old coffee planter—had assured her that she was *raro, exquisito,* and even *delicado.* You couldn't do better than that. There just was no pleasing this Dr. Gresham.

When she stopped the mule on the hilltop beside Manuelo Gorza, she saw, a mile away, what appeared to be a glacier. It shone white as salt between two dark rises of land. It puzzled her.

"If you're interested in such things as aluminum potassium silicate—and what girl isn't?—Dr. Gresham said, reining in his mule at her side—"you're seeing plenty of it. That white stuff is where they find the mica—ruby muscovite mica. The best in the world."

Marcia Land's concern at the moment wasn't with mica. "Where—where's Arana?" she asked. "Where's the town?"

"Those huts," he said, "at the foot of the hill."

She stared, and she didn't want to believe what she saw. It brought a sense of dismay, almost of horror. In New York, she recalled, she'd had visions of a tropical town—not large, perhaps, but surely as big as a New England village—where men in red sashes strummed guitars to their women in the moonlight, where egrets and orchids lent color to the trees; in short, a town in which she'd have Dr. Ralph Worden to herself in a romantic setting.

Bill Gresham's face became taut and pale with bitterness, even with rage. "Dead?" he said at last. "And Worden wouldn't take a chance with the vaccine?"

The distant cluster of hovels had nothing about it to suggest romance. The houses were built on a barren knoll, with few trees around them. The realization that this was where she must live—even with the privilege of being close to Ralph Worden —gave Marcia a jolt.

"Want to turn back?" Bill Gresham asked.

Obviously he didn't think she could take this kind of life. She refused to give him the satisfaction of admitting such a thing.

"It's just what I'd expected to find," she said.

"Not disappointed?"

"No, of course not!"

"Then, for heaven's sake, don't look as if you're going to cry."

Before she could retort he prodded his mule along. She had a momentary flare of indignation, but it collapsed, and she let her words die. She bit her lip as she followed him, while Manuelo Gorza, humming a song, trailed behind her.

I'll soon be with Ralph, she thought. Things will seem different then.

When the three mules plodded into Arana, she found that the village held even less promise than it had offered at a distance. The huts sagged under their thatch-covered roofs. The children were either naked or draped in rags that seemed made of burlap. And the brown Brazilian women who grinned their welcome were bare-legged, for the most part so flabby that it was hard to imagine a *cavaleiro* even wanting to strum a guitar.

Though Marcia tried to smile at the villagers, the smile felt stiff as a mask. By the very way they stared these women and their children gave her the feeling of being an outsider. She yearned more than ever for a comforting glimpse of Ralph Worden.

At the far end of the settlement, on a rise, she saw a few good cottages. Those, she guessed, must be the quarters of the *Norte Americanos*—of the medical men who had come to make the mining of mica possible in this malarial country.

ONE of the buildings, larger than the others, occupied the central and most impressive site.

"That's the infirmary," Dr. Gresham said. "Your lab is in the back of it. That cottage on the left—the one with the monkey running across the roof—is where you'll live with Roxanna Paradeso."

"With—*whom?*"

"Roxanna. The nurse. She ought to be quite a help to you. She's been here almost a year."

It was the first Marcia had heard of a nurse. Yet she should have anticipated such a thing. This was, after all, a medical base.

When she dismounted near the infirmary, her thighs ached from the long ride; her legs felt wooden. What she needed was a good hot bath and a massage, and she knew she'd get neither. She looked around, still seeing nothing of Ralph Worden.

Dr. Gresham smiled as he swung off his mule. For the first time he became sympathetic.

"It's not so bad after you're used to it," he said. "And when the going is really tough, you can make yourself feel better by remembering you're doing an important war job."

She murmured, "Of course."

"You *did* come down to do a war job, didn't you?"

She couldn't tell him she'd come to be near Ralph; that this was a kind of man hunt. "Certainly," she said. "What other reason could anybody have?"

THE infirmary's screen door banged. A tall girl in nurse's uniform came down the steps—a girl who forced Marcia to catch her breath and stare.

For here, suddenly, was someone for whom guitars *would* strum—lots of guitars in lots of hands, all competing wildly for her attention. This Roxanna Paradeso was unbelievable. She was a beauty. Her olive skin was smooth, and her black eyes were brilliant and full of animation.

Roxanna made no attempt to hide her delight when she saw Bill Gresham. She tossed Marcia a quick nod, then gave both her hands and a lovely smile to the doctor, and in a rich low voice she spoke to him in Portuguese.

When at last she turned to Marcia, she lost none of her animation, but its quality changed. She shook hands like a hostess welcoming someone to a drawing room—appraising her guest while she talked. She made Marcia feel absurdly small—and young.

"You are tired, *senhorita,"* she said in melodious English. "You will rest before supper. I have everything ready."

"Why, thanks," Marcia said. "I could stand a wash—"

*"Sim.* I will bring water to the cottage. The water, it comes from a pump in the laboratory. Or maybe"—she gave Bill a sidelong smile—"maybe Dr. Gresham will bring it to us. *Si faz o favor?"*

"Where's Dr. Worden?" Marcia asked.

"In the hills. He comes back soon."

It seemed to Marcia that Ralph Worden might have stayed around to greet her. She'd been willing to overlook the fact that he'd sent someone else to bring her from Pirapora after she'd made a five-thousand-mile journey to join him; but to go off into the hills when he was expecting her was something that didn't contribute much to her morale. She couldn't help wondering if she was being a fool about Dr. Worden.

"Back in the hills," Bill Gresham explained, "we're keeping a case of yellow fever isolated. They're rare, but we get them now and then. This one's a miner named Guillerdio. That's probably where Worden's gone." He asked the nurse, "How's Guillerdio doing?"

Roxanna's smile faded. "This morning he died," she said, her voice low.

Something happened to Bill Gresham then that bewildered Marcia. His face, first shocked, became taut and pale with bitterness, even with rage. His lips drew into a savage line, as if he were trying to stifle words. All this time Roxanna looked down at the ground, avoiding his eyes.

"Dead?" Bill Gresham said at last. "And Worden wouldn't take a chance with the vaccine?"

*"Nao."*

"You mean to say he preferred to let the man die—"

(*Continued on page 56*)

# The Indestructible Destroyers

### By Ensign J. M. ALLDERIGE, U. S. N. R.

Herewith is an eyewitness account of as exciting a ninety minutes as anyone has had in this war, as Jap suicide planes attack and keep attacking the destroyer Evans

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is a letter written by a young naval officer to his parents. It presents so vivid an eyewitness account of a Jap suicide attack that the editors consider it a "must" for publication.

DEAREST Mom and Dad,

At last the great news can be told—that is, you already know from the papers that the Destroyer Evans—the Fightin' Bob—saw some action on May 11, along with another can—the Hadley. Before now I have been unable to say anything about it other than to tell you that I am perfectly O. K.

In spite of the furious action during that hour and a half, I wasn't touched, except for the usual assortment of slight burns, bruises, and what not from being knocked around by various explosions. Again I say, I'm in perfect shape, Mom and Dad, and now I can give you the story. There are still many things that are taboo—but what's tellable is plenty.

Our assignment—screening the CVEs off Okinawa—ended around the first day of May. They provisioned us, gave us a few days' rest, then sent us out with the Hadley to a station north of Okinawa. We were at General Quarters all night of the 10th and 11th. I turned in at 5.30, slept till 6.45, then got up to eat. I was just relieving the watch in Combat Information Center at 7.45 when we opened fire on a low-flying twin-float plane about on the horizon. By the time I got up to the bridge to my GQ station (signal officer) the plane had closed to some 2,000 yards and was still coming, with the obvious intent to suicide into us. We were laying down a terrific barrage with our five-inch and 40-mm. fire—several bursts made him rise up in his track considerably. At about 200 yards he was forced to veer off and also climb a bit. Why, I don't know, for it made him miss us—pass over our fantail over to our starboard quarter. He was not far beyond us when a five-inch shell smacked him squarely and blew him up, showering gasoline and plane parts all over the ship.

That was just the start. We had a lull for some twenty minutes, so all hands scurried around getting ready for the coming action. We had reports of planes all around us—the weather was clear, sea was calm—and that feeling was in the air. I got all squared away in a blue storm jacket plus my kapok life jacket, and put my helmet on. That life jacket had lots of stuff in it: flashlight, knife, whistle, even a couple of apples in the pockets.

At 8.20 we sighted three low-flying planes off our port beam. They closed us, one right after the other, head on. We popped 'em the same way, each at closer range. The last one was headed right for the bridge until a five-inch shell blew him up at about 500 yards. I had a sort of perch by the signal light, where I could see all but the port side forward of the bridge. That last plane seemed to be right on top of us—there wasn't much any of us could do.

All the guys and a couple of the officers who were on the port side came over to the starboard side early in the firing, initially to get away from the shock of our own guns—they really slap you around. By the time that one got so close, they were all cowering behind the superstructure of the flying bridge just praying to God that we'd pop him before he hit.

One boy kept yelling, "Get down, get down, he's gonna hit—get down, dammit!" A few heard him and hit the deck, although it's questionable just what good that would have done. They tell you to do that in a bombing attack, but when one whole plane hits you—I don't know. I could see the plane getting nearer and nearer, although it was nearly obliterated by the smoke of bursting shells. He came out of a cloud and I felt sure I was in for a ride—but then he blew up and we all breathed easy.

Capt. Robert J. Archer, skipper of the doughty destroyer "Fightin' Bob" Evans.

The debris came down for several minutes, it seemed. We had gasoline all over us, as well as metal bits about an inch deep in the deck. Each attack developed terrific excitement. As each plane came in, a shout would start growing like the yell when a guy breaks off tackle, wiggles his way through the secondary, and finally breaks into the clear. It gets louder and louder as each guy keeps pleading with the guns to get on the so-and-so, hit the b——. "Come on, you guys. Oh, Christ! I can't look!"—and lots of 'em would turn away, white as sheets, then scream out over the din, "How we comin'? Isn't it over yet?" By the time that last guy got it, the yelling was unbelievable—I could hear it even over the racket of the firing. The explosion when we hit him temporarily drowned out the voices, but when we saw that we *had* smacked him, we all jumped up and down, slapped each other on the back, laughed hysterically, shouted at each other—then scurried as one man to our lookout stations.

From then on I couldn't hope to describe any action in exact sequence. One right after another they came at us—some from low on the water, others from out of the sun, most of them intent on crashing into us. Each time an attack would develop, that yelling would start with the booming staccato of the five-inch guns, pick up when the 40s started to yammer, then reach a screaming pitch as the 20s chattered away. For a while it kept up that way—we knocked one right after another out of the sky, some close, some very far away. The Hadley was firing all the time too, but we weren't aware of it. We were maneuvering violently. The skipper did a phenomenal job of bringing all our guns to bear on each attack. The pace kept getting hotter and hotter—we threw two more boilers on the line to give us that extra speed that proved so vital.

So much flashes before my mind now in entirely unrelated order. I recall the engineer on smoke watch up on the flying bridge just above me. He was a young kid, but he gave a running description to all the boys below of each and every attack for a while. When we cut in those other two boilers, volumes of smoke poured out of the stacks and, true to his orders, he was snarling down the phone circuit, "Knock off that smoke, knock off that smoke! Dammit, you guys, knock off that smo—" Then somebody told him that they were lighting off. He looked kind of sheepish, then pitched in on some more commentary.

All the time we could hear Captain Archer's booming voice giving orders to the helm—he can really sound off when he wants to. My roommate, Ade Lorentson, would always show up on the opposite of the bridge from the attack telling all lookouts to keep a sharp watch in the opposite direction.

Back aft, the 40-mm. crew was really pumping them out, and after each attack, when a big explosion would result, they'd duck temporarily to avoid getting hit with debris, then pump up, dance around, shout, wave up at me and the rest of the guys they could see—then turn around, all business again, getting their gun squared away for the next attack. Down on deck the repair parties were shuttling back and forth to shield themselves from the concussion of our own guns and the falling debris. Every now and then we'd all of a sudden realize that the Hadley was fighting it out with us. One time there was a slight lull—then the sharp *slaam!* of the five-inchers turned us around—the Hadley had one under fire. It was a flaming mass when it reached just abeam her and plunged into the water not too far away.

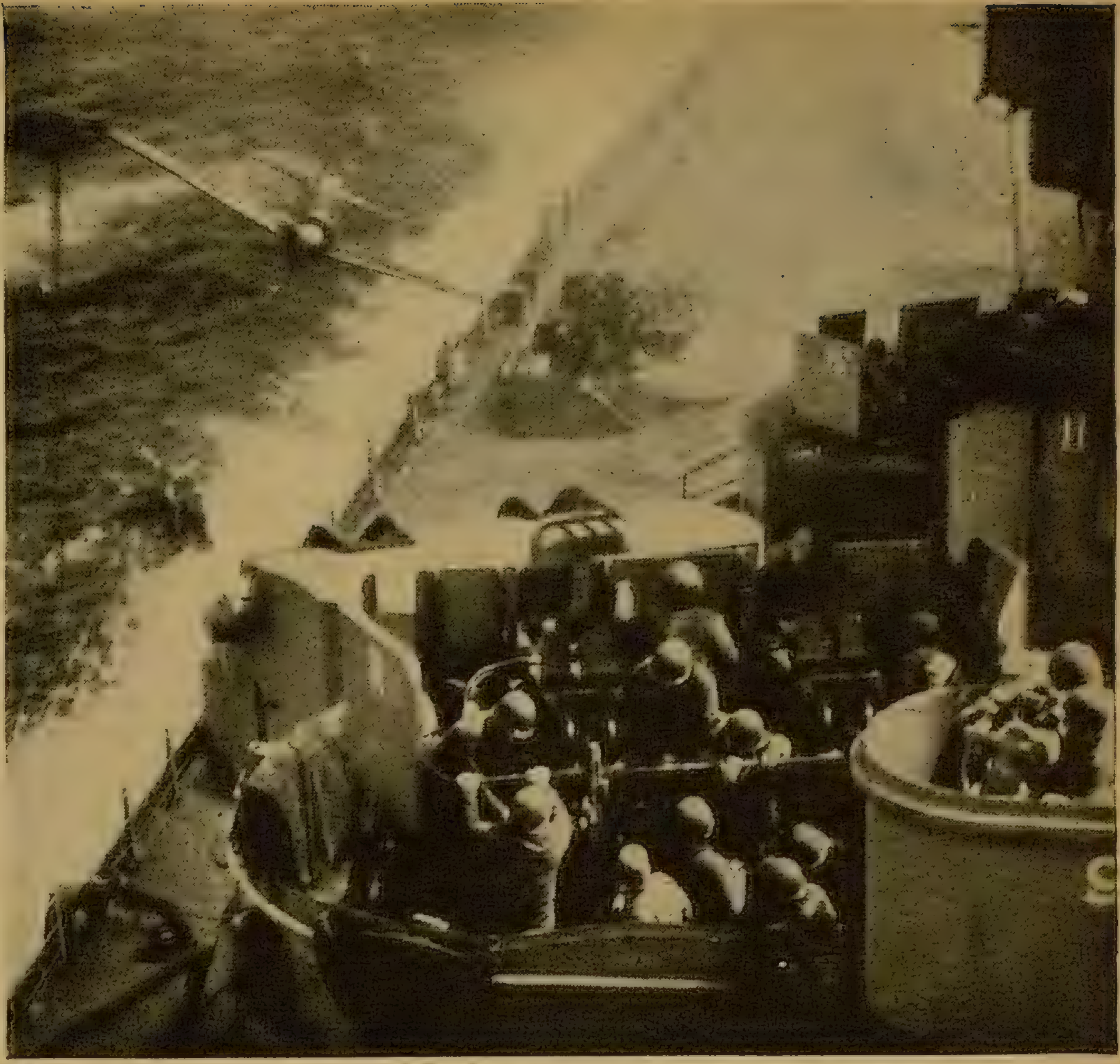
For a while the attacks appeared to be single ones. They didn't double-team us until we had shot down about seven, I think—maybe it was more. Anyway, I was watching our after five-inchers and 40s fire at the next attacking plane. It was coming on our port quarter—I could see it through the stacks. I always maintained a terrific grip on the railing, and it was a lucky thing then, for just when that plane went down at a safe distance a rumbling explosion almost knocked me down. Over my left shoulder came a wing and fuselage of a plane. The thing smacked into the water only—well—that far from the ship, abeam of the bridge. A shower of water and gasoline and plane parts covered me, rattling on my hat like so much rain. I figured then that things were getting out of control. No sooner had I straightened up than, only about 500 yards off the port beam, another plane flipped over into the water with a wing torn off.

THEN they came at us from all angles, two and three at a time. I recall one diving out of the sun with a cold shot at us. We didn't see him until it was too late to do anything but pepper away at him with 40s. Those guys did a marvelous job, though. They got him flaming, but he still came on. He had a perfect suicide shot at us—as luck would have it, he was one of the few dive bombers of that morning. He dropped a bomb that lifted our fantail, then pulled up enough to pass directly over the port side of the bridge. Honest to Pete, I could have reached right up and touched him. The plane seemed like a flaming skeleton. I could see the pilot. He was slumped over, I believe. He kept pulling up until our number two gun popped him just as he reached the top of his climb. He winged over, and what was left of the plane plunged into the sea.

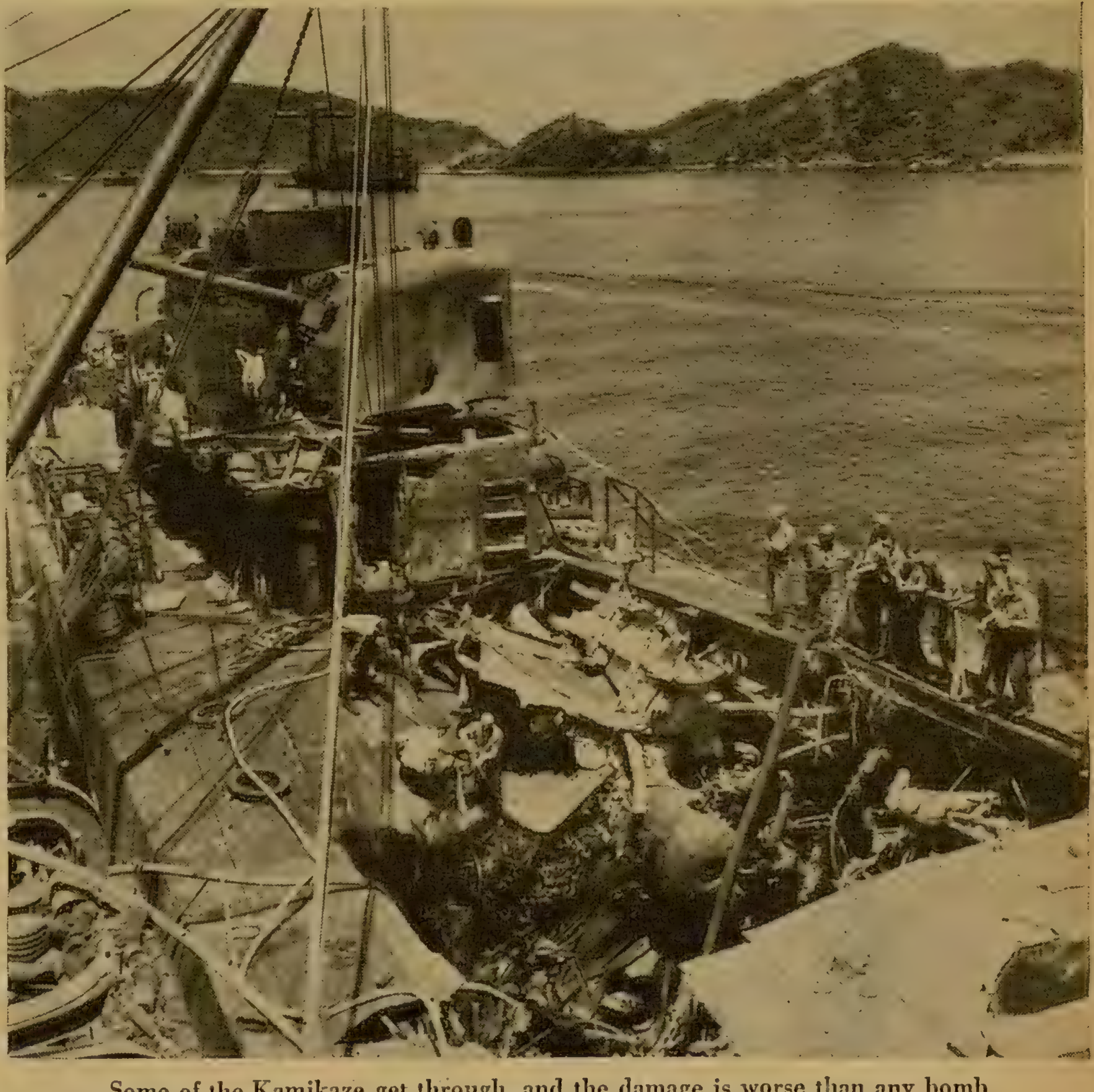
There was stuff all over the bridge—a sort of mud, of all things, seemed to be present. Gas smelled to high heaven. I kept checking myself to see that I was O. K. I wondered all the time if one of those bits of metal and what not had slapped into me without my knowing it. I remember having an extreme dislike of any metal parts or of getting knocked into any of the various protruding metal objects on the bridge. Other than that, I felt fine. There was an awful dry feeling in my mouth—I kept wanting a drink of water. My heart stopped racing when there was a lull, then would go like mad when somebody would shout louder than before with a hand wildly pointing. That was the way every attack would start—a hysterical yell and an outstretched hand. Then that *boom—boom—boom—boom—rat-ta-ta-rat-ta-ta* of the 40s, and we were off again.

Several combined attacks were repulsed, and one of those few lulls arrived. We had about two minutes to count noses. One of the torpedomen was deaf; gunfire had shattered his eardrums, I guess. He knew semaphore, though, so we told him to go down to sick bay—the wardroom where the doctor had his main battle station. It looked odd to see that guy watch the words spelled out, then give "Roger" and stumble down the outside ladder. A couple of guys came down from the flying

(*Continued on page 80*)



A heart-stopping moment aboard a U. S. warship under suicide attack off Okinawa. Into the teeth of the batteries dives this Jap—to his doom.



Some of the Kamikaze get through, and the damage is worse than any bomb could cause. Four of them hurtled into the Newcomb, but she kept afloat.

# WELCOME in the HEART

Tomorrow Joe would be home—Joe with the war-scarred face who, nonetheless, was her husband and father of her children. She knew how she would take it, but she didn't know about the kids—nor about Joe

### BY JEAN KINKEAD

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

PEG pulled off her white gardening gloves and sat back on her heels, squinting into the sun. The fierce joy was starting in her again. Tomorrow this time he'll be here, she was thinking, and the thought was brighter than the sun and she had to shut her eyes tight against it. After a while she opened them and turned toward the house, trying to see it as Joe would: the windows shining, the green shutters freshly painted, the Dutch door open, crocuses sticking blond heads through the grass. And her throat ached for him because it had been so terribly long.

She thought, then, of how she'd look in the gray linen dress that he loved so much, of the boys scrubbed and smiling, and a fresh wave of joy broke over her. The broken circle mended at last, she thought. Wisecracks again, and the slow significant wink across a roomful of people. Joe again! Her mind shrieked it, and there was a tom-tom in her throat.

Tonight she'd have a long talk with the kids. She'd explain to them just how they were to behave when Joe came. They knew, of course, that he had been wounded; that there was a deep scar along his cheek. She had told them that as soon as she'd gotten Joe's first letter from the hospital.

"Was his nose blown off?" Jack had inquired. She had shivered then and marveled at the terrible casualness of a seven-year-old.

"No, love. But a piece of shrapnel lodged in his cheek."

"Apple?" That had been Tony. How could you explain to a four-year-old about shrapnel? She hadn't tried.

Oh, yes, they knew about Joe. They had talked of nothing else for weeks. His welcome was assured; it remained only for her to make sure it was the best kind of welcome. She must make it clear that they were not to mention his wound at all, that there were to be no questions; no gaping. She would brief them well, she promised herself comfortably. Joe's readjustment to civilian life would be quick and painless.

She was gathering up her things preparatory to going in when she heard someone speak her name. "Peg," said the deep almost forgotten voice, and she stood like one frozen, the trowel and gloves in her hand and the toe of her moccasin poised, about to press down a chocolate-colored peak of earth.

All my life, she thought, I will remember the size and shape and smell of this moment. And then she spun around and saw a blur of khaki towering over the picket fence.

"Joe!" She felt as if she were screaming it, but it came out so low neither of them heard it, and then she tore open the gate and went into his arms. He was saying a lot of meaningless words into her hair, and she dug her palms into his shoulders to keep from sobbing out loud, feeling the thinness of him, the terrible strength of him. They walked into the house slowly, arms around each other, not saying anything, and when they were inside they looked at each other deeply for a long time.

"Pretty, isn't it?" he said, remembering at last, searching her face. She put her hand out and touched the great jagged scar on his cheek. "It's magnificent," she told him gently, meaning it with all her soul.

"Sure, sure," he said, and his voice was very tired. "I'm a hell of a smooth guy." He tossed his hat on the couch and sat down, and Peg stood over him smiling tentatively, not quite knowing what to say. He was strange, strange, and he didn't smile or take her in his arms.

After a while he said, "Where are the kids?" And she stood away from him, aghast. The kids hadn't been warned. They'd burst in on him, completely tactless, inquisitive. Not until now had she realized how desperately important it was that the kids be warned.

"They're out playing," she told him. "Why don't I run and get them? Yes, that's what I'll do."

He was on his feet again, his long arms hanging loose at his sides. "Don't go away from me," he said, his voice and eyes suddenly pleading. She looked up at him quickly, bewildered by him, loving him so terribly, and he pulled her against him. Oh, my darling, she thought, what have they done to you? And her arms tightened around him.

"I love you so much," she whispered. "Joe darling, I love you so much."

"You can't bear ugly things," he said, his voice a monotone. "Remember the little boy on the train with the withered arm? You couldn't look at him."

"I love you, Joe," she repeated, feeling helpless before his new bitterness, searching for the right words. "All of you, more now than before." He looked at her, not believing her.

"I told you I was coming tomorrow," he said, "but then I fought like mad to get out a day earlier. You know why? I wanted to—to take you unawares, before you put on your false smile and screened your eyes. I wanted to surprise the horror in the kid's faces."

She stared at this tall harsh-voiced stranger, ice on her heart.

"Morbid, you think? Maybe, but that's how it is. A guy has to know where he stands . . ." He was pale and out of breath.

"Don't you know where you stand, Joe?" she asked him quietly, and then she said it again with all the intensity of her being: "Joe, don't you know?"

It was as if she had touched a hidden spring, releasing him. He stared at her wonderingly for a minute. "You," he whispered. "Oh, you!" And he kissed her hungrily then, and after a while he began to talk.

"I'm sorry, Peg," he said. "I've been a little nuts. You get that way in those hospitals. Gals coming in with pinned-on smiles that make you want to crawl under the covers. Nurses telling you you look swell. Comedians grinning at you. And then you get hold of a mirror . . ."

"Joe, I know," she said. "I don't want to kid you, darling. Maybe as your wife I see you a little with my heart, but believe me, you look so good to me you hurt my eyes." The wariness was going out of his face, the defiance out of his chin. He looked at her wordlessly, and at last he spoke.

"Gee, the house looks swell," he said simply.

The kids were coming then. She heard them banging the back door. Wrangling in the kitchen. And her chest grew tight with fear. If they had just stayed out a little longer, she thought. I was beginning to get through to him. Now just one wrong word . . . "Don't bring him in the living room, you dim-wit," Jack was saying. "Mom'll blow a fuse."

Tony said, "Dad'll let us keep him."

"He might let *me*," Jack said with his second-grade officiousness. "He hardly even knows *you*." Their voices got louder, and then they were standing there with a great hulk of a dog between them, and Peg couldn't hear anything but her heart. "Please God," she was praying silently. "Oh, please God!"

Jack's brown eyes went wide with incredulity. Tony's fat jaw dropped.

"Jeepers, dad," Jack said in a low, awed voice, and Tony said it after him. Joe just stood there awkwardly, on the defensive again, not saying a word. Peg saw Jack studying his face carefully, his mouth shaping an exclamation. "Jeehosophat!" maybe, or "Bro-*ther!*"

And, "Please God," her mind said over and over.

A million years later she heard Jack say, "It's not hardly red at all, is it, dad?" And Tony said, "Not hardly even pink." And was that *disappointment* in their voices?

Peg saw the smile start in Joe's eyes and creep slowly down to his mouth, taking the lines and the strain with it. "That's a good dog you've got there," he said, getting down on the floor near them. "I bet you we could teach a dog like that some fancy tricks."

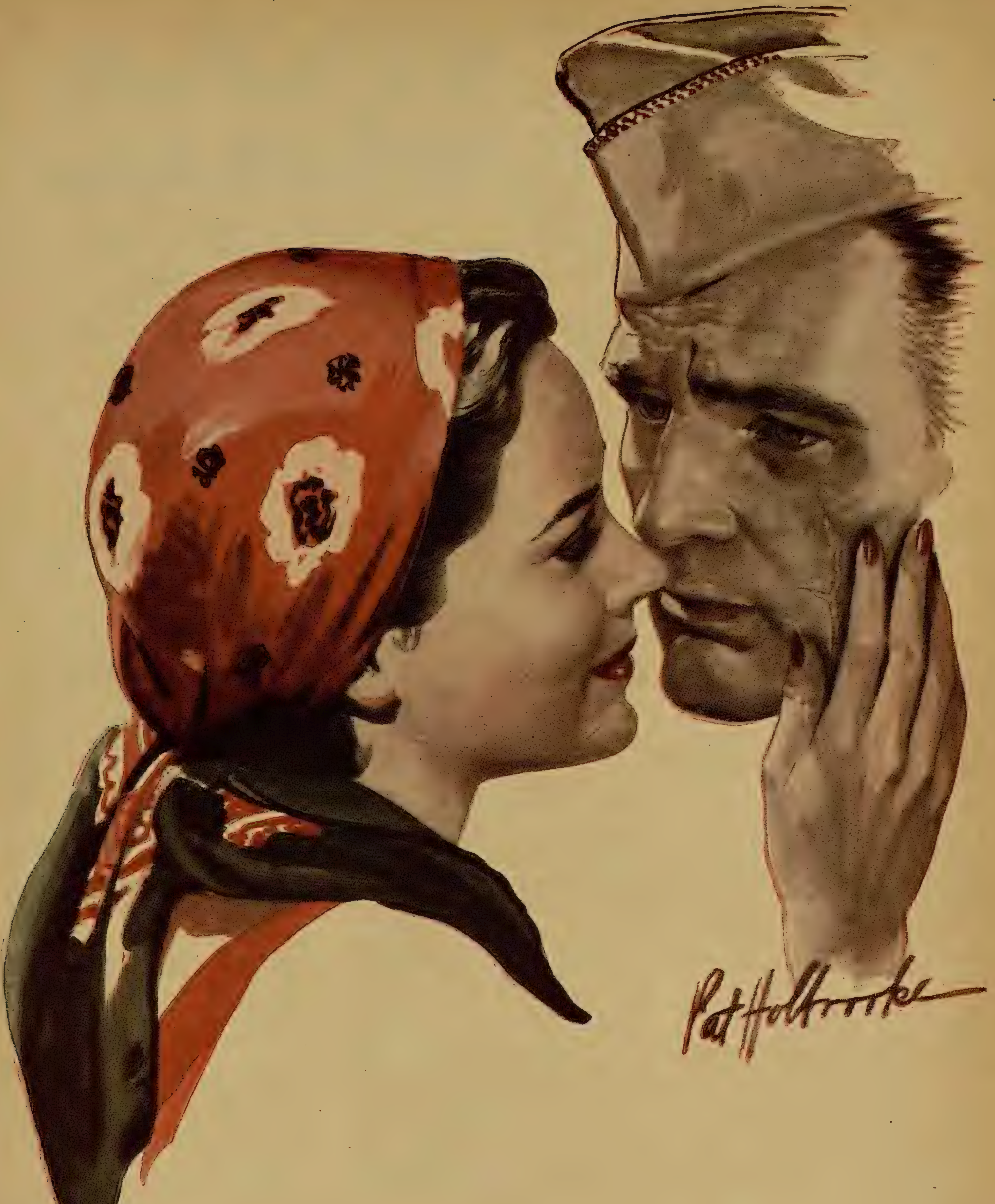
"Yeah," breathed Jack, laying his hand easily on Joe's shoulder. "Shaking hands 'n' stuff."

"Carrying the newspaper even," Peg heard herself saying.

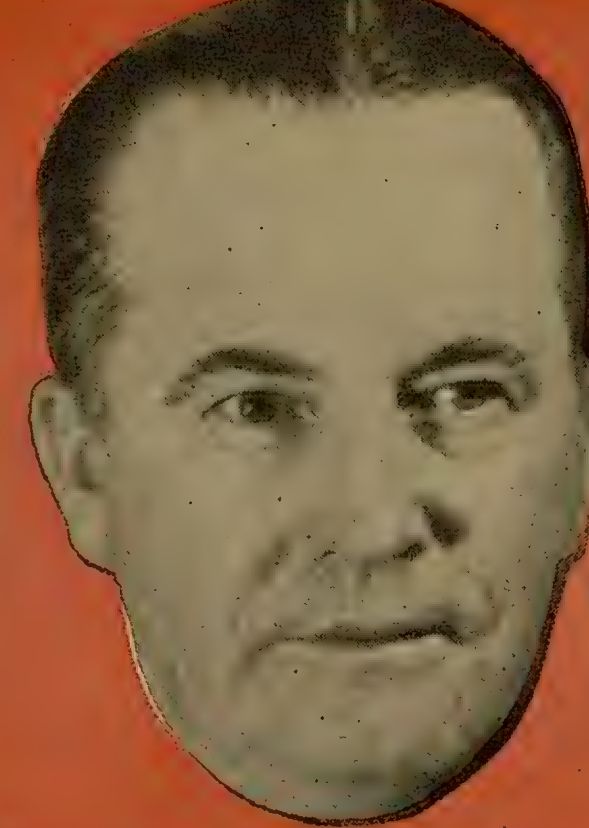
The Oriental rug be damned, she thought, watching Joe's face.

Joe laughed his deep growl of a laugh, and then the kids took it up, and Peg just stood there waiting for the lump in her throat to go away so that she could laugh too.

THE END



She put her hand out and touched the scar. "It's magnificent," she told him gently, meaning it with all her soul. "Sure, sure," he said, and his voice was very tired.



# The Man with All the Answers

Albert Mitchell has fashioned a lustrous career out of satisfying other people's curiosity, no matter what strange topics it may involve. His coat of arms is a question mark

### By Mort Weisinger

THE great American know-it-all is Albert Mitchell, radio's famous Answer Man. Mitchell knows everything from Aardvark to Zymurgy, and can answer almost any question under the sun, from how deep is the ocean to how high is the sky. His omniscience includes infinite wisdom on matters animal, vegetable, mineral, and miscellaneous, but the "miscellaneous" is what pays off—to the tune of one quarter million dollars a year.

Because Mitchell guarantees to answer anything that ends with a question mark, such as "What is the size of President Truman's hat?" or "What was the largest cake ever baked in America?" his radio quiz show goes on *twice* daily over WOR, a commercial phenomenon rare in broadcasting.

Everybody pages the Answer Man for service. When author Kenneth Roberts wanted to know how much a square inch of inch-wide military gold braid cost in 1802, he wrote in to Mitchell and received the accurate reply, "Two dollars"! The famous artist Howard Chandler Christy frequently checks with the Answer Man on historical data. The Ellery Queen team of mystery writers calls on Mitchell so often for data on poisons, pistols, and prisons that he's thinking of holding out for a by-line.

Practically nothing can stump the Answer Man. Last year, during the election campaign, a curious listener wrote in inquiring whether Roosevelt and Dewey could possibly be related. Mitchell came up with the revelation that the candidates were seventh cousins twice removed. This fact was released over the networks and picked up by press associations, landing the Answer Man on many a Page One. He still treasures a note the late F. D. R. sent him a few days later, congratulating him on his showmanship.

Sometimes the Answer Man's followers are too curious for their own good. When one man blithely wrote for technical information on the Panama Canal locks, Mitchell turned the letter over to the F. B. I. Investigating, the Hoover men found that the indiscreet listener was a foreign agent. In several other cases, where suspected spies have attempted to tap Mitchell's free answer bank for information involving national security, he has supplied them with the correct dope. But only because the F. B. I. wanted these small fry to lead its agents to the big fish.

More than a thousand queries a day flood the Answer Man's mail. News of his free question-and-answer service has spread to the four corners of the globe, and people write their queries from as far away as Singapore. Only questions of general interest are answered on the radio show, about forty in each broadcast. The balance is answered by mail.

Although scores of persons telephone his offices daily, the Answer Man never gives out information over the phone. He broke this rigid rule only once during the nine years the show has been on the air, and then because of an emergency. The vice-president of a Philadelphia bank telephoned on behalf of a stricken woman client who could not die peacefully unless she got the name and address of a certain individual whom she wanted to include in her will. Verifying the case, the Answer Man and his staff went into frantic action for five hours, and finally produced the facts.

Not all questions can be answered by return mail. When one inquisitive listener asked, "How fast does an ant walk?" Dr. William Bridges of the New York Zoological Society was consulted and, not knowing the speed himself, requested a little time. He built a walk for the parasol ant, took his stop watch, and went to work. Later he reported the pace was 720 feet an hour.

Because so many regard Mitchell as an oracle, he is called upon daily to referee bets on subjects ranging from the ridiculous to the sublime. One chap wrote in recently, saying he had bet money that a barrel of beer would float in sea water, and would the Answer Man please settle the argument? A telephone call was made to Dr. William H. Crew, physicist at New York University, who, after calculating rapidly, found the results in such delicate balance that he refused to commit himself without some sort of test. The next day a barrel of beer was brought to the physics department and dumped into a tank filled with sea water. Only a tiny corner was visible above the surface.

The Answer Man, now forty-five, first hit the air waves in 1936, some three million questions ago. Previously, Albert Mitchell led orchestras in Paramount Publix theaters. Between shows he would while away his time backstage memorizing fragments from the World Almanac, Webster's Dictionary, and a trunkful of other reference tomes. In time his retentive memory cells became supercharged with thousands of miscellaneous bits of information.

Spouting such terrific trivia as "There are twenty-eight moons in the solar system," "Sailors wear bell-bottom trousers so they can roll them up above their knees with ease," "Twins occur once in every eighty-six births," "The longest nonscientific word in the English language is 'antidisestablishmentarianism,'" Mitchell soon convinced the boys in the orchestra that he knew all the answers.

Because musicians will bet on anything, he became their argument settler. Once, when two bands bet each other a week's salary as to whether Adam had had a wife before Eve, Mitchell decided in the affirmative. "Eve's predecessor was a lady called Lilith, according to Talmudic tradition," he cited learnedly. The losing band paid off, pawning a few instruments the next day so that they could eat.

Mitchell is no longer a band leader, because at a party, one February evening in 1936, he met a young, imaginative chap named Bruce Chapman, just starting out as a radio producer. Chapman wanted to hire Mitchell's band, but before the evening was over, Mitchell suggested a radio show built around an argument settler. "The policy would be to answer *any* question. I can be known as the Answer Man!" enthused Mitchell.

"It's a swell idea," agreed Chapman. "But can we find a sponsor?"

"That's the one question *you'll* have to answer!" cracked Mitchell as they shook hands on the deal.

For six months Chapman made the rounds of New York, looking for an angel. Finally he found one in the Provident Loan Society. "I've been looking for a program like this," said the brand-new sponsor as he signed. "Why didn't you come to me a year ago?"

Mitchell, meanwhile, had not been idle during those six months. He had roamed the city's bookshops, adding to his collection of reference books, almanacs, compendiums, syllabuses, and glossaries, building up a treasury of facts that he has come to value more than all the gold at Fort Knox.

The boys will never forget the first day's mail. "Can you tell me how the word 'quiz' originated?" asked their first fan.

"What do we do now?" groaned Chapman.

For answer, Mitchell went to his library, picked up a well-thumbed copy of A Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, by the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL. D., published in 1894. He turned a few pages, then read aloud: "'Daly, manager of the Dublin Theater, laid a wager that he would introduce into the language within twenty-four hours a new word of no meaning. Accordingly, the four mystic letters q-u-i-z began appearing on walls all over town, and all Dublin was inquiring what they meant. The wager was won, and the word remains current in our language.'"

Convinced that Mitchell could answer anything the audience pitched, Chapman went home that evening, confident of a successful future. His young son met him at the door, greeted him with, "Daddy, how many feathers has a goose?" Daddy didn't know.

"If you won't tell me," persisted the child, "I'll ask the Answer Man." And he did. But the Answer Man wouldn't be bothered with Chapman's own offspring. Desperate daddy was about to pluck a goose to get the answer when Mitchell relented and came up with an erudite thesis on feathered fowl written by some agricultural college student. This deathless document contained the necessary dope.

AFTER this literal wild-goose chase, the boys began to read the handwriting on the wall. As the program soared in popularity and questions began to pour in by the sackful, Mitchell and Chapman realized that they couldn't hope to answer all the queries by themselves.

Today a battery of half a hundred expert researchers helps the Answer Man maintain his record for infallibility. The efficient Chapman has groomed these fifty assistants into crack "intelligence" squads that are as accurate as radar.

Expert researchers—fifty of them—help Mitchell and Chapman maintain their reputation for infallibility.

"First-wave," easy, run-of-the-mill questions are handled by a squad of five. If the question is a repeat—one of 1,500 that have been asked often in the past—the sender gets a form answer. Most popular repeat is "Do Indians have beards?" which, for some strange reason, crops up in the mail at least six times a week. (They do.) Other popular repeats include "How high is the Empire State Building?" (1,250 feet), and "How many people are there in the entire world?" (latest estimate, 2,400,000,000.) This squad also tackles questions that can be answered by consulting any of the several hundred reference books and encyclopedias in the Answer Man offices.

Answers in printed sources not owned by the Answer Man are dug up by members of the "leg" squad. Members of this branch have to hustle, for in a single day they may have to visit the microfilm department of the New York Public Library, old newspaper morgues, medical and college libraries, and dozens of other institutions. Once they had to engage a blind researcher, getting him to read back issues of a magazine published in Braille in order to track down a wanted fact.

Ten dulcet-voiced girls of the telephone squad keep a switchboard buzzing all day as they dial and long-distance for information. The other day, when Paul Whiteman wrote in to inquire whether a person could safely dive into Utah's Great Salt Lake, one of the girls promptly phoned the lifeguard station there and posed the problem. "Tell him not to try it," advised the voice of authority at the other end. "The salt water here has such density that he could easily break his back!"

A woman recently wrote in, reporting that while driving along a New Jersey highway she had passed a house with a white stone cat on its roof. "I have no idea where this house is," said the woman, "but I would very much like to know the significance of the stone cat."

To accommodate the listener, one of Chapman's girls telephoned Colonel Norman Schwarzkopf, head of the New Jersey State Police, to ask whether any of his (*Continued on page 71*)

Bruce Chapman, other half of the Answer Man team, and some of the 1,000 daily queries. Sample: Would a barrel of beer float?

After an operation, or when blood vessels are bruised, a clot may result, sometimes fatally stopping circulation.

# Curbing the Clot

**Embolisms — simple little blood clots — have always ranked high on medicine's list of murderers. Now science resorts to the hayfield to keep them from forming**

LAST year a young engineer was promised a Navy commission if he would undergo an operation for a slight hernia. The surgery was completely successful and it was just a question of lying quietly in bed until the incision healed. Ten days later, while talking to a visitor, he suddenly gasped and cried out with pain. In a few seconds he was dead.

Such tragedies are mercifully uncommon, but not enough so to permit surgical complacency. For years medical men have sought weapons to combat the hazard of sudden postoperative death. And now comes the good news that the danger can be largely overcome with a brand-new drug obtained from spoiled sweet clover hay.

Pulmonary embolism is what doctors call the surgical catastrophe that struck the young engineer. It is a greater killer than syphilis and appendicitis combined. It took a higher toll than automobile accidents, even in the last reckless prewar year. In even the best hospitals it was the direct cause of one sixteenth of all deaths after operation. Sudden postoperative death is sad enough when it follows emergency surgery, but when it strikes a person in perfectly good general health who has chosen to submit to an operation, its effect is overwhelming.

Pulmonary embolism occurs when a blood clot or embolus plugs the artery leading from heart to lungs, blocking the circulation as completely as a landslide dams a mountain stream. Life processes can't wait for the blood to break through the dam or open new channels. With circulation to the lungs shut off, death is inevitable.

Ironically, the victim may have safely surmounted all other hazards—shock, infection, hemorrhage—only to succumb to this unpredictable disaster about the time he is ready to leave the hospital. No wonder doctors and grateful patients are enthusiastic over the new drug, dicumarol, that is eliminating this surgical uncertainty by preventing blood clots.

As a complication of pregnancy, pulmonary embolism is a sinister contributor to maternal mortality. Embolism can develop after fractures of the arms and legs. Occasionally it even follows so-called minor injuries like bruises and sprains.

When patients lie quietly in bed after an operation, childbirth, or an injury, blood stagnates in their extremities and clots may form inside the veins. In hospitals devoted to the care of the aged and chronically ill, as many as half of all bedridden patients develop these ominous coagula. If a clot breaks loose from its attachments to the vein lining, it is picked up by the blood stream and whisked along until it lodges in the lung artery as an embolus.

The more extensive the surgery, the greater the risk of embolism. After tedious and time-consuming intestinal operations, the chances of pulmonary embolism are five times as great as they are after a simple appendectomy.

Age is another prominent predisposing factor. More than 90 per cent of the cases of pulmonary embolism occur in persons over forty. Patients are especially liable to this postoperative complication if they are markedly overweight, have heart trouble, cancer, infection, or varicose veins.

When veins are accidentally or unavoidably injured during an operation, the danger of intravenous clotting is much increased. Before dicumarol was discovered, a schoolteacher in his early thirties underwent a prolonged abdominal operation at the hands of an excellent surgeon. After the operation, the doctor discovered to his horror that the patient's right thigh had been resting on a bulky wad of gauze inadvertently left on the operating table by an attendant. The doctor knew that the long-continued pressure had probably irritated the lining of a large thigh vein, but he was powerless to do anything about it. A few days later a clot formed in this vein and when a portion of it broke loose, a lung embolus resulted.

The schoolteacher was one of the "lucky" victims of pulmonary embolism because the clot was not a large one. When the embolus struck, he was seized with excruciating pain in the chest and had to gasp for breath. He nearly lost consciousness. His blood pressure became dangerously low. After a stormy convalescence, he was able to leave the hospital. Recovery following nonfatal pulmonary embolism is often prolonged and fraught with danger.

Until recently, surgeons had to rely on none-too-effective mechanical means to prevent clot formation. Bed patients were taught to exercise their legs by imaginary bicycle riding. Massage of the extremities was recommended for those patients who were too ill to move. Deep breathing and frequent changes in position were tried. All these mechanical methods helped and still have a place, but the fact is that pulmonary embolism has remained a major surgical problem.

Doctors have learned that the surest way to prevent vein stagnation and clotting is to get patients up and around as soon as possible. But there are times when sick people must stay in bed willy-nilly. Surgeons recognized that the hazard would never be completely overcome until they had a chemical preventive—a drug that would safely prevent clotting and keep blood liquid when venous stagnation was unavoidable.

Heparin, an extract of animal tissues, had been halfheartedly used as a chemical clot retarder for years. It is effective, but it has never had wide application because of its cost—up to thirty dollars a day—and because it had to be poured into the system by continuous intravenous injection.

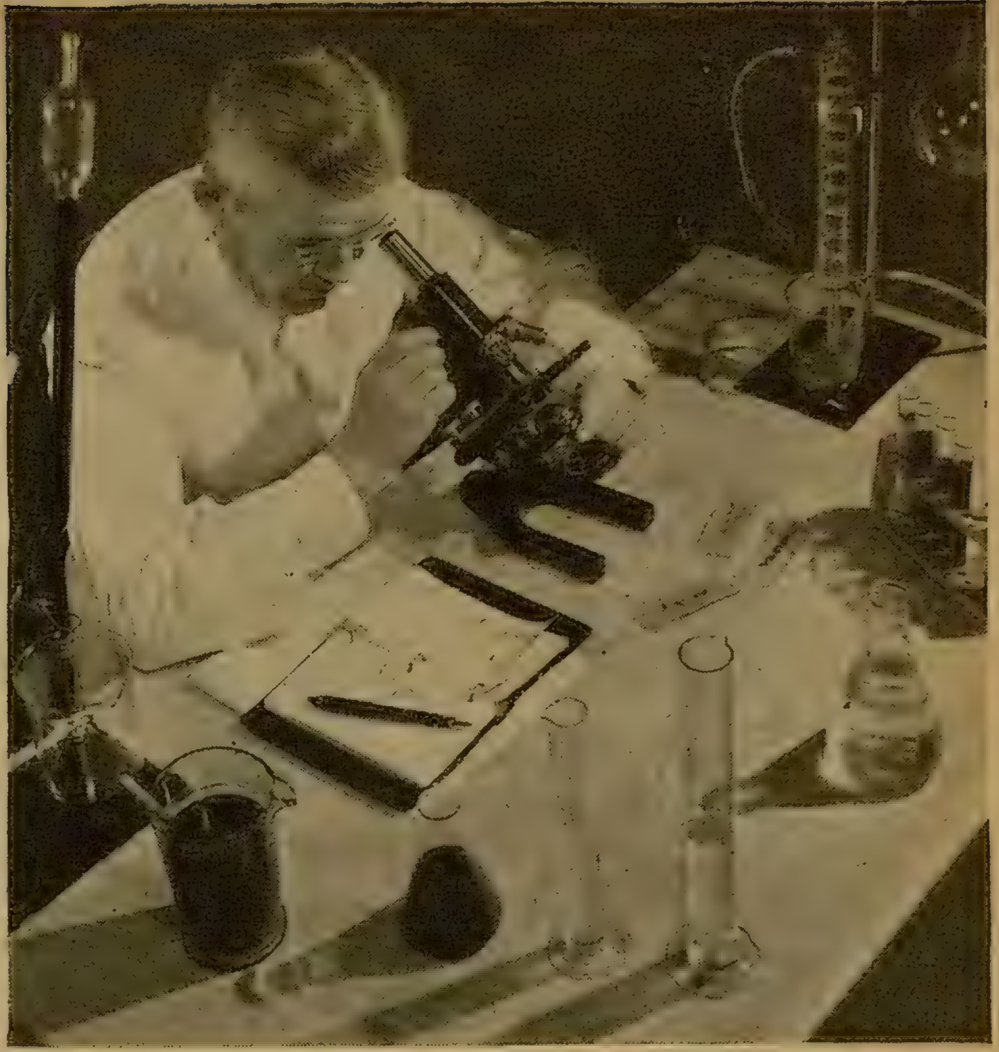
That was the situation until a scant four years ago when dicumarol was discovered. Since then the picture has brightened immeasurably.

The story of dicumarol begins on the farms of Canada and the United States. Its use as a medicine for human consumption is a by-product of the research of agricultural experts who set out to save the lives of cattle. Midwestern farmers

When cattle died of a bleeding disease after
There was something in the hay

# that Kills

## BY DR. ROBERT H. FELDT



Researchers moved from pasture to laboratory, came up with dicumarol after long months of experiments on spoiled hay.

have long known that cows sometimes sickened and died of a dreadful bleeding disease. Whole herds were lost in what seemed to be epidemics. Frantic efforts to control the disease were futile. When the tissues of dead animals were examined, no dangerous germs were found.

Veterinarians soon discovered that the blood of these animals had completely lost its clotting power. It would remain liquid in a test tube for hours, although normal blood should clot in a few minutes. If disease bugs weren't causing the trouble, what was the poisonous scourge? Could it be something they ate?

After many tests, at last it was discovered that the bleeding sickness was caused by spoiled sweet clover hay. The animals could eat properly cured sweet clover indefinitely, but let them have their fill of spoiled clover and they were goners.

AT this point researchers moved from pasture to laboratory, taking bales and stacks of spoiled hay with them. At the Agricultural Experiment Station of the University of Wisconsin, the hay was subjected to chemical grueling. After long months of experiment, a bright young scientist came up with a handful of white powder he had made from the spoiled clover. Given this powder with their food, cattle invariably succumbed to the bleeding disease. The climax of the work came when the toxic substance was synthesized in the laboratory—made directly from chemicals without the bother and expense of extracting it from spoiled hay.

This substance is now known as dicumarol. Surgeons soon heard of it and began to wonder if it could be used to prevent blood clotting. "Dicumarol kills cattle by interfering with normal blood clotting," they reasoned. "Could it be used in small amounts to prevent embolism in human beings whose blood clots too easily?"

eating spoiled hay, medical men had a clue. that made blood stay fluid.

Animal experiments—often the first step in testing a new drug—demonstrated what a potent anti-clotting weapon dicumarol really was. The leg veins of anesthetized dogs were crushed and bruised. In a short time they filled up with clots, and conditions were ripe for pulmonary embolism. Other dogs, similarly treated, were given dicumarol capsules for several days. No matter how severely their veins were injured, they seldom became plugged with clots.

If the drug was to be used in treating human beings, just enough must be administered to prevent clotting inside veins. Overdosage might impair clotting too much and lead to external hemorrhage—a condition comparable to the bleeding disease of cattle. The experiments moved forward rapidly and soon a way was found to regulate the dose. A special blood test was developed that would give warning if the dicumarol effect was too strong.

The first patients were treated at the University of Wisconsin Medical School and the Mayo Clinic in 1941. The patients got along very well and none developed vein clotting, or embolism, but this might have been just a run of good luck or coincidence. Surgeons and research men—always a skeptical lot—needed absolute proof. The statistical method for which the Mayo Clinic is famous provided it.

Analysis of nearly 200,000 operations showed that a surgical patient who had suffered a nonfatal attack of pulmonary embolism was liable to have a recurrence. In fact, there were about two chances in ten of a fatal attack within a few days. Something in the nature of his blood or constitution made him especially susceptible to embolism. Patients of this type were chosen for the crucial test.

The latest report from Mayo's covers 111 patients in this susceptible group. Dicumarol medication was started immediately after their first pulmonary embolus and continued until they left the hospital. Ordinarily, thirty-four of the 111 would have known the horror of a second attack, and twenty would have died. With dicumarol there were only two minor recurrences and not a single fatality!

Since then dicumarol has been used with startling success in widely scattered parts of the United States, Canada, and England. In contrast to heparin, which must be administered by vein injection, it can be given in capsules. It is so inexpensive to manufacture that it costs less than ten cents a day.

Dicumarol also works its wonders of mercy on a kindred condition. When the clotting of blood inside veins is accompanied by inflammation, doctors give it a fancy name—thrombophlebitis. Both patient and doctor can be completely unaware of its presence until a clot suddenly breaks loose and leads to pulmonary embolism. On the other hand, they may be keenly conscious of it from the very beginning because of the pain and swelling of the affected extremity. Thrombophlebitis can be a distressing condition in itself.

EXPERIENCE with thousands of cases has taught Mayo doctors that patients who have had one attack of thromboplebitis are quite likely to have another. Dicumarol virtually eliminates the danger of a second attack and shortens convalesence. It not only prevents additional clotting in other veins, but it keeps the existing clot from enlarging and gives nature a better chance to absorb it.

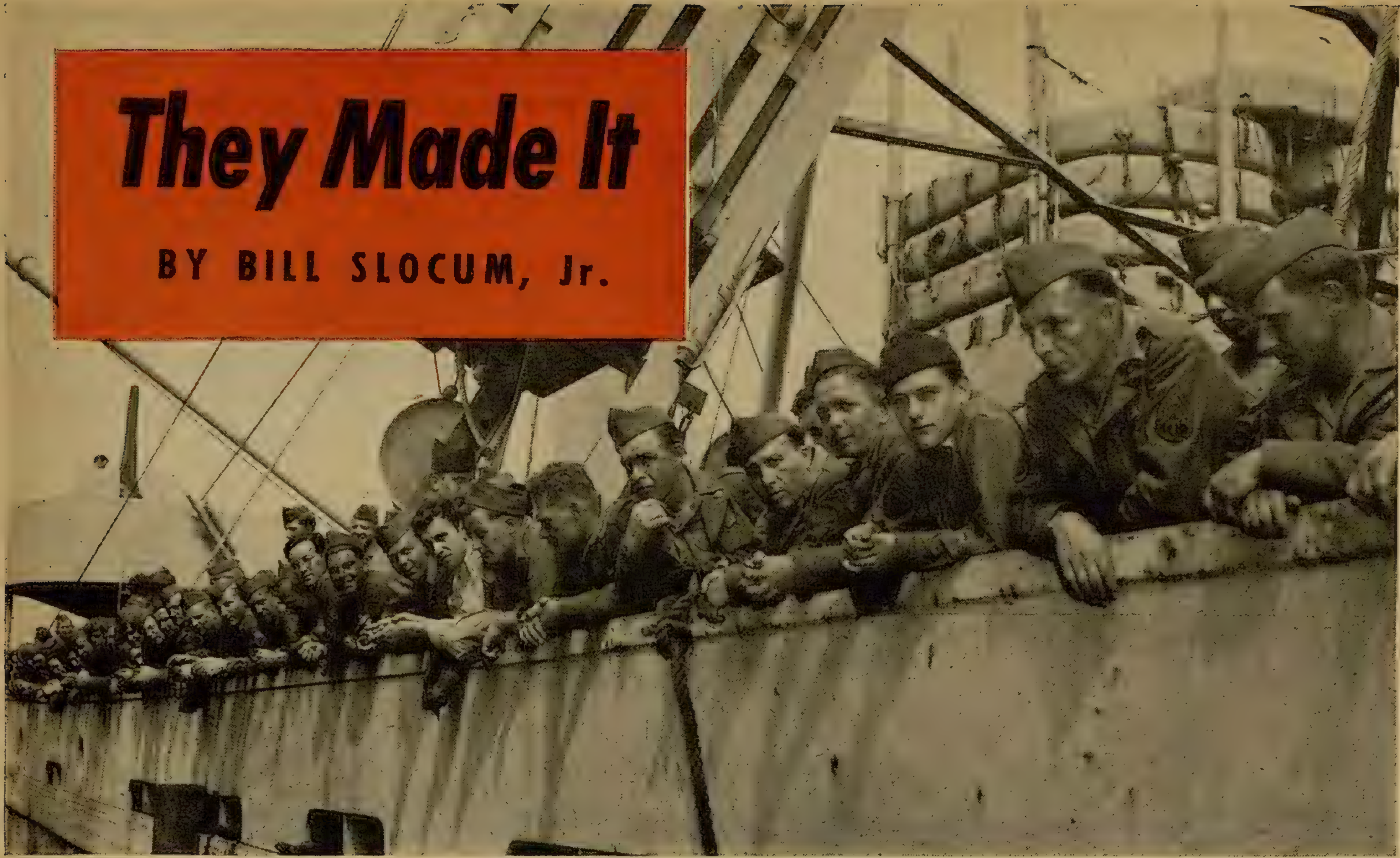
In the treatment of thrombophlebitis, dicumarol may mean the difference between life and sudden death from pulmonary embolism. It can change severe suffering into comfort. It can mean the difference between a useful limb and one that is crippled.

Under proper supervision, dicumarol can be used for months if necessary. Animals at the University of Wisconsin laboratory have been given it or its equivalent, spoiled hay, in small amounts periodically for as long as seven years, and have died of old age. There wasn't the least evidence that the drug in quantities which were proportionate to those given human patients had caused any harm.

(*Continued on page 78*)

# They Made It

### BY BILL SLOCUM, Jr.



The lowest point score aboard was 106. They had all been over more than thirty months, and they were men, whatever their ages.

**Battle-hardened soldiers whose soldier days are over get into some wonderful high jinks on the way home—and also into some very beautiful sentiment**

THE brown crags of Boston were taking shape on the horizon, and a twenty-three-year-old sergeant with a grandfather's shock of gray hair leaned against the transport's rail watching America float closer and closer. Two and a half years ago he had sailed away to fight his way through Africa, Sicily, France, and to within fifty miles of Berlin. Now he was coming home, with 134 points to his credit and a discharge only weeks away. This thing he had gone to bed with every single night for thirty months was now a reality. He was coming home.

He turned his head to look at me for a moment, grinned and said, "Brother, this is one landing I ain't sweating out."

A thousand like him lined the rails of the troopship. They were all members of one of the U. S. Army's proudest fighting outfits, the Second Armored Division. That's the "Hell on Wheels" Division. They were coming home to be discharged. The lowest point score aboard was 106.

I'd asked the Army in Europe to let me sail home with an outfit. The Public Relations officer at Deauville had asked, "How'd you like to go home with the Second Armored?"

"They're not going home," I told him. "They're going to Berlin as occupation troops."

"Not all of them," he answered. "About a thousand high-point men are going back to the States for discharge."

That's how I wound up one bright morning on the top deck of the Army Transport Corps' Mariposa, tied up at a dock in Cherbourg. Looking below, I watched trucks unload officers and men, all of them spick and span in brand-new combat jackets, their chests stiff with equally new ribbons, brand-new stripes on their sleeves, and on all of their shoulders the triangular red, yellow, and blue patch with the tank and the flash of lightning which identified them as Armored Division men. The figure "2" embroidered on each patch identified the division.

As they lined up on the pier they had a strange audience. Hundreds of German prisoners of war bustled around the dock under the able and enthusiastic direction of Negro port troops. The colored G. I.s knew it's unusual if among a dozen Germans at least one doesn't speak English well, so they were using the departing Second Armored men as willing aides in a quiet piece of ribbing. The Second was bringing home a lot of souvenirs, including dozens of Wehrmacht officers' swords. A Negro corporal with a squad of Germans at his heels would halt before a sword-toting Second Armored sergeant and ask:

"What's that you got there, sarge?"

"Why, that's a German general's sword, soldier," the tanker would answer, playing his part of the game.

"Have much trouble getting it?"

"None at all. I just walked up to the general and told him I wanted the sword, and he took off his hat and bowed and said 'Yes, sir.'"

With that the Negro would fix a baleful eye on whichever German in his outfit spoke English, and march them on. A variation of that game was played with Nazi Iron Crosses which dozens of Second Armored men wore as watch fobs.

The boys were restless as they waited for orders to board the ship. They got an almost childish delight out of yelling to one another:

"Sergeant, get these men out of the sun. Get them in the shade."

Finally they started putting the men up the gangplank. The G. I.s lined up to file past the embarkation officer. He snapped out their last names and they replied with their first. Occasionally a soldier would be out of position, and when his turn came he'd hear another name called. He'd step aside, a worried frown on his face. You could sense what he was thinking—the Army had snafued another one and he wasn't going to get home after all. Then when his name was called, the soldier would roar back the proper first name, throw his barracks bags and souvenirs over his shoulder, and trudge up the gangplank grinning.

You could see them better as they worked their way up the gangplank. They'd all been over more than thirty months—two and a half years—and most of them looked it. Many were gray. They were all young, of course, but none looked boyish. They were men, whatever their birth certificates said.

And, being soldiers, they were cynical. They knew they were supposed to be going home, and they knew they were eligible for and scheduled for discharge under the point system. Nevertheless several grinned wryly when one soldier, struggling up the gangplank, yelled, "MacArthur, here we come!"

When the Armored Division men were aboard, the slow, pathetic line of ambulances started forming on the pier. We were taking home 850 sick and wounded. They were from many different outfits and as they hobbled aboard or were car-

Sprawling in the sun helps to wipe away weariness and tension. When the Navy gun crews opened fire, these veterans barely looked up.

ried on, the men of the Second lined the rails and watched. Watched silently, respectfully. They winced to a man when a pair of clumsy prisoners of war jostled a stretcher they were carrying. If those sick and wounded men wanted any tribute for their sacrifices, they had only to look up at the eyes of the veterans who lined the rails above.

Later we took on some 300 freed prisoners of war at Le Havre. This was a different scene indeed. All the ex-prisoners looked healthy and strong, and as they came aboard they took a first-class ribbing from the Second Armored men. They gave as good as they received. The gist of the insults from the Second Armored men was that they hoped the prisoners had been happy and snug, far from the inconveniences of the battlefield. In reply, the ex-prisoners of war implied that the only way anybody was captured was by being in the front lines, and therefore, obviously, no men from the Second were ever captured. Both sides knew very well indeed that their arguments had no basis in fact. They were simply talking soldier talk, which is about 80 per cent good-natured insults.

THEN one particular ex-prisoner of war received the brunt of the Second's good-natured ire. As he worked his way up the gangplank his divisional patch could be seen—and it was an Armored Division triangle. He was from the Fourth Armored Division, and as his fellow tankers from the Second yelled insulting pleasantries at him, he merely looked up in their faces, grinned, thumbed his nose at them, and continued on his way. It was obvious that every Second Division man aboard would cheerfully split your skull if you said an unkind word about any other armored outfit, but as members of the Armored Corps they reserved the right to greet their fellow tanker in their own inimitable fashion. It was quite a fashion.

When we finally got under way we passed a U. S. Army tug headed in toward the battered docks of Le Havre. One soldier aboard the tug yelled up at the G. I.s lining the transport's rails. He must have been an ex-train caller, because his voice filled the quiet harbor as he roared, "What outfit?"

Back came hundreds of voices: "Second Armored Division."

"Where you goin'?"

"Home."

"Well, good luck, you lucky sons of bitches."

Even the nurses giggled.

As we plowed through the North Sea the quiet was suddenly smashed by the crashing roar of Oerlikon guns fore and aft. The Navy gun crew was shooting at —and missing—floating mines. Instinctively I ducked for cover, as did many a doctor and merchant seaman aboard. But not those veterans of Africa, Normandy, the Bulge, and points east. They barely looked up from their roaring crap and poker games to ask, "What are they shooting at?" A soldier at the rail said he didn't know, and that was that.

But if guns didn't stir them, something else did. It was the first meal aboard ship and it became the main topic of talk for two days. Principally that talk was, "My God, real milk!" The remainder of the food neither impressed nor depressed the soldiers. It was fair. Possibly a shade better than they were used to, but nothing startling.

There were three sittings—actually standings—for each of three meals. The sittings were called "A," "B," and "C," and each soldier was given a white tag, something like a trunk tag, with a letter on it indicating at which sitting he belonged. The boys soon caught on that if they had been assigned "A" and felt like having two meals at a time, they could simply print a large block "C" on the back of their tag. They could always have as much as they wanted at any one meal; it was the slightly illegal opportunity to eat twice that intrigued them.

FOR a week I lived in rather startling intimacy with an awful lot of soldiers. I spent that week prying and trying to find out, quote, what the soldier thinks about, end of quote. I asked a million questions, got a million answers, and came to only one positive conclusion. The returning soldier thinks the same thoughts that anybody thinks. There is no such thing as a soldier mind and a civilian mind.

True, when a soldier talks about soldiering he doesn't sound like a civilian. But when he talks about his wife or his girl, about his future, his taste in movies or whisky, his politics, or the Brooklyn Dodgers, he's just a civilian in uniform. And usually wishes he were out of it.

The soldier does have some very definite ideas on soldiering. First and foremost, with rare exceptions, he doesn't like it. He sees much in the job of being a soldier that requires courage. But heroism is something else again. Soldiers have a phrase for heroism. I heard it in France, in Germany, on the troopship, and again here at home. The sentence is, "I'm no hero. All the real heroes are in the cemeteries back there." In print, there seems to be something cynical about that, but the way a soldier says it, it's filled with reverence. The American soldier feels very strongly about the friends he saw die. He'll need no Memorial Days to remind him of the losses suffered on battlefields.

The hard-bitten fighting men who came home with me felt they were unbelievably lucky to be coming home, after spending so much time with death. They were

The trip settled into a pleasant, unexciting round of sleep, food, bartering, gambling—and guessing about what port was our destination.

grateful to their officers for that, yet they were terribly critical of officers who, in their opinion, were bad leaders. They knew well the casualties of outfits that had fought at their side. I remember one of my four roommates saying about another division's commander, "Why, General So-and-so didn't have one division. He had three. One fighting, the second in the hospital, and the third in the cemetery."

That, I think, is where the soldier mind differs from the civilian—on matters of soldiering. But the closely allied matter of survival is something else again. The soldier and the civilian are as one. We were discussing medals, and one of the boys—heavily medaled he was, too—said, "I got the best medal in the world—my dog tags. I'm taking 'em home to my wife in person." That's pretty professional soldier talk, but it becomes quite clear when you translate "dog tags" to identification tags and remember that each soldier wears two, one to be buried with, the other to be cut off and sent home with his personal effects.

As we plowed our way homeward the ship's routine settled into a pleasant if unexciting round of sleep, good food, and bartering and gambling. These last two are linked closely, because the American soldier loves those galloping dominoes and the pursuit of that elusive second ace. They go about their gambling rather grimly, which is understandable because they play for what would be considered important money at Monte Carlo.

This shipboard gambling, always done quietly, peacefully, and grimly, eventually led to bartering. This bartering was the result of too many sevens appearing at the wrong time or the nonappearance of that essential second ace. The G. I.s who went broke trotted out souvenirs which could be purchased at ridiculous prices. I bought nothing, having discovered the second night out that two queens just don't mean a thing in seven-card stud. But there did appear what must be a perfect preview of the pawnshops of ten years hence. Leica cameras, vintage Lugers, Wehrmacht swords, flags, boots, hats, medals, and other decorations.

These souvenirs, in G. I. talk, are "liberated articles." "Liberation" is the euphemism for acquiring a souvenir without purchase, persuasion, or due process of law. They are gifts, in the very loosest sense of that word.

While I saw a truly weird collection of liberated articles aboard the troopship, I took a childlike pride in the knowledge that none of these men had been the liberating equal of a G. I. colleague at the Ninth Army press camp where I was living at the end of the war. This associate's talent for liberating was highly respected, but we were all slightly stunned when he appeared proudly one morning with his newest trophy—the town fire engine. After four days of solemn discussion, none of us could figure out a way to get the three-ton souvenir back to the States, so it was returned to the firehouse. It is undoubtedly somewhere in Stalingrad at the moment.

We carried three women passengers, nurses returning to the States. They had all the returning personnel, officers, and ambulatory patients at their beck and call, had any becks and calls been necessary.

About two days from home, everybody started guessing about our destination—Boston, New York, Charleston, Norfolk. One cynical G. I. said, "I live right outside Norfolk, Virginia, which means this ship is a cinch to dock in Boston."

The rumors, the lust for food and fun all disappeared simultaneously the second night from home when the ship ran afoul of a first-class gale. Seasickness quickly became the sole topic of conversation, although conversation in any form was low, restrained, and infrequent.

A rumor of measles aboard didn't help any. Everybody agreed that measles would quarantine the ship for a week. For the record, the rumor was true about the measles—three cases—but not about the quarantine. Then the next morning all bulletin boards bore the notice:

"We will disembark at the Port of Boston, starting at 8:30 A. M. tomorrow morning. The following is the order of debarkation. . . ."

The soldiers read the notice, grinned, walked away, came back and read it again, walked away, and returned a dozen times more. And if one G. I. said, "I'll believe it when I see it," a hundred said it.

They were all up looking for it at dawn, and a little before seven we saw the Massachusetts coast line. It couldn't have looked any better to the Pilgrims. Everybody was hanging over the rails. Every patient who could get on deck was there,

(*Continued on page 65*)

# Mississippi Miniature

Uncle Sam wants to fashion a mighty set of hydraulic brakes for Old Man River. To learn how, he's going to flood the whole Mississippi basin—all in a controllable 200-acre model

by

FRANKLIN H. STEVENSON

Capt. H. G. Dewey, engineer in charge, explores a replica of the vast $3,000,000 model the U. S. will build to study flood control on the Mississippi River.

ABOUT nine miles west of Jackson, Mississippi, men in drab prisoner-of-war uniforms have begun to scratch at the face of the earth with picks and shovels.

They are taking the first step in a billion-and-a-half-dollar program to control floods on the Father of Waters—the giant Mississippi and its tributaries.

They are starting work on the "Reservoir Operation Model" of the U. S. Waterways Experiment Station. When it's completed, after the war, it will be the biggest hydraulic model in the world. Also, it will amount to a $3,000,000 hedge against our gigantic gamble that we can control the water that drains half a continent.

By watching this model work, engineers believe they can determine how best to operate the giant flood-control reservoirs, existing and projected, in the great central basin of the United States. If it succeeds, it will teach those engineers how to avert floods that in past years have taken thousands of lives and destroyed property worth hundreds of millions.

All the main streams within the 1,244,000 square miles of the Mississippi River watershed will be represented on the model, as will all or part of twenty-eight states, or 41 per cent of the total area of the United States—extending from the Rockies to the Appalachians and from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico.

In miniature, the huge model will contain the Mississippi, Ohio, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, and Red rivers, with their principal tributaries—river systems more than 15,000 miles in length.

This ambitious project has been hailed in Congress as one calculated both to aid science and save the taxpayer money. Said the House Committee on Flood Control in reporting favorably on the project: "The size and scope of this experimental model by scale is without precedent, but so are the gigantic flood-control plans for the Mississippi Basin, plans that will represent an ultimate Federal investment of between one and two billions of dollars."

Cold statistics bear out the committee's statement. To scale, one foot will represent 2,000 feet horizontally and 100 feet vertically. Even this reduction will require the use of 200 acres of land, measuring 4,500 feet in an eastwest direction, 3,500 feet in a northsouth direction, and an elevation above ground surface of fifty feet.

The model will include nearly eight miles of streams. All 200 existing and proposed flood-control reservoirs, as well as levees, dikes, flood walls, floodways, and other pertinent works will be reproduced.

This will mean, for example, that the lower Mississippi River, about 4,000 feet wide and fifty to 150 feet deep, will be scaled down on the model to a width of twenty-four inches and a depth of six to eighteen inches.

Engineers and scientists might well experience a feeling of omnipotence as they operate this model, for they will be able to loose floodwaters upon an area simulating roughly half of this country and watch what happens. Using data obtained from past floods, torrents of predetermined volume will be released in the model, and their courses charted and recorded by some 1,700 sensitive electrical devices. To match the Mississippi's mightiest rampages will require more than 1,000 gallons a minute, a flow which will be controlled by mechanical measuring equipment, electrically operated from central control points.

Not only will the operators see what happens when these miniature rivers are at flood stage, but they will also have evidence in black and white, registered by electric gauges and recorders at the same central control points from which they operate the reservoirs. However, neither the materials nor the men to build these recording devices can be spared at this time.

This unusual project will both borrow from and contribute to the development of more sensitive industrial controls and measuring devices. In recent years—and spurred by wartime demands—notable advances have been made in automatic devices of this type, but this job is unique, and will call for some brand-new techniques. Experienced research and engineering organizations are already working to develop such equipment.

Despite the pressure of war work, engineers of interested companies view as a challenge the instrumentation problems presented. For instance, one of the seventy-five companies with which the job has been discussed is the Friez Instrument Division of Bendix Aviation Corporation. Its general manager, A. C. De Angelis, summed up the difficulties as follows:

"Our present hydrological instruments measure water level in feet and hundredths of feet. The ones in the model will probably require recordings in tenths or hundredths of an inch. But we are confident that we will be able to develop devices that will more than meet the small size and high sensitivity requirements of the experiment station."

ALTHOUGH the war is delaying the completion of the project, "know-how" gained in the development and production of fighting materials will aid greatly in designing the instruments.

The model rivers will be cast in concrete with the intervening ridges and valleys covered with sod. Although it may seem that a concrete model could not possibly duplicate the conditions of an actual river bed, the engineers insist it will.

Although most of the streams to be reproduced have some tendency to meander, with bank cavings at one point compensated by bar buildings in another, it has been found that such changes as these have a negligible effect on the streams' flood-carrying capacity. Of course, any

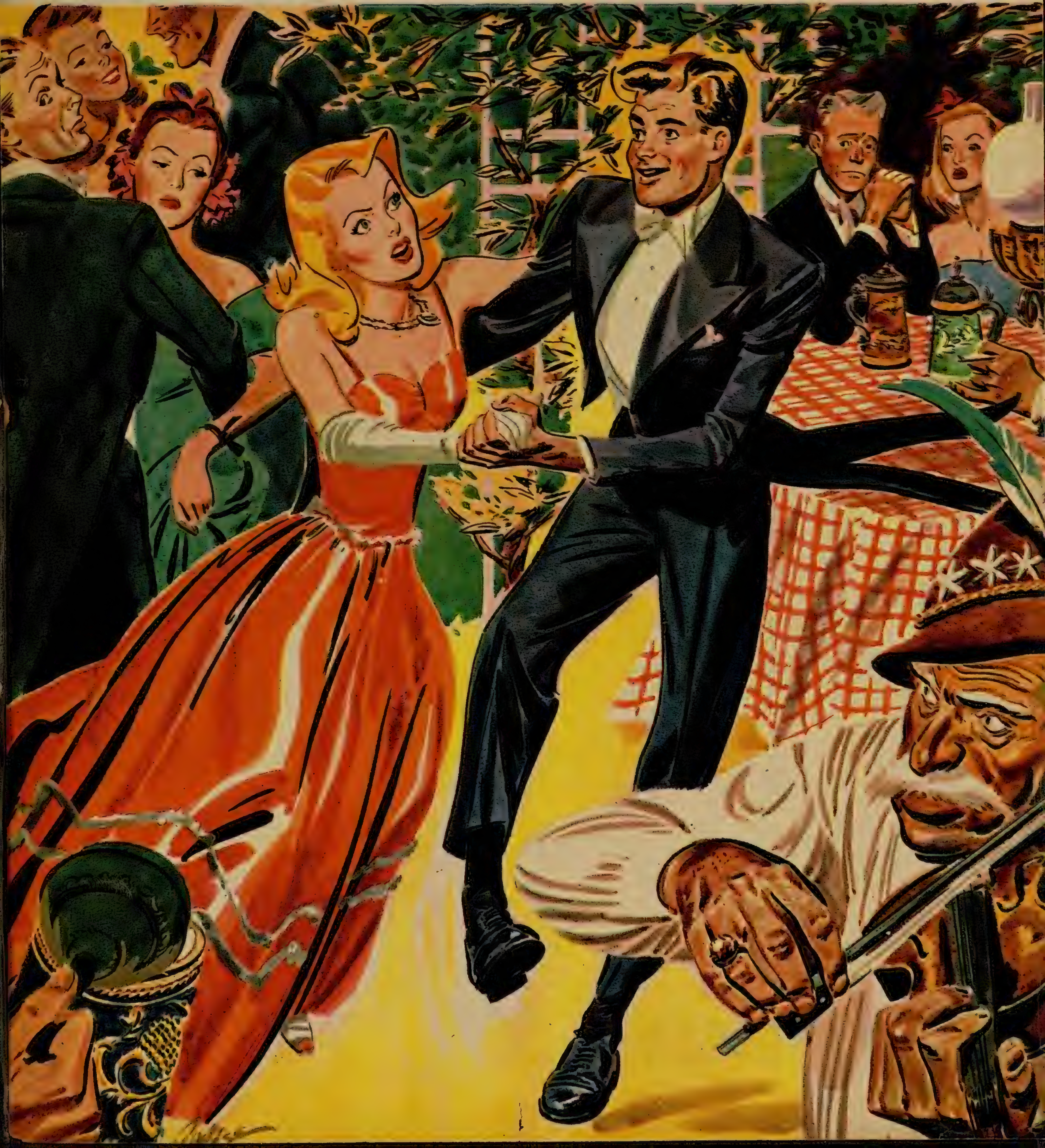
(*Continued on page 79*)

An invitation to the waltz transforms Freddy Sandford into a fashion plate—but it takes Al, the sage of the soda fountain, to transform Freddy's love life into a state of tranquillity again

### BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE

I tread a measure with Connie. "Don't throw me around so, you goon," she says in preoccupied fashion. "This isn't an adagio dance."



# Chick is the Word for Frederick

I, FREDERICK SANDFORD, am familiar with the habits of the cocoon. For the record, the cocoon lives in drabness and ignominy for a spell, then breaks out in a sartorial rash that would make Beau Brummell look like something off a city dump. Hence the butterfly!

So it is O. K. for a cocoon, who has nothing on his mind, to sit around thinking up spectacular clothes combinations. But, until recently, F. Sandford spends the golden hours pushing Herr Kesselring and associates all over northern Italy. And few are the cocoons and/or butterflies I observe assisting at that operation.

You get the point! If, while becoming a battle-scarred veteran, I think of clothes at all, it is simply to anticipate shedding G. I. equipment in favor of slacks, shorts, open-throated shirts, and the like.

But I am scarcely back from wandering on foreign sand when conditions force me to work up a cocoon-butterfly act.

Those who follow the chronicles of this inconspicuous person may remember that, a couple of decades ago, an entry is made in the Book of Kismet. This to the effect that some sunny day F. Sandford shall stand slaphappily before the altar of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Shadow Orchard, N. Y., as down the aisle comes one Connie Parker, festooned with orange blossoms. Third man in the ring—the Rev. Ora O. Claphammer, same parish.

A thumbnail of Miss Parker: Hair by Sunshine, Inc., and eyes dark blue and deep, like they come from a mountain lake. But, at intervals, the cookie exhibits a disconcerting reluctance to enter the née-Parker classification.

I mean, once in a while she is wont to flout Fate by slanting the tasteful orbs at transient droops who litter up Shadow Orchard. An impressionable girl, Constance! But to date self, with my pal Kismet running interference, has always brought these situations under control.

Well, during what I fondly consider a wolf-and-serpent-free period, my mother asks me to deliver a potted plant to Mrs. Parker, mother to Constance. This request is filed as I bask beneath my jaloppy, trying to find out why same will not run.

In these circumstances, Frederick has deemed it unnecessary to dress as for an at home in the White House. So, rolling up the right pants leg of my blue dungarees, and nestling the potted plant close to a somewhat greasy jersey, I mount my bicycle and converge upon the Parkers'.

The light of my life answers the door.

"Hi, ho, Rapturepuss," I says, extending the vegetation. "Greetings to your mother from mine."

My intended reacts strangely. "Take it around to the back, please!" she says. "The tradesmen's entrance is in the rear."

For a second I think she is kidding. "Ha, ha, ha," I says. "You're quite a card, Miss Parker. You— Owee!"

The tip of a suède slipper catches my shinbone. The next instant Connie shuts the door, with both of us outside it.

"Freddy, you idiot!" she hisses. "Must you come charging in here looking like a low-grade grease monkey? Leave that thing on the back porch. Then go away as unobtrusively as possible."

With which she gives me a shove that nearly spills self in the driveway, and fades.

Humiliated is the word for Frederick.

It is with chagrin that I quit the Parker preserves. But the reason why I am handed the bum's rush eludes me.

Not for long, though. Suspicion oiling into my soul, I loiter on the corner, watching the Parker hacienda.

I am kept waiting but a few minutes. Then, from Connie's, there issues what I take to be a bird of paradise.

It approaches in leisurely manner. I perceive that it wears light gray spring suitings, pants creases of which could slice baloney. Its hat, jaunty red feather in the band, is dusty brown; its tie a blue-and-white poker dot. You could shave in the gleam of its neat brown shoes. Furthermore, it carries a light topcoat and swings one of those little yellow canes. Sandford, no mean dresser himself, goggles dumbly. This is the classiest gent that ever pollutes Shadow Orchard.

Well, he passes me and goes his way. I go mine straight to Al's soda bar.

AL, the angel of the fountain, is a man of profundity. At times, too, he is of assistance in straightening out kinks in the Sandford-Parker romance. But, more impertinent, what Al does not know about goings-on in Shadow Orchard could be inscribed on a needle point.

"Al," I says to this savant, "suppose you chase a Cherry Cerise Carnival out into the open. I am no little nonplused."

The Cherry Cerise Carnival is an invention of Al's in collaboration with myself. Align scoops strawberry and black raspberry ice cream, plus scoop raspberry ice. Inundate with cherry syrup. Lavishly dollop whipped cream on glacés. Impress maraschinos into whipped-cream mounds. Al concocts this.

"Now, Al," I says, "your attention! Have you noticed around this town a jerk who carries a walking stick?"

Al pulls his mustache. "Freddy," he says, "you could have reference to none other than Mr. Dinsmore Devore."

"So!" I says. "Does that statement admit of amplification?"

"Well," Al says, "from information reaching me, Dinsmore Devore is a young man recently employed by the Symington T. Storrs Linoleum Company. He is by profession a linoleum salesman. But by inclination he is undeniably an aesthete."

"Is that right?" I says. "And what might that be?"

"According to Webber," says Al, "an aesthete is a one who makes much or overmuch of the sense of the beautiful."

I THUMP the bar. "Al," I says, "if this Devore earns his salt hawking floor covering, why is he cluttering up my girl's living room at two P. M. of a Thursday?"

"Freddy," says Al carefully, "I can only surmise that the meeting concerns the projected Strauss Society of Shadow Orchard. Strauss, Freddy, is a Viennese music composer. So is his son."

"You don't say," I says.

"It seems," Al informs me, "that this Dinsmore Devore is the prime mover in the formation of a small and exclusive society. This organization plans to forgather Saturday nights at the country club and execute a more refined form of the dance."

"Well, heck," I says, "what's so exclusive about a get-together for a spot of rug-cutting?"

"You miss the point, Freddy," says Al. "The word rug-cutting is anesthesia to the Strauss Society. They are to dance nothing but waltzes."

I sneer. "A dopey program! But what's Connie in all this?"

"Freddy," Al says, "it appears that Connie is a leading figure in this new cult. In fact, she was overheard to remark that she now looks upon the jive as barbarous and plebeian."

I am appalled. "You mean," I says, "that my girl is running with a fancy-pants who's turned her into an icky?"

"I greatly fear, Freddy," says Al, "that such is the case."

"But why," I says, mystified, "didn't she come clean with me?"

"In my opinion," Al says, "her reasons for secrecy are twofold. First, I suspect that your conduct on a ballroom floor has been adjudicated as rather too—ah, vigorous for the Strauss Society. Secondly, it is known that you do not own a full-dress evening suit. Connie evidently wished to spare your feelings."

"My gosh!" I says, thunderstruck. "You're telling me that a guy's got to wear full soup-and-fish to these rackets?"

Al nods. "Even, I believe, white gloves. The Strauss Saturday Nights, Freddy, are to be notable for stateliness and grace. The refreshments will consist of ice cream, lair cake, and the like. I am aware of this," Al adds, "because I have been selected to purvey the ice cream."

(Continued on page 72)

# The Camera Eye

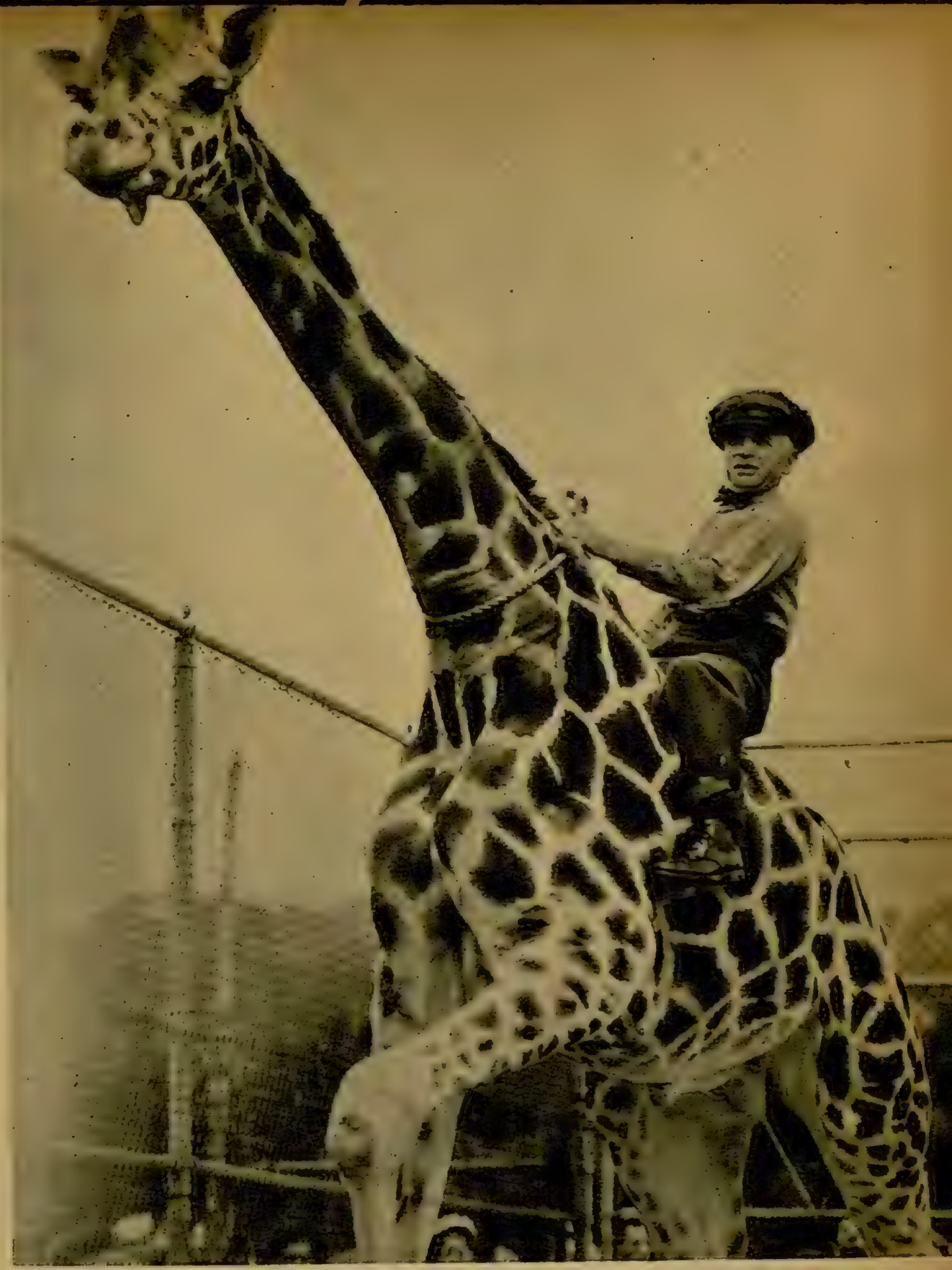
Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

**SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK**—While we stay-at-homes swelter, Coast Guardsmen on Greenland patrol enjoy air conditioning, with statuary carved by wind, wave, and Jack Frost.

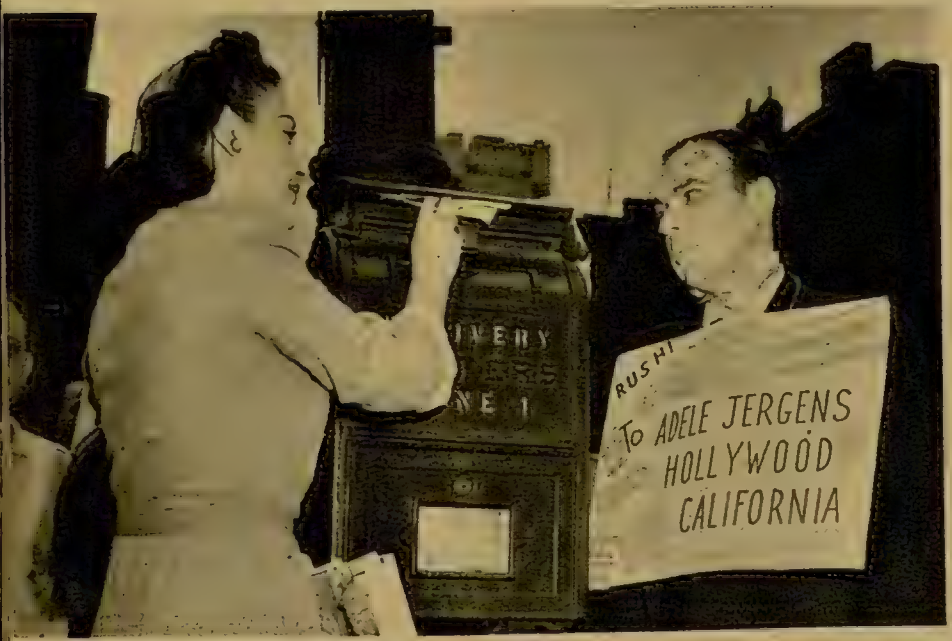
**CUCKOO COTTAGE**—No help here for the housing shortage, because this is strictly from camouflage. It's part of the illusory town atop the Boeing aircraft factory in Seattle. No windows, no doors, but real enough from the air.

**FRATERNITY MAN**—is Lt. W. F. Savidge, Jr., of Tamaqua, Pennsylvania. He's one of the exclusive organization of A. A. F. Mustang pilots who hit Japan from Iwo. The club's virtually commuting these days.

**FRATERNIZATION**—Here U. S. Army nurses are chatting with Russians on Alexander Platz, in the Berlin area the Reds control. The signs prove it.

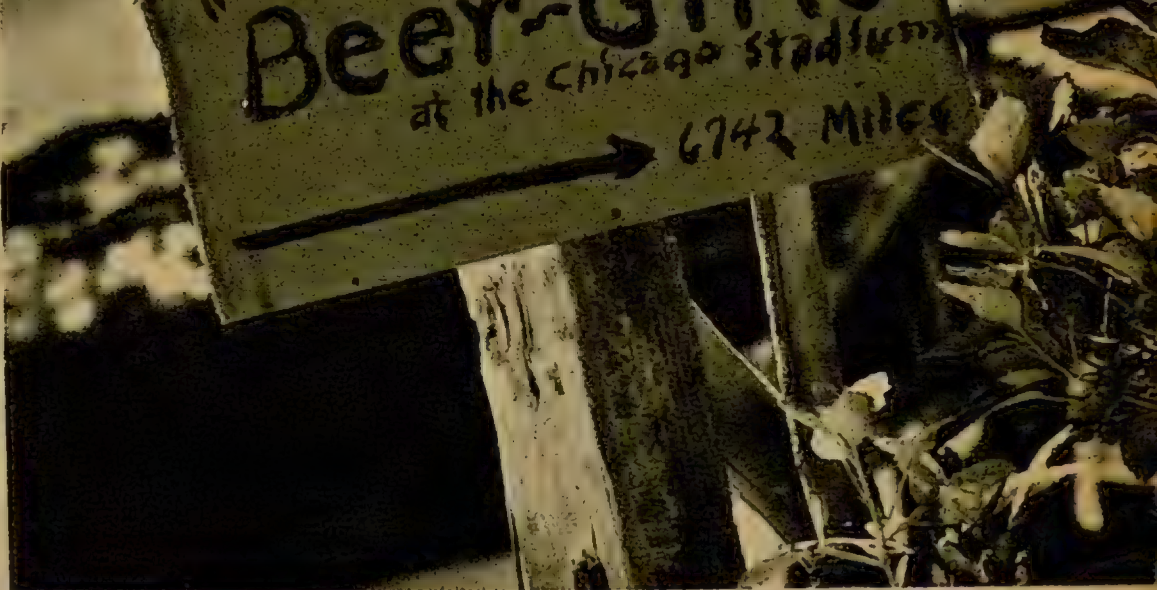


**REMOTE CONTROL**—C. J. Cotton, San Francisco zoo attendant who says he's the country's only giraffe jockey, takes Muggins out for his daily canter. Wonder how he signals the engine room from the bridge?


RUSH!
To ADELE JERGENS
HOLLYWOOD
CALIFORNIA

**HE WANTS TO PLAY POST OFFICE**—Smitten by a movie actress, one Seymour Fields of New York dons $24.65 in stamps and hopes he—and the gag—will make the grade.

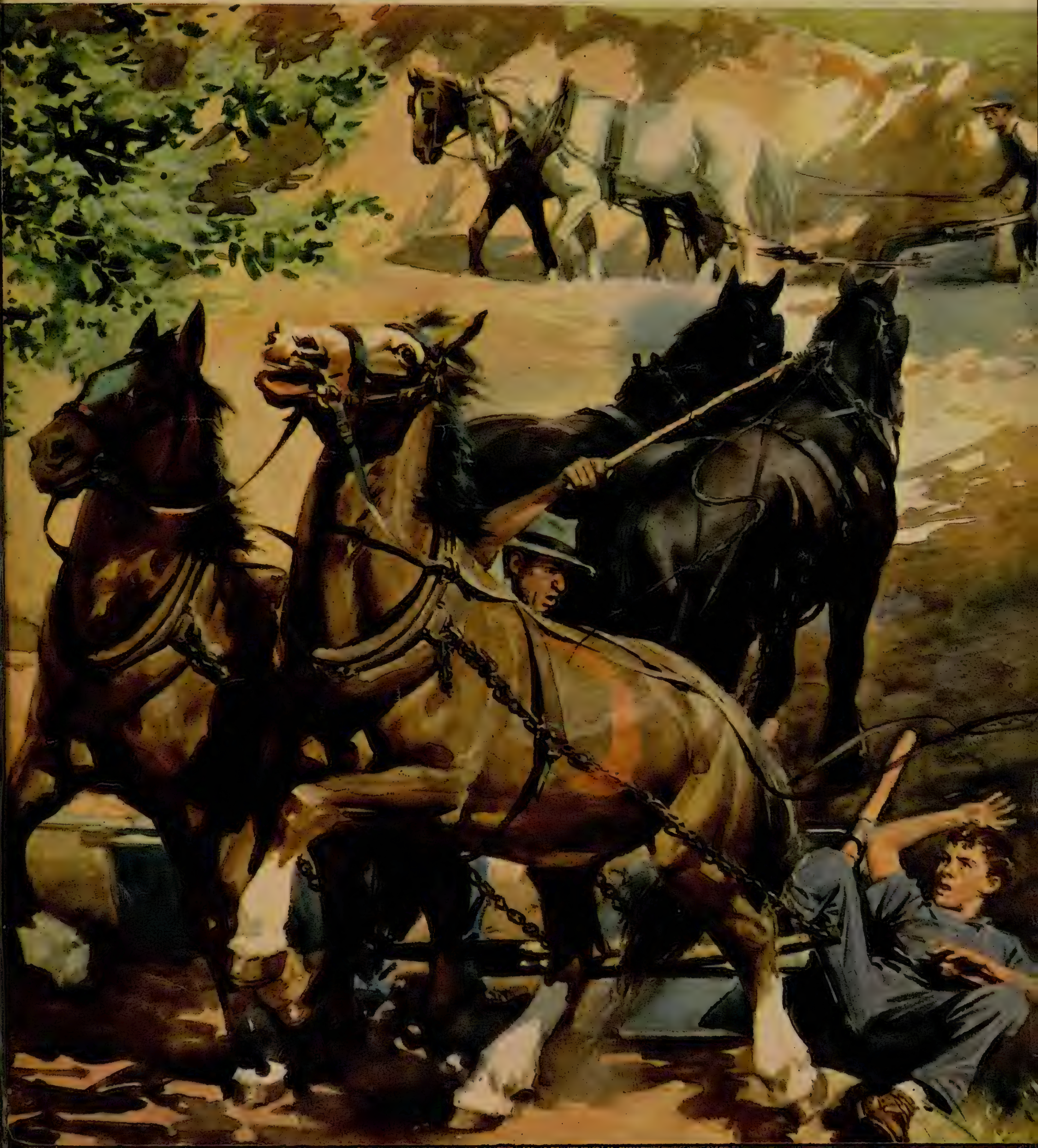
**DEPARTMENT OF WISHFUL THINKING**—The bearded, grimy Yank fighting man who tacked up this whimsey commented, "I can dream, can't I?" The joker is that the sign appears in Naha, on Okinawa.


Dancing
EVERY-NITE
FREE
"Beer"-Girls
at the Chicago Stadium
6742 Miles

**MAN WITH A MISSION**—Back in New York with a furlough ahead, this Yank lost no time getting himself and his mascot off the ship.

# Trial by Stone

Ben saw him bring his whip down on Roger and Queenie. They plunged forward and Ben was thrown to the ground.



**There wasn't room for both on the same job, so strong was the hatred they bore each other. When the showdown came, it was the boy who proved he understood horses —and, equally important, his horses understood him**

### BY EUGENE SWAN, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

"AND now, folks, the con-tents of the barn." The auctioneer jumped down from the little platform before the farmhouse and, carrying his yellow gavel with him, moved quickly across the yard. In a crowd of men and boys who followed the auctioneer, Ben Davis walked toward the barn. Ben was sixteen, short, like his father, with hair that was neither red nor straw. In spite of the heavy work shoes on his feet, he walked with a certain springiness. The hands that came out of the sleeves of his blue wool shirt were already the hands of a man—strongly veined, their backs covered with reddish fuzz.

Now, as he walked with the others, he kept his right fist shoved down hard on the wad of bills in his pocket. It was a great deal more money than he had ever carried in his life. The responsibility made him nervous, and unconsciously he looked around for his father, whom he saw sitting on a milk pail bought earlier that day. Ben caught his eye, but his father only took the pipe from his mouth and pointed with the stem of it toward the barn and nodded his head.

All at once Ben knew that his father had planned it this way right along, and that he had no intention of helping his son do the bidding. Something his father had said a few days before came back to him now with new force: "A feller that's old enough to own his own team," said his father, "is old enough to do for himself."

When Ben reached the barnyard, his back prickling with nervousness, the auctioneer was already standing in a wagon, banging with his gavel on the tailgate and shouting to his helper to hurry up with that cattle. The first cows had been brought out of the stable when, just behind Ben, there was the thin explosive sound of glass breaking. He turned around to find Green Stevens staring stupidly at the broken pieces of a bottle that lay at his feet. Stevens wore a shapeless felt hat. His face was puffy and traced with fine purple lines. From the ground at his feet rose the smell of cheap whisky.

"You done it," Stevens muttered in a thick, angry voice. "You knocked it out'n my hand."

Ben flushed. "I didn't neither!" he cried. "I didn't even touch you."

Stevens raised his voice. "You heared me," he snarled. "I said you knocked it out'n my hand, and you are going to pay for it."

Ben's breath came hard. Green Stevens had a reputation. "You done it yourself," he said stubbornly. Stevens' big arm swung forward suddenly and grabbed him. A crowd was gathering about them, the auctioneer forgotten.

"You'd call me a liar, would you?" bellowed Stevens, shaking the boy's shoulder. With a furious lunge, Ben pushed with both his fists against Stevens' chest and sent him staggering backward. The man would have fallen if those around him had not caught him. He bellowed louder than ever and thrashed around in their arms. "Leave the boy be, Green," they said. "You got all's good for you right now. You git along home before the sheriff comes this way."

Over by the wagon the auction was on. The chanting of the auctioneer was punctuated by the rappings of his little yellow gavel. He sold the cows, the pigs, and the chickens. They didn't bring much. Old Mr. Murch, who had owned the farm before he died, was too crippled up with his arthritis to give them much care. Toward the end Ben had come over to help Mr. Murch with his chores. It wasn't because he cared much for Mr. Murch, who was old, deaf, cross, and ungrateful. But he felt sorry for the animals standing in filth, half fed and thirsty. Ben was good with animals. He wanted to be a veterinarian.

The auctioneer's helper led out Mr. Murch's team—Roger and Queenie. They were chestnut-colored, well shaped, but not very heavy, and now in poor condition. Their coats were matted, and they were thin and hollow-backed. Some of the men stepped up and looked them over carefully. "Can't say much for them, Harry," one of them said to the auctioneer. "He can't have been giving them more'n a little grass, the way their bones is sticking out."

Ben waited for the bidding to begin. He had $300 in his pocket, and he had to buy harness out of that too. There wasn't one chance in twenty this team would go for less. But he had a plan that he hoped would work.

The auctioneer rapped his gavel. "All right," he called out. "Look 'em over carefully, gentlemen. I'm going to throw in a set of heavy-duty harness with this team. Now, what am I offered for the pair *and* the harness?" Ben held his breath. If they started low enough, he might have a chance.

"One hundred," said somebody. He felt himself relax, but the crowd tittered and the auctioneer ignored the bid.

"One fifty." It was a little man in a straw hat who stood on the opposite side of the auctioneer's wagon.

"One fifty is the bid!" cried the auctioneer. "Do I hear one seventy-five?"

SOMEONE near Ben raised his hand. "Aha. One seventy-five!" cried the auctioneer. "And now two hundred."

"Two hundred," said the man in the straw hat.

"Two hundred it is. Do I hear two fifty?" He got it. Ben felt his heart pounding furiously. "Two seventy-five. Do I hear two seventy-five?" The auctioneer was chanting hysterically. He kept at it, repeating the figure over and over again, raising his gavel and then forgetting to bang it down.

Suddenly he stopped, and in a tense, outraged voice complained at the utter ridiculousness of selling the team and the harness for only two hundred and fifty dollars. Ben knew he was right. The team was basically sound. It was in very poor condition, but it had not been abused. With care, the horses could be brought back again. But he kept still. The man in the straw hat stirred uneasily. "Two seventy-five," he said.

Ben felt the money under his fist. It had taken him four years of work and saving to get it. There had never been any question in his mind what that money was for. From the time he had been ten years old he had wanted a team of his own. The auctioneer was accepting the two seventy-five bid in a reluctant voice, scolding the crowd for its ignorance of a value in horseflesh. He raised his little yellow gavel. "Are you all done, then, at two seventy-five?" he said. He let the gavel fall with a hard rap against the tailgate. "Once." Rap. "Twice." Rap. . . .

"Three hundred," Ben said in a clear voice, feeling as though a great weight had been lifted from him. Everyone in the crowd stared in his direction. The auctioneer gave a glad cry. "Now, there's a young man who knows horseflesh," he said. "Three hundred it is. That's where we should have started. Do I hear three fifty?"

He didn't. Though he banged and pleaded, he could get no higher bid. Ben's plan had worked. He had scared off the others, who thought that if he started with a bid of three hundred he must be prepared to go much higher. Roger and Queenie were his.

Ben walked over to the table where Miss Corwin was cashier. "I just bought the team," he said carelessly. "Three hundred dollars. Here it is." He found his father. "I got 'em," he said, his eyes shining. "And the harness too."

"H'mm," said his father. "Properly handled, they'll make a handy pair."

BEN didn't put harness on them for two weeks, and then only for half a day on a light job. Although it was slow work building them up, they began to look better. He worked over them all summer, giving them harder and harder jobs. After the first few weeks he never used a whip on them.

In August, Ben joined his father in the wood lot, snaking out spruce logs for the sawmill. The ground was rough, strewn with boulders shed from the ledgy shoulders above. The horses grew sure-footed here, nimble as squirrels, and Ben himself developed. There is no better way to learn than by doing. He picked up dozens of tricks as he hauled the heavy logs over the rough terrain.

October came, and late one day they pitched the last log onto the roll-on. Ben was in the barn, bedding down the teams, when his mother called him to supper. He was terribly hungry and went straight to the table without washing. "Ben Davis," scolded his mother, "you get right up from there and wash yourself. A man that eats dirty, lives dirty."

He got up, grumbling. His mother still treated him like a small boy. She didn't seem to realize that he owned a team now and did a man's work each day. When he got back to the table he ignored her. "I hear they need teamsters at the construction in Dover," he said to his father in the tone of one man addressing another. But his mother butted in.

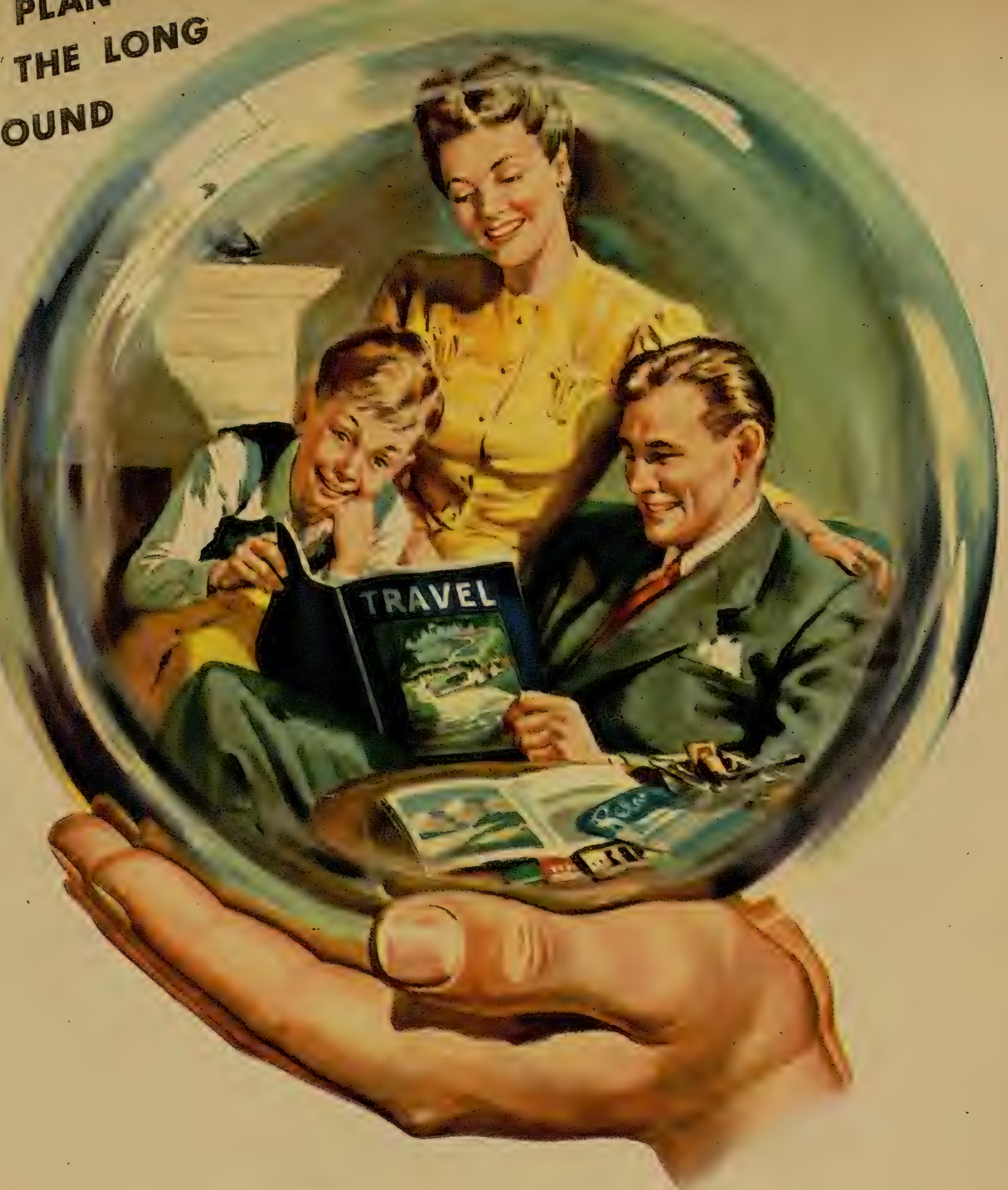
"I know what he's thinking, dad. He wants to get a job over there, now you're done in the wood lot. There's plenty for him to do right here without going off to live with a roughneck bunch of teamsters and I don't know who-all. Team or no team, Ben's just a boy."

"He don't handle a team like a boy," said his father. He rested one elbow on the table and rubbed his chin. "I was fifteen," he said, "when I went to lumbering. I lived two years with the hardest-drinking bunch of fellers you'd ever want to see." He looked at his wife fondly. "But you know, mother, I don't think it ruined my character too much. I married a preacher's daughter in spite of it."

"Well!" Ben's mother said. Ben looked

(*Continued on page 67*)

YOU'LL PLAN
TO GO THE LONG
WAY 'ROUND



# There's a Ford in your future!

KEEP planning. The important day is coming—when a smart new Ford will be available to serve you. . . . Then what will a few extra miles matter! This big new Ford will be an eager-powered beauty. From start to finish of jaunt or journey you'll ride in gentle comfort. And as mile after carefree mile unrolls, you'll discover this car is thrifty, too. All the skill and experience which Ford has gained through more than 40 years are your assurance of this. . . . Production has started but is very limited. More cars soon. Meanwhile, your present car is important to America's transportation needs. Take care of it. See your Ford dealer regularly. *FORD MOTOR COMPANY*

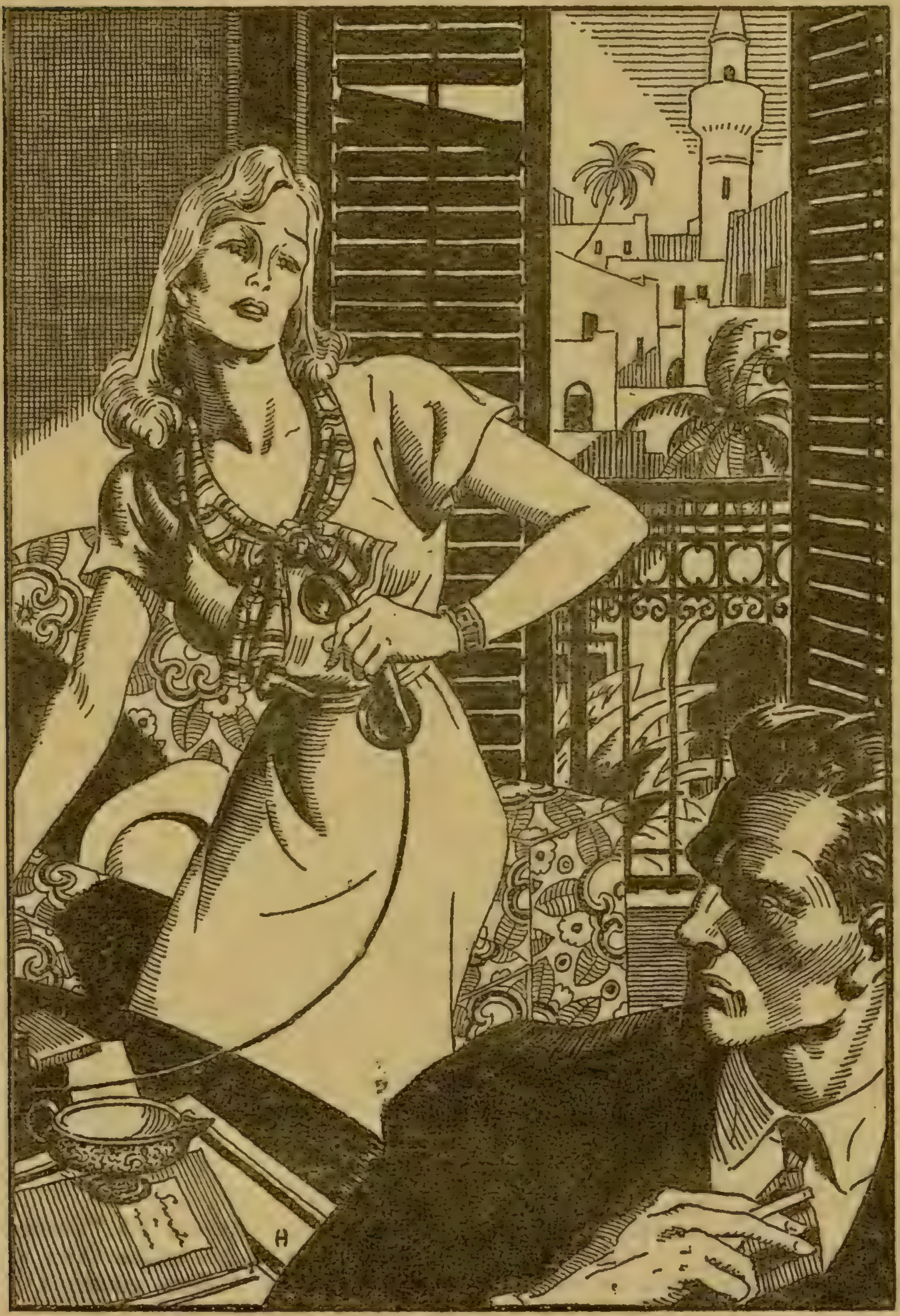
**"THE FORD SHOW".** Singing stars, orchestra and chorus. Every Sunday, complete NBC network. 2:00 P. M., E. W. T., 1:00 P. M., C. W. T., 12:00 M., M. W. T., 11:00 A. M., P. W. T.

**An Egyptian seer predicted that Helen Loring would be "blown to dust" before she reached home with the ancient relic she was carrying. Then she disappeared. The prophecy was a grim clue for Kit Farrell, who loved her, and tough Sir Henry Merrivale, who loved a mystery.**

# The CURSE of the BRONZE LAMP

### BY CARTER DICKSON

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING



*ILLUSTRATED BY W. EMERTON HEITLAND*

IN the drawing room of a suite at the Continental-Savoy Hotel, Cairo, a girl and a young man waited for the telephone to ring.

Cairo, they say, is much changed nowadays. But at the time these things happened—on a brilliant warm April afternoon, ten years ago—life flowed with its old pleasant serenity. Trams clanged along the Shari Kamil into Opera Place; a mob of tourists besieged the American Express office just below; high lights winked on the stream of cars that drew up at the hotel door among rosewood trees and dwarf palms. But the sounds—and scents—of an older Cairo stirred across from that city of mosque minarets against the sun.

These sounds came only dimly to the suite on the second floor of the Continental-Savoy. The shutters were closed, so that only thin level slits of light penetrated into the drawing room.

"For the love of Mike, Helen, sit down!" said the young man. "Your father will phone as soon as there's any news. And there's nothing to worry about anyway."

"I wonder," said the girl.

"A scorpion bite!" It was clear he regarded a scorpion bite as nothing very serious—in which, medically speaking, he was quite right.

The girl partly opened one of the shutters, so that a little more light came into the room, and she stood looking out with her face in profile against it.

You could not have called her beautiful. And yet she had that quality which caused many men—including Sandy Robertson, who watched her thoughtfully now—to fall over their own feet and talk inanely after only two whiskies.

She was a blonde. The soft yellow-shining hair contrasted with the faint tan of her skin, which brought into relief the luminous whites of the dark brown eyes. You could note the wide mouth, a little uncertain of itself. You

Copyright, 1945, by William Morrow & Company, I[illegible]ublished by William Morrow & Company, New York. Price $2.

could note the uncertain gestures: the beginning of a smile, then doubt.

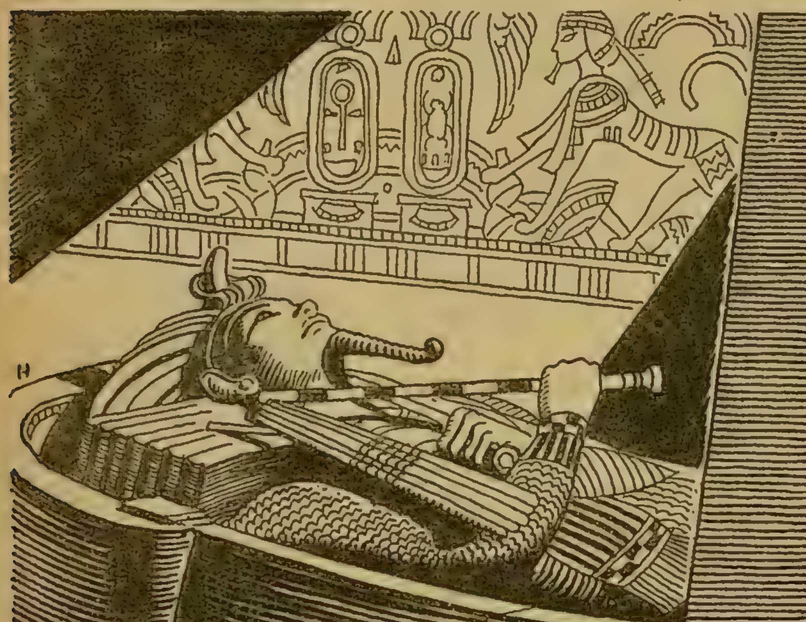
She could work with a spade at the diggings. She could discuss rubrics and canopic vases as learnedly as Professor Gilray himself. Yet that small lithe figure, in blouse and leggings, lost none of its femininity.

You may remember, in those years 1934-35, how on the west bank of the Nile a small party of British archaeologists, headed by Professor Gilray and the Earl of Severn, uncovered a buried tomb in the sand. They found, among the treasures which dazed even the Egyptian government, the sarcophagus of yellowish crystalline sandstone. With infinite labor they brought to light the mummy of Herihor, high priest of Ammon, who had ruled as king over Egypt at the end of the twentieth dynasty.

Professor Gilray of Cambridge had been the first person to enter the tomb. And Professor Gilray, toward the end of the second year, was stung in the hand by a scorpion. . . .

It is very easy to start the whisper of superstition. It is also good newspaper copy.

Standing now by the window in that hot drawing room, Helen Loring swung around. She was wearing a white sleeveless tennis frock, with a scarlet-and-white silk scarf caught round her neck; and the sun made a gold shimmer behind her head.



"Sandy, I was wondering whether I oughtn't to cancel my reservations for tomorrow. Do you think I *ought* to go back to England—with Professor Gilray in a nursing home?"

"Can you do any good by staying here?"

"No, I suppose not. All the same . . ."

Sandy Robertson, seated astride a chair with his face turned toward the back of it, studied her out of semigloom. A small, thin, wiry man—hardly as tall as Helen herself—he looked older than his thirty-five years and would probably continue to look just like that until the age of fifty. His hair, of the color that gave him his nickname, bristled above a faintly lined forehead and dark, clever, roving eyes. His face had that humorous ugliness, with a twist to the mouth, which women often find attractive.

"Your father," he said, "wants you to go home and open up the house. We shall be following"—he hesitated—"just as soon as we've wound up this business with the Egyptian government. What can you do here?"

Helen sat down in a chair by the window. Sandy Robertson's manner grew elaborately casual.

"Have you given any thought to that matter I mentioned the other night?"

Helen looked away, making a slight gesture as though she wanted to avoid the subject but didn't quite know how.

"I own," pursued Sandy, "to being absolutely worthless. If you did me the honor of becoming my wife, you would undoubtedly have to support me. My golf, bridge, and dancing are all first-rate. I've picked up a smattering of Egyptology because you're interested in it. On these grounds, my pet, I guarantee to master any subject from Esperanto to tropical fish. I—" He broke off. "I'm in love with you, and that's that. Oh, and don't say you're fond of me, because I know that already. The point is, Helen, what about the usual somebody else?" He hesitated. "Kit Farrell, for instance? You'll be seeing him in London?"

Helen tried to look him in the eyes, and couldn't. "Yes, I imagine so," she said.

Sandy brooded, lowering his chin on his clasped hands. "Here's Kit Farrell, with plenty of good looks. Here am I, on the other hand, whose face would make the clock run backward and strike thirteen. He should be the social hound, and I should be the grubber in legal chambers. But it's just the other way round. That bloke is interested—really interested—in Whistleby v. Bouncer, 1852, Law Report What's-its-name. And you—you're serious-minded. When was the last time you laughed?"

Perhaps to his surprise, Helen did laugh.

"As a matter of fact," she answered, "I think it was this morning. There's a man staying here at the hotel—"

Sandy smote his forehead.

"Please, you idiot! This man is old enough to be my grandfather!"

"What's his name?"

"Merrivale. Sir Henry Merrivale. He's supposed to be here for his health," the girl explained, "and he says he's leaving tomorrow, because the effect on his blood pressure of being so constantly swindled is undermining all the good work of the climate. He's compiling an enormous scrapbook of his own activities. From bundles of press cuttings. Sandy, that scrapbook is absolutely priceless! It—"

On its small table beside the grand piano, the telephone rang shrilly. The girl ran and picked it up. When finally she replaced the phone, her hand was not steady.

"Professor Gilray is dead," she said.

Sandy sprang up. "That's impossible!" he shouted. "A scorpion bite? It must have been something else!"

"He's dead," Helen repeated. "There's already a rumor about a curse attached to the tomb. I even read an article warning me about that bronze lamp." She clenched her fists. "After all the trouble father's had already!"

Slow footsteps approached through the outer room of the suite. The door of the drawing room was opened, and closed behind him, by a man who seemed to have grown older in a few hours.

John Loring, fourth Earl of Severn, was a middle-sized, hardy man, stringy of body and bony of hand, whose face had been burned to leatheriness by the sun. His iron-gray hair and cropped gray mustache looked mouse-colored against it. Two deep furrows in his cheeks gave him a severe expression which his nature belied. He went over and sat down, stoop-shouldered, on a yellow upholstered sofa. It was some seconds before he lifted his eyes to ask, in a mild voice:

"Did Dr. Macbain phone you?"

"Yes."

"Bad luck," said Lord Severn, breathing noisily. "Some people can throw off a scorpion bite as no worse than a bad mosquito bite. Others can't. Poor Gilray couldn't." He put his hand inside the jacket of his light summer suit, feeling for the region of the heart. "I think," he added, "I'll go in and lie down."

Helen ran forward. "Are you sure you're all right?" she cried. "Hadn't I better ask the doctor to come up?"

"Nonsense!" Lord Severn got to his feet. "I'm tired, that's all. I want to get back home. The sooner you can get things ready there, Helen, the better for me."

AT two thirty on the following afternoon there sped, clanking and rattling toward the main railway station, a motor taxicab, an ancient Ford whose original color no man could discern. It had as driver a dark-skinned young man with a guileless countenance, dark liquid eyes, a dirty white cloth wound round his head, and a dream of much fine gold in his mind.

Its passenger was a large, stout, barrel-shaped man in a white linen suit and a Panama hat. From under the brim, which was turned down all round like a bowl, there peered out behind shell-rimmed spectacles a face of such terrifying malignancy that even Cairo beggars might have hesitated.

He sat bolt upright, his arms folded in majesty. On the seat beside him lay a large leather-bound volume with the small gilt letters, Scrapbook. From two articles whose tops could be seen projecting from the breast pocket of his coat—a pair of long-bladed scissors, handle uppermost, and a large tube of liquid glue—it could be deduced how he meant to spend his time in the train.

Though their fifty-mile-an-hour approach to the station rather suggested that the driver meant to plunge into the booking hall, he yanked on his brakes at the last moment. Then he turned round, eager-eyed like a dog, for approval.

Slowly Sir Henry Merrivale crawled out of the taxi. He said, in a strangled, faraway voice, "How much?"

The taxi driver smiled a melting, guileless smile.

"Do not look at the meter, kind gentleman," he said. "This is only drollery. It is broke."

"So am I," said his passenger, "after stayin' in this damn country for nearly a month. How much?"

"To you, kind gentleman—only fifty piasters."

*"Fifty piasters?"* said Sir Henry Merrivale.

A curious purple color crept over his broad face. Indeed, it compared not unfavorably with the purple part of an extremely bright necktie which the jolting of the taxi had thrown outside his coat.

"Fifty piasters," he breathed—"nearly ten bob—just for drivin' here from the Continental-Savoy?"

"It is not much, I know." The taxi driver seemed heartbroken at his own moderation. "But then," he brightened, "there is always the tip."

"Listen!" said the stout gentleman, pointing a finger in the other's face. "Do you know what you are?"

"Pardon, kind gentleman?"

FEVERISHLY H. M. reached in his pocket. He produced, and thrust into the taxi driver's hand, a sheet of paper closely written with Arabic characters. Prior to leaving, H. M. had requested from his friends a collection of choice Arabic swear words to take back to England. Over a number of whiskies the night before, these willing philologists had compiled a series of epithets so vile, so obscene, so rich in many-flowered insult, as to freeze the marrow of a Moslem's soul.

A spasm contorted the taxi driver's face. "This is me?"

"That is you," said H. M., *"avec* knobs on."

The taxi driver uttered a hoarse scream. Swift as a snake, he plucked the scissors out of H. M.'s pocket. With one deft chop, he cut off H. M.'s tie just below the knot.

"Is it thus, O offspring of a dissolute camel," he inquired, "that you attempt to evade your just debts?"

A large left hand shot out and grasped the taxi driver by what passed for his collar. From his pocket H. M. whipped out the tube of glue. Using the tube as a kind of squirt gun, he sent a stream of liquid glue spurting into the driver's left eye. Then an equal stream into the right eye. In conclusion, he drew across the driver's face a design rather suggestive of the Mark of Zorro.

"Haah!" said Sir Henry Merrivale. "You want money?"

As another shriek bubbled from the driver's lips, H. M. replaced the glue tube in his pocket and fished out an English five-pound note. He plastered it squarely, with a hand like a government stamp, over the driver's face. And he did this just as two flash bulbs glared and several cameras of the press recorded the scene for posterity.

"Sir Henry!" called an agitated feminine voice.

H. M. whirled around. Lady Helen Loring, in the midst of half a dozen newspaper reporters, was appealing to him. He looked at the remarkably attractive brown-eyed girl in a gray traveling suit.

"Are you—are you all right?" asked Helen.

"Candidly speakin'," answered the great man, "no. I expect I'm goin' to die of a heart attack at any minute."

"You *are* taking this train to Alexandria, and then on to England by plane?"

"That's right, my wench."

The girl lowered her eyes. "As a matter of fact," she confessed, "I—I asked them at the tourist office to book me the seat next to yours. I need advice, Sir Henry. And you're the only one who can advise me."

"Well, now!" said the great man. He gave a modest deprecating cough. Observing that one of the attendant pressmen was about to take another photograph, he removed his hat—revealing a large bald head—and glowered ahead into vacancy with a stern, stuffed, heroic look, until the flash bulb glared and the camera shutter clicked. Then he became reasonably human again.

"I suppose you've read in the papers about the death of Professor Gilray?" Helen pursued.

"Uh-huh."

"And about a certain bronze lamp? All the other finds from the tomb are now in the Cairo Museum, of course. But the Egyptian government presented me with the lamp."

At those galvanizing words, "bronze lamp," the waiting circle of the press moved in.

"Is there any truth in the report, Lady Helen, that your father's too sick to be moved?"

"My—my father's perfectly all right. There is not a word of truth in this poisonous nonsensical story about a curse attached to the tomb and to the bronze lamp. When I get back to England, I'm going to put that bronze lamp on the mantelpiece in my own room at Severn Hall."

A voice on the outer edge of the group spoke: "You will never reach that room, mademoiselle."

In the startled pause that followed, the reporters craned around and moved back to let the speaker through.

He was a very thin man, perhaps forty. He wore a red tarboosh with tassel, and a shabby suit of European cut. As he came sidling forward, smiling and ducking, his little black fevered eyes never left Helen's face.

"And I entreat you," he said, "not to take this stolen relic from the country."

"May I point out, Mr.—"

"I am Alim Bey, at your service," replied the stranger.

"May I point out, Alim Bey, that this 'stolen' relic was presented to me by the Egyptian government?"

He answered, "By the light of that lamp, in the black night, a high priest of Ammon saw the dead and wove the spells. This body you tore from its sarcophagus was a high priest of Ammon, skilled in arts beyond your comprehension. He will not be happy."

From the press went up a cynical subdued whoop.

"I wonder," someone said, "whether old Pushface could take a rabbit out of a hat?"

Alim Bey's face looked suddenly evil. "You are pleased to joke, messieurs, but you will return to me! Yes. In a week, or two weeks. To apologize when this young lady is blown to dust as though she had never existed."

The guard's shrill whistle echoed from the other end of the train. Doors slammed like pom-pom guns.

Sir Henry Merrivale, taking Helen firmly by the arm, impelled her onto the platform and into a carriage. He clambered after her, closed the door with a bang, and sank down glowering in a corner seat. Helen remained at the window. "It's all nonsense, I tell you!" she cried to the group below. "I'll prove it's all nonsense!"

"She will never," said Alim Bey, "reach that room alive."

The blurred voice reached her faintly as the train carried her away.

"LOOKY here, my wench." H. M. eyed Lady Helen. "Is this stuff as valuable as the newspapers say it is? Jewels and what not?"

"No jewels," smiled Helen, "that we should consider valuable nowadays. But most of the possessions and body ornaments are solid gold; and their antiquarian value—!" She drew a deep breath. "An American named Beaumont offered us fantastic sums for a gold dagger and a gold perfume box. All he wanted to do was display them at home. We simply couldn't make him understand that the things weren't ours to sell." She brooded. "There was some trouble about that, too. I don't understand it even yet, but I know it's worrying my father."

Their train had rattled out through pleasant suburbs, past gardens and villas that conveyed a peacefulness of shade and cool water. Far away to the left you could now make out the shape of the Pyramids under a fiery sun, and, still farther beyond, the blue Libyan mountains.

From a small suitcase on the seat beside her, Helen took out a cardboard box. From the box, and its packing of cotton wool, she lifted out the bronze lamp.

It was not large, standing no more than four inches high.

In shape it resembled a flattened chalice-like cup, the bowl round and bulbous, lined with alabaster. Lord Severn had been careful about the cleansing. The sunlight made a living entity of the picture carvings which fretted every inch of the bowl.

H. M. weighed the lamp in his hand. "Not much bigger," he said, "than a ruddy ash tray. Not much heavier, either. What's the hocus-pocus about it?"

"So far as I know, there isn't any. But—" Helen was looking at him as though wondering how to approach something. "Blown to dust. Of course it couldn't happen," she said, "and yet—"

Her voice trailed off. H. M. eyed her with sudden sharp interest. Her body was rigid, her delicate mouth partly open. Then she nodded to herself. When she turned round to face him again, it was with a bright absorbed look which scarcely saw him.

"Sir Henry," she began, and cleared her throat. "I said I needed your advice. That was true a few minutes ago. But I don't want it." Suddenly her voice rose in a quaver like terror. "I don't want it! I don't want it."

ON a rainy afternoon, Thursday, the 27th of April, Severn Hall bloomed again with fires and lights. There had been a frantic short-time effort to put the place in order. In the butler's pantry at teatime, looking benevolently on Mrs. Pomfret the housekeeper, sat Mr. Benson the butler. On the sideboard beside the fireplace the telephone rang, and Benson answered it.

" 'Driving down with Kit Farrell and Audrey Vane.' " He was repeating a telegram. " 'Expect me before—' " He broke off. "Before what time, did you say? Five?"

And the little clock on the mantelpiece, as though diabolically inspired, began to strike five.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Pomfret.

Benson replaced the receiver, and then had to answer the house telephone. When he turned from it, his color came and went like that of a much younger man.

"That was the lodge keeper. Lady Helen and Mr. Kit Farrell and Miss Audrey Vane drove through the gates just now. They'll be here any minute."

He went over and opened the door to a narrow interior passage, ceremoniously gesturing Mrs. Pomfret to precede him. At the front end was the green baize door leading to the main hall. At the back was a glass-paneled door which admitted daylight. Suddenly Mrs. Pomfret stopped short.

"Mr. Benson! Look there! It's gone!"

"What's gone?"

"A painting that hung on the wall over there. It was there at lunchtime. I saw it. And now it's gone. You can see the oblong of cleaner paper where it's been."

"Mrs. Pomfret, I must entreat you to hurry! This matter, if it is of any importance, can be dealt with later." And, as rain whips stung against glass, they moved together toward the green baize door.

A long, blue, low-slung Riley, with Mr. Christopher Farrell sitting at the wheel, had swung through the entrance gates of Severn Hall. Beside him was Helen. The owner of the car, Miss Audrey Vane, was trying to lounge among suitcases in the cramped back seat.

Helen's face was pale, and there were shadows under her eyes. She stared straight ahead, smoking a cigarette with the air of one unaccustomed to it. Either the car jolted, or her hand was unsteady, for she dropped the cigarette on the floor, and had to bend down and pick it up.

Kit Farrell never forgot any detail of her appearance then. She wore a gray mackintosh pulled closely round her. She held tightly to a cardboard box she had carried for the whole journey. He noticed her tan stockings and the scarlet-and-black patent-leather shoes that looked so incongruous in the country.

As they swept past, they saw the lodge keeper dive for the telephone. "Evidently," said Audrey, "they're not expecting us."

Helen threw her cigarette out of the window.

"I told Benson not to expect me for another week. He'll be furious with me for not sending that telegram sooner." She turned her head and smiled. "Is it an awful bore for you, Kit? Leaving your work to come down here?"

(My God, he thought, if you only knew!)

"No," he said, with a sort of embarrassed gruffness. "No, that's all right."

He was conscious of Audrey's eyes fixed on Helen and himself with affectionate amusement. Though she was only five or six years older than Helen, and certainly not so old as Kit, she affected great motherliness toward both of them. Audrey exuded the aura of Mayfair in the bright, sterile 1930s; a slim, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, with a vivid make-up, and clothes which even Kit recognized as being of exceptional smartness.

"At last!" Helen said abruptly. They were stopping before the hall. Opening the door of the car, she sprang out and faced her companions. "I said I was going to do it," she cried, "and now I *am*."

Kit stared at her. "Do what?"

She opened the cardboard box, threw it, empty, back into the car, and held up the bronze lamp.

"This goes on the mantelpiece in my room," said Helen. "And then, Kit . . ! *Then!* Excuse me."

She turned round and ran quickly up to the big front door. For a brief second Kit Farrell watched her standing there—a small figure, intensely beloved, with the lights from the main hall shining golden on her hair—before she slipped inside and closed the door with a soft slam. Then Kit began hauling suitcases out of the car, ranging them in a neat line beside the running board.

Audrey slipped out over the up-ended front seat. "You idiot," she said. "Why don't you marry the girl? You're so gone on Helen that you're practically a public danger. She suffers from the same complaint about you. What on earth is the matter with you?"

"I don't make money."

"Then you don't do what you want to do," smiled Audrey, "simply because Helen is the daughter of the Earl of Severn with umpteen thousand a year? Isn't that rather old-fashioned of you?"

"Is it?" inquired Kit. "This rain isn't doing your hat any good, Audrey. Come on."

Motionless in the middle of the main hall stood Benson and the housekeeper.

"Hel-lo, Benson!" said Kit. "Mind giving me a hand?"

"Mr. Kit, sir! Allow me!" Benson moved forward instinctively. But he stopped halfway. "Sir," he added, "may I ask where Lady Helen is?"

"She came in here not three minutes ago! She was going straight upstairs. She wanted to put that infernal bronze lamp on the mantelpiece in her room."

Benson was behaving oddly. He kept his hands behind his back as though he were hiding something.

Kit's voice went up. "Look here, Benson, what is all this?"

"Well, sir." The butler moistened his lips and took another step forward. "We—I really do beg your pardon, sir! And yours too, Miss Audrey! This is Mrs. Pomfret."

"How do you do?" Kit said mechanically. "Well?"

"Mrs. Pomfret and I were in my pantry, sir. The lodge keeper phoned to say the car was on its way up. We came down the passage, sir, through the green baize door there into the hall here. We did not see Lady Helen, Mr. Kit. But in the middle of the floor here we found these."

BENSON took his hands from behind his back. In one he held Helen's gray mackintosh, with the raindrops still on it. In the other he held the bronze lamp.

They jerked up their heads now, as they heard footsteps on the staircase. Down tramped a stocky, gnarled, elderly man with a truculent expression. He wore a stained coat above stained overalls, and carried a leather tool bag.

Benson swung round. "And who, may I ask, are you?"

"I'm the plumber, Duke," he said hoarsely. "That's 'oo I am. Bill Powers, Duke. Thirty-seven 'Igh Street."

"Don't you know better than to use the main staircase?"

"I'm a Socialist, see? A bloke," explained Mr. Powers, "that's as good as anybody else. Stairs is stairs, Duke. It's all one to me."

Kit brushed aside the politics. "Did you see the young lady who went up those stairs only a few minutes ago?"

"There's been nobody up these stairs, governor."

"Didn't you hear anybody come into the house?"

"Come to think of it, I did. The front door opens and closes, see? And I 'ear a woman's voice—young, it was—

say something I don't catch. Then there was some footsteps on this stone floor 'ere, and then—"

"Then what?"

"They stopped," replied Mr. Powers. "They didn't go nowhere."

Benson held out the mackintosh and the lamp. Kit took them. The lamp winked malevolently where the firelight caught it.

"Benson!" said Kit, "I want you to find Helen. Find her!"

EIGHT o'clock.

They heard the clock in the tower ring out as they waited in one of the few rooms at Severn which had been fitted out in modern fashion—Helen's room up on the first floor. Helen's luggage was piled eloquently at the foot of the bed. Kit's first action had been to put the bronze lamp in the center of the mantelpiece.

He stared at it now out of a fog of cigarette smoke, and then threw his dozenth cigarette into the fire. His hands dug into the pockets of a rather shabby coat. If anybody had asked Audrey Vane to write down the thoughts which crowded through her mind at that moment, she would have scribbled something like this: "He *is* attractive, in a gray-eyed Irish way. Brown hair cut close. Vertical line between the eyebrows. Not attractive like Sandy Robertson, of course." When she thought of Sandy, a rush of anguish went through her and stung behind the eyes. No, not like Sandy. But still attractive. Exactly suited to Helen; that's it. If anything *has* happened to Helen!

The door of the room softly opened and Benson came in.

"According to your instructions, Mr. Kit, I have just made a search of the house." He cleared his throat. "First of all, sir, it's absolutely certain that Lady Helen did come into the house. The undergardener was working on the front lawn. He saw Lady Helen go in, and you and Miss Audrey following. It's also established, sir, that her ladyship hasn't left the house since then. There were men working on the grounds on every side of the Hall this afternoon. Every door, every window was under observation." Benson's fingers twitched at his sides. "Unfortunately, sir, Lady Helen is not in the house either. I've known Severn Hall ever since I was a boy. And there's not an inch of it we didn't search!"

"What happens then?" Audrey said. "Do we call in the police?"

"No!" said Kit with some violence. "This story mustn't get into the press. Her father hasn't been well for a long time. News like this, coming on top of Professor Gilray's death, would probably kill him."

At that moment Mrs. Pomfret came into the room.

"If you'll excuse the intrusion, sir," she addressed Kit, "I thought I had better tell you that somebody has telephoned the press about her ladyship's disappearance. There are three reporters and the local superintendent of police down at the lodge gates now."

"*Who* telephoned the press?" demanded Kit.

"It was a man who wouldn't give his name. A deep voice, speaking a bit foreign. They say he gave a nasty kind of laugh and said that the bronze lamp had got Lady Helen Loring. And if they didn't believe it, this person said, they could go to Severn Hall and see."

The veins stood out in Kit's forehead. "So far as we know, there hasn't been any crime committed. The main thing is to keep this business from Lord Severn as long as possible."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Pomfret suddenly. "The cablegram from Cairo! Mr. Golding at the post office phoned it just before six o'clock, when the post office closed. It was addressed to"—she nodded toward Benson—"but he was searching the house. He said he didn't want to be disturbed. So I wrote it down."

She held out a slip from a memorandum pad. Benson came sailing forward, his hand extended. But Kit took the paper from Mrs. Pomfret and read it:

IS HELEN ALL RIGHT? ALIM BEY HAS MADE A NEW PROPHECY. NOT DISTURBED BUT SHOULD LIKE TO BE REASSURED. PLEASE TELEPHONE ME CONTINENTAL-SAVOY HOTEL CAIRO NINE O'CLOCK TONIGHT YOUR TIME.

SEVERN.

Benson interposed: "I will deal with this matter of the press and the police. Do I understand, Mr. Kit, that nobody is to be admitted here?"

"Nobody," said Kit, "is even to be admitted to the grounds until we decide what we're going to do."

"Excuse me, sir," said Mrs. Pomfret, and blandly hurled another bombshell, "but that can't apply to the gentleman who's already here. The gentleman who got here before the reporters. He simply drove in, Mr. Benson! The front gates are never closed! He's down in the library now . . ."

They had not heard the clumping footsteps outside the door. But they heard a heavy hand turn the knob. In the doorway, filling its breadth, stood an apparition which at first glance made Audrey Vane shy back.

"I'm a patient man," declared the apparition, giving each of them an evil glance in turn, "but burn me if I'm goin' to sit in that mausoleum down there till the ghostly bell tolls midnight. Do you always keep guests waitin' like that? Or is it just a liking for persecutin' me?"

Mrs. Pomfret stood aside. "Sir Henry Merrivale," she said.

HIS name was well known both to Kit Farrell and to Audrey Vane, though for different reasons. To Audrey he represented the grousing figure who had provided Helen with so much amusement in Cairo. But to Kit Farrell, barrister-at-law, he represented something else altogether.

For this was the Old Maestro, the crafty old devil from the War Office, the one man whom, if he had been able to choose, Kit would have whistled out of nowhere for their assistance. Though he had never met Sir Henry Merrivale, he was very familiar with that gentleman's exploits.

The weather, it must be recorded, was not bitterly cold. Yet H. M., in addition to his overcoat, was wearing an arctic fur cap with ear flaps. It framed his broad face and spectacles pulled down on the blunt nose.

"Sir," said Kit Farrell, "we're very glad to see you."

"Awfully!" agreed the girl. "Do sit down and have a drink and get warm!"

They hurried him across to the sofa by the fire. Audrey removed his fur cap, at which he snatched vainly as she bore it up to the mantelpiece beside the bronze lamp.

"But how on earth," continued Audrey, "did you happen to turn up here? I suppose Helen asked you to come?"

"Well, no," H. M. admitted. "To tell you the truth, I don't expect she'll be very pleased to see me."

"Then how did you happen to come?"

"I got a conscience," H. M. said querulously. He sniffed. "For days it's been bothering me like blazes. I had an idea, d'ye see?" Here he broke off to look at Audrey. "I expect you're Audrey Vane?"

"That's right. And this is Kit Farrell."

"I sort of suspected that," grunted H. M., eying Kit.

"You were saying, Sir Henry?"

"I was talkin' about my conscience," roared H. M. "This afternoon, just to make me feel easier, I rang the Semiramis Hotel. They said she'd gone off to Severn Hall. And so—well, here I am. But I see the gal got here safely." He nodded toward the bronze lamp. "Where is she now?"

"She isn't here," Kit answered, and went on to explain the situation.

H. M. got to his feet. "This sounds bad," he said.

"And," added Kit, "somebody's tipped off the press. Lord Severn's cabled, asking us to ring him in Cairo at nine o'clock. What are we to do?"

Benson stepped forward, removing the overcoat so deftly and smoothly that H. M. never noticed it. Again H. M. sat down on the sofa. Taking a leather case out of his pocket, he extracted a vile black cigar, stuck it into his mouth—while Benson held a light for it across his shoulder—and smoked for aching moments while they watched him.

"The most important thing," said H. M., blowing out smoke deliberately, "is to put through that call to Lord Severn and tell him the whole business. I got an awful yearning to have a few words with Lord Severn myself."

Kit instructed Benson to call Lord Severn.

"Wouldn't it be better," interposed Audrey Vane, "if we made the personal call to Sandy Robertson? Then Sandy could sort of break it gently. And Sir Henry could talk to the old boy afterward." Audrey's manner was all bright casualness and unconcern. "Maybe," she added, "I could have a word with Sandy myself?"

"Make it," Kit told Benson, "a personal call to Mr. Robertson at the same hotel. And, incidentally, Benson, Sir Henry Merrivale will be staying the night."

"Thank'ee kindly," said H. M. "I was goin' on to the Bell at Gloucester. But I don't mind if I do bunk here. Because I'm expectin' developments in this business."

"Put Sir Henry," Kit told Benson, "in the Black Room. You can serve dinner as soon as we've finished the phone call. And keep out reporters."

BENSON had turned toward the door, motioning Mrs. Pomfret to precede him, when H. M. spoke.

"You're Benson, hey? And you're Mrs. Pomfret? Yes. You knew, o'course, that Lady Helen Loring had got back to England from Egypt?"

Benson's eyes opened wide. "Certainly, sir. In fact, I went up to London to see her at the hotel."

"And you'd heard, naturally," H. M. pointed with his cigar to the bronze lamp—"you'd heard all about that?"

"Considering, sir," smiled Benson, "that for the past two years I have done little but paste items relating to the archaeological expedition into scrapbooks—"

H. M. was galvanized. "You keep a scrapbook? So do I. I got a beautiful scrapbook with me. It's downstairs in my car now." He pondered this. "Never mind, son! That can wait. Were you expectin' Lady Helen here today?"

"Good heavens, no, sir! I didn't really expect her ladyship for another week at least."

"As I understand it, you were both in the butler's pantry when the lodge keeper rang up? Yes. And from the butler's pantry you went straight to the main hall? Yes. How long did it take you to get to the main hall?"

"Well, sir, say two minutes, or perhaps a little more."

"Two minutes?" repeated H. M. sharply. "That's rather a long time, ain't it, just to walk from the back of the house to the front?"

"Mrs. Pomfret and I exchanged some conversation, sir."

Was it his imagination, Kit Farrell thought, or did Mrs. Pomfret open her mouth to speak? And did Benson's arm, as though by accident, brush against hers?

"Did anything happen to delay you in gettin' to the main hall?"

Again Kit could have sworn Mrs. Pomfret was on the verge of blurting out something.

"No, sir," Benson returned firmly.

"According to young Farrell's evidence, a plumber named Powers heard Lady Helen come in. He heard the front door open and close. He heard a gal's voice say something. He heard footsteps, and the footsteps stopped. Oh, my eye! They stopped." An expression of awe overspread H. M.'s face. "Did you hear any of this?"

"No, sir," replied Benson, and Mrs. Pomfret agreed.

"How do you account for that?"

"Well, sir, my pantry is at the end of the passage with a heavy green baize door."

H. M. balanced his cigar on the edge of a standing ash tray and leaned forward.

"But looky here, son! With a house full of people, didn't anybody hear or see anything, except that plumber? What about the servants?"

"They were having their tea together in the servants' hall, sir; all except the betweenmaid, but she had the day off. The only other persons working inside were the plumber and a man who was repairing the clock in the tower."

As though to emphasize this, the heavy old clock faintly jarred and clanged out the first stroke of nine. Audrey Vane, curled up in a chair across from H. M., shivered.

"That's all, son," H. M. said dully. "Cut along."

Benson bowed slightly before he followed Mrs. Pomfret out of the room.

"I WAS expecting this," Kit said, "in what the psychologists would call a subconscious way. I was afraid of it." He considered. "Because—this isn't the first time she's disappeared."

Audrey sat up straight. "You never told me."

"Go on, son," said H. M. woodenly.

"I supposed," Kit said to Audrey, "she would tell you herself. But—what day of the week is this?"

"Thursday, son," said H. M.

"When I went round to her hotel on Monday, I found she'd gone. According to the hall porter, she took no luggage and left no address. But she did leave a note addressed to me. The note said I wasn't to worry. It said I was to ask or answer no questions of anybody, to pretend she was still at the hotel, and to keep away visitors, especially reporters, if any came around. She even left a key so that I could keep guard on the hotel suite."

Kit tried a grin, but it was a failure.

"I kept out the visitors all right, though it was a near thing when an American named Beaumont tried to get in. Then, just this morning, I walked in early, and found Helen, white as death, and refusing to say where she'd been. She—well, she started to cry."

"Idiot," said Audrey pityingly. "That's where you should have put your arms round her and—"

Seeing the expression on his face, she broke off. Kit turned to H. M. "That's the story, sir, for what it's worth. Do you make anything of it?"

Benson opened the door. "Your telephone call, sir," he said.

AUDREY VANE sat at the telephone table under stained-glass windows. Sir Henry Merrivale was at her elbow with Kit Farrell.

"For heaven's sake, Benson, what's going on at home?" Thin and frantic, that voice could be heard by all.

"Listen, Sandy dear! Benson isn't here. It's me! Audrey Vane."

"Get off the line, can't you, and let me talk to somebody who knows something."

A sick expression came to Audrey's mouth and eyes. She ran from the telephone.

"Kit Farrell, eh?" repeated Sandy, as Kit introduced himself. "I might have known it would be. Just tell me, is it true that Helen's been blown to pieces?"

Kit exchanged a glance with H. M.

"What makes you think anything's happened to her?"

"A pal of mine in Mutual Press rang up from London not half an hour ago. He said they'd got a straight tip from their Bristol correspondent."

"So!" said Sir Henry Merrivale.

"Earlier in the afternoon, Alim Bey was here at the hotel. In the presence of Lord Severn and two reporters and your obedient servant, he calmly said something had happened to Helen. That was why we sent the cable. He also said Lord Severn would be the next to go. It's all a lot of rubbish, isn't it? Helen's not—"

And Kit told him.

He heard Sandy Robertson curse just once, with intense and despairing anguish. It was what he felt himself.

Sir Henry touched Kit on the shoulder. "Ask him how Lord Severn behaved when he first heard about this. Ask him what Severn's doin' now. Ask him whether I can have a word with the old boy." H. M. was insistent.

"Sandy, listen. How's the old man taking this?"

"Hello, Christopher," spoke the mild voice of Lord Severn. His cheerful tone raised Kit Farrell's hair.

"How are you, my boy? Quite well, I hope? Mr. Robertson"—in his voice was now a faint, curious note of contempt—"is upset. But don't you worry. I'm not worried unduly. In fact, I propose to come to England and try to clear the mystery up. I have also some unpleasant business at home. I've chartered a special plane for tomorrow morning. Mr. Robertson and I will be with you in a few days. Professor Gilray—dead. Helen—gone. And I am supposed to be the next victim."

Lord Severn laughed, an inoffensive modest laugh.

"Good night, Christopher," he added. "Give my regards to everyone." There was a click and the line went dead.

"Lord Severn, wait! Sir Henry Merrivale wants to—"

In vain Kit jiggled the receiver.

"It's all right, son," H. M. told him. For a moment he scowled, jingling coins in his pocket. "This feller's supposed to be very fond of his daughter, isn't he?"

"Supposed?" cried Audrey. "He *is* fond of her. And Helen idolizes him! He's the only one who'll treat her with complete seriousness when she goes all scholarly."

"Uh-huh. That's what I understood from the gal herself. Scholarly," repeated H. M., and slowly turned around.

HIS sour eyes ran over the vault of books, with its little iron gallery halfway up. He took down a book and inspected its bookplate. "Augusta, Countess of Severn. I wonder what that gal was really like?"

Kit Farrell said, "I can't tell you what the famous Augusta was like. But she *looked* exactly like Helen. There's a portrait of Augusta here. It used to hang in the picture gallery, but it was done by a rotten bad painter, so they relegated it to—"

A new voice said:

*"That was the picture!"* Mrs. Pomfret, with a surprisingly light tread, had come in from the main hall. "I should have told you, sir," she continued, "and I meant to tell you. I never properly noticed the face, sir. But I do remember the little name plate, with 'Augusta, Countess of Severn' and a date. It used to hang in the passage near Mr. Benson's pantry. It was there at lunchtime today. But at five o'clock it was gone."

Benson, coming in, stopped short. "Dinner is served," he said.

"Son," H. M. said gently, "did you hear what we were talkin' about?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well? What happened to the picture?"

"I cannot say, Sir Henry. I have made inquiries, but no one professes to know anything of the matter. With regard to the police officer—"

"Look here, what about the police?" Kit broke in. "That superintendent isn't still here, is he?"

"No, Mr. Kit. This man," Benson swallowed, "is from Scotland Yard."

"Scotland Yard?" exclaimed Sir Henry Merrivale.

Benson inclined his head. "He states that he has been sent here by his office at the request of the Egyptian government. It seems, sir, that a gold dagger and a gold perfume box are missing from the exhibits which should have been conveyed to the Cairo Museum."

Benson was either furiously angry or furiously afraid. Kit, who knew him well, could feel that.

"They have reason to think," Benson added, "that these articles were smuggled out of the country. Her ladyship," he emphasized the term with bitter contempt for the authorities, "is the only one of the party who has returned to England. They wish to question her about it."

H. M. had clearly not expected this. "Scotland Yard, hey?" he repeated. "What's the name of the feller?"

"Masters, sir. Chief Inspector Masters."

H. M. rubbed his hands together. "You watch Masters have a fit on the hearthrug when I tell him. Send him up here, son, while we get some grub. Send the newspapermen along too."

IT was three days later, early on the morning of Sunday, April 30, that Sir Henry Merrivale and Chief Inspector Masters stood on the flat roof of the clock tower.

The countryside was deepening into green. To the west lay the River Severn, a gray glitter. In the distance, northeast, were the roofs of Gloucester and the stately square tower of Gloucester Cathedral. Nearer at hand you looked down steeply on the domain of Severn Hall. The chauffeur, a tiny figure, was polishing a car in the stableyard. The betweenmaid, that curious drudge who is servant to the servants, padded out on slippered feet with a bucket of swill. Distantly, somebody was plowing a brown field.

Masters, large and urbane, bland as a card sharper, was buttoned up in blue serge. A bowler hat concealed grizzled hair, which was carefully brushed to hide the bald spot.

"Oh, my son!" H. M. was saying. "That painting wasn't just shoved away by accident, or because it gave somebody aesthetic agony. I got a hunch we might be in sight of the truth if we could find out what happened to it. I could also bear to know," he added, "what to make of a missing gold dagger and missing gold perfume box, and just exactly what they have to do with the whole mess anyway. Who made the complaint?"

"Lord Severn himself," Masters told him.

"The old man surely isn't accusing his own daughter of pinching the stuff?"

"So help me, sir, I still don't know! My instructions were to come down here and question the young lady about it. That's all I can tell you. Lord Severn's expected in England today. You can ask him yourself."

The heavy square trap door in the roof, communicating by means of a ladder with the clockroom beneath, was pushed up and back. Kit Farrell, in gray flannels and an old sports coat, the knot of his tie demonstrating that he hadn't been before a mirror when he tied it, climbed up to join them. Kit's face looked heavy and dazed.

"Morning, son," grunted H. M., carefully avoiding Kit's eye. "Had your breakfast?"

"Yes," answered Kit. "They said you were up here. I thought you'd better have a look at this."

He held out to H. M. a folded sheet of notepaper. H. M. opened it and read:

> Sir:
>
> Respectfully suggest, regarding missing portrait of first Lady Severn, you look in antique shop of J. Mansfield, 12 College Street, Gloucester. Saw it there yesterday, on floor with other pictures, while shopping. Am not well and have taken to my bed, otherwise would have told you last night.
>
> Yours sincerely,
> E. Pomfret.

H. M. handed the note to Masters and spoke sharply: "Where'd you get this, son?"

"It was brought up to my room a while ago."

H. M. ruminated and then raised his voice. "Do you happen to know anything about him, son?"

"It's a her," said Kit. "Julia Mansfield. Keeps an arty antique shop near the cathedral. She lives at the back of the shop."

IT was barely ten o'clock when H. M.'s car, with Masters at the wheel, H. M. beside him, and Kit in the back seat, drew up before the shop. No members of the press were as yet astir to molest them. Not even a clangor of church bells, that hollow lethargic sound, awoke the somnolence of the old town of half-timbered houses mellow with spring sunshine.

They alighted, and Kit stepped over to the window, his hands cupped over his eyes, peering into the dim interior. The others joined him.

"There you are," said Kit, and pointed to the painting. The face of Augusta, first Lady Severn, smiled back at them obliquely through the wavy glass. There could be no mistaking the extraordinary likeness to Helen Loring.

H. M. had barely touched the electric bell, which they could hear ringing far away, when a door opened at the back of the darkened room, emitting electric light. Someone ran lightly and quickly toward the front door. A key turned in the lock, a bolt was drawn, and the door opened.

Miss Mansfield was in her middle or later thirties. She was pretty in a solid, undistinguished way, with blue eyes setting off a good complexion, and soft light-brown hair rather severely dressed. She had a sturdy figure, a pleasant laugh and, just at the moment, a bad cold.

"Morning, miss!" Masters said heartily. "Sorry to disturb you on a Sunday. Very sorry! You're Miss Julia Mansfield?"

"Yes?" It was both an answer and a prompting.

"I'm a police officer, miss. I wonder whether you'd do me the favor of answering one or two questions."

The expression which pinched in Miss Mansfield's eyebrows was not in the least alarm; merely wonder.

"Please come in," she said.

She turned, and walked with quick vigorous strides toward the back of the showroom and took up her position behind a small glass display case with glass shelves and tiny electric lights inside. She switched on these lights, the only illumination in a core of gloom.

"Yes?" she prompted, straightening up again. "What did you wish to question me about?"

"As a matter of fact, miss, I'm not the one who's most interested. The one who's most interested is my friend here—Sir Henry Merrivale. He's interested," pursued Masters, "in a painting you've got in your window." He walked leisurely to the front of the shop, hoisted the picture over the oak rail, and returned with it.

"Oh, Lord!" cried Julia Mansfield. "How stupid of me to put it there! It was brought here to be restored. I've often done work like that for Lord Severn."

"Do you remember when it was brought here, miss?"

"It was on Thursday evening. Just before six o'clock," replied Miss Mansfield promptly. "I close at six, you see. And I was looking forward to it. My cold was coming on horribly, I felt like nothing on earth, and—"

"Just so. And who brought the picture here, miss?"

"It was Lady Helen Loring."

Miss Mansfield might have been justified in thinking that she was looking at three men bereft of their wits. Then the hush shattered to bits.

"She's alive!" shouted Kit Farrell. He took a step forward, and Miss Mansfield took a step back. Sir Henry Merrivale's hand clapped down on his shoulder.

"Easy, son!" urged H. M. "Easy now!"

With careful hands Chief Inspector Masters propped the painting against the glass case. "You couldn't—hurrum!—be mistaken, now? Did you know her well?"

A curious haughtiness invaded Miss Mansfield's stolid demeanor. "I had never had the pleasure of meeting Lady Helen. I dealt with Lord Severn. But I am quite familiar, thank you, with Lady Helen's appearance."

"Just tell me this," said Masters, getting out his notebook. "How was she dressed?"

"Long gray cape with a peaked hood. Hood drawn up and around as though"—the woman frowned—"as though to hide her face. She looked—rather furtive."

"I see," said Masters, clearing his throat. "Any other details? Shoes, for instance?"

"I'm afraid I didn't notice."

"Did it surprise you to see her, miss?"

"Not at all. Why should it? Lady Helen's return from Egypt had been widely enough chronicled in the papers." The bitterness of her tone did not escape anyone.

"Go on, miss! What happened?"

"Oddly enough, it was the first time I had ever heard Lady Helen's voice. She had rather a common voice, I thought. She said, 'You do picture restoring, don't you?' Well," here Miss Mansfield lifted one shoulder, "it was on the tip of my tongue to say, 'Your father can surely enlighten you about that, Lady Helen.' But, since apparently she had no knowledge of *me*, I saw no reason why I should recognize *her*. She was carrying that portrait under her arm wrapped up in newspapers. She put it down on the counter here and said, 'This is from Severn Hall. It will be called for.' Then she hurried out of the shop. I—"

A SHARP ping from the bell over the shop door made them all start. Apparently noticing nobody except Miss Mansfield behind the lighted case, a newcomer walked forward with confidence.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "My name is Beaumont, Leo Beaumont. I wonder if you could tell me—"

And then he stopped dead.

Mr. Beaumont had a strong nose and strong jaw. He was of middle height and middle age. His thick glossy black hair, knifelike in its parting, was cropped above the ears where it had begun to turn gray. His eyes, cat green and with small wrinkles radiating from the outer corners, reflected humor. He spoke like an American.

Miss Mansfield, who clearly had never seen him before, said coldly, "I'm so sorry. The shop is not open. This police officer," she emphasized the word, "is here on business."

The stranger smiled. "I did not wish to buy anything. I only wanted to ask how I get to Severn Hall."

Masters shut up his notebook and swung round. "I'm a police officer, sir, as this young lady says. Here's my warrant card. C. I. D., New Scotland Yard."

"Scotland Yard, eh?" Beaumont's eyes narrowed slightly.

"Yes, sir. I've been looking into this matter of Lady Helen Loring's disappearance. I understand, Mr. Beaumont, you were acquainted with Lord Severn in Cairo?"

"Very much so, Mr.—"

"Masters, sir. Chief Inspector Masters. And did you get 'em?"

"Did I get what?"

"The gold dagger and the gold perfume box," returned Masters, "out of the old Thingummy's tomb. We understand you offered big prices for 'em, but that Lord Severn couldn't sell because the stuff belonged to the Egyptian government."

"Yes, Mr. Masters. That's true. But I don't want those articles any longer, in view of what happened on Thursday. I am now very much in the market to buy the bronze lamp. I will pay fifty thousand dollars."

"May I ask what in blazes you want with the lamp, sir?"

"Ah! I'm afraid that's my business, chief inspector."

Masters was beginning to lose his temper.

"And you came down here just to buy it from a young lady who's disappeared?"

"Pardon me," corrected Beaumont. "I read yesterday that Lord Severn himself was expected back in England today. So I came down here last night. I'm putting up at the Bell. And did you hear the nine-o'clock news on the radio this morning? No? Lord Severn's plane got in early today."

Miss Mansfield looked from one man to the other. "It's absurd to speak of Lady Helen's having vanished, when I was talking to her in this room an hour after it's supposed to have happened!"

"I beg pardon?" Beaumont looked utterly taken aback.

"Now, now, sir! No call to get excited! I'm afraid this young lady has got a bit mixed up in her times, that's all." Masters' murderous eye warned Miss Mansfield to be silent. He turned back again to Beaumont. "Odd that nobody at the hotel could give you directions for Severn Hall."

"I completely forgot to ask there. How *does* one get to Severn Hall, by the way?"

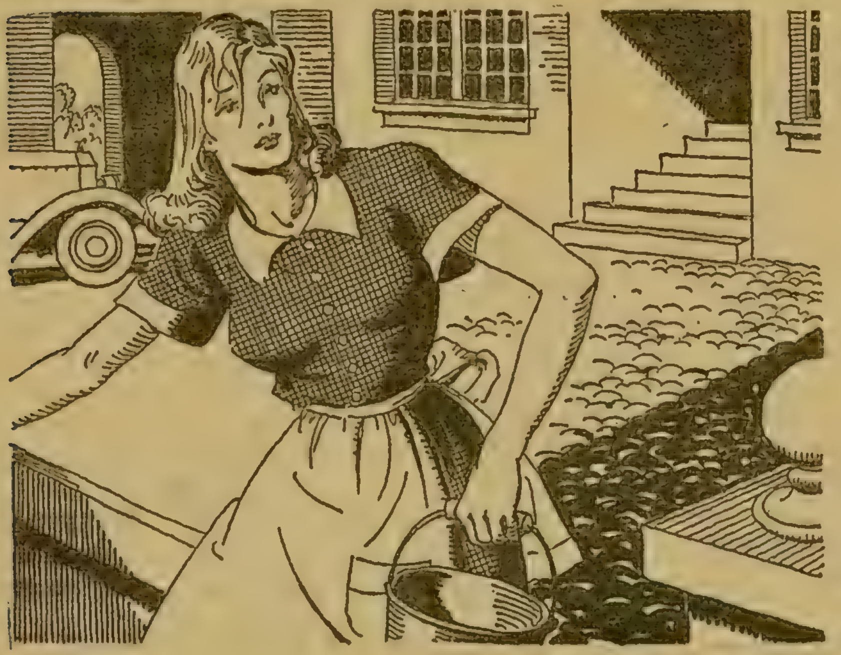
Miss Mansfield told him, and he inclined his dark head. "Thank you. I don't intend to go out there, actually, until Lord Severn returns. But I thank you. Will you want to see me again, chief inspector?"

"Very much so, Mr. Beaumont. But that can wait."

Beaumont looked at Julia Mansfield. "If you have any treasures for the amateur, please save them until I return. Good morning."

Not once had Mr. Leo Beaumont glanced toward H. M. or Kit Farrell, standing back in the shadows. Putting on his light tan-colored hat, he drew the brim slightly over one eye, and left the shop.

At once Miss Mansfield spoke: "I've just recalled something. Lady Helen was wearing scarlet-and-black patent-leather shoes, size about four."



Kit Farrell said, "I can tell you that's right. I remember noticing those red-and-black shoes."

Masters was studying Miss Mansfield. He pounced. "Why didn't you tell me this before, miss?"

"I—I didn't think of it."

*"Answer me, miss. Why didn't you tell me this before?"*

At the back of the room there was a faint slanted line of light where the door to Miss Mansfield's living quarters stood open. For some seconds H. M. had been surveying something inside the door and beyond it. Now he lumbered forward.

"Ma'am," said H. M., leaning one hand on the glass counter and putting his other fist on his hip, "This weasel Masters hasn't got any courtesy. Now me—I'm never discourteous. Would you like to tell me why you didn't mention the shoes at first?"

"I—"

"Was it," continued H. M., looking very hard at her, "because when she came in here and didn't recognize you or pretended not to recognize you, it made you so mad you weren't goin' to admit you'd bothered to notice anything about her?"

"Really," cried Miss Mansfield, "I had no reason either to like or dislike her! But I do think it would have been only common courtesy to have said, 'Good evening. I'm Helen Loring.' Instead of behaving in that queer, shivery kind of way, as though she suspected me of something. Especially considering how kind Lord Severn has been to me in the past. And—and the other gentleman." Surprisingly, Miss Mansfield blushed. "I—I even used to do picture restoring *at* Severn Hall," she went on. "I worked in Lord Severn's study. That was where I—"

"Where you what, ma'am?"

"You really must excuse me," said Miss Mansfield. "I feel simply ghastly."

Then, before H. M. could speak, she almost ran toward the door at the back of the shop. It closed behind her with a slam. A key turned in the lock.

In the snug butler's pantry, at one side of a scrubbed table, tea-things pushed away, sat Sir Henry Merrivale with a large leather volume bulging from its contents of badly glued press cuttings. On the other side of the table sat Benson, with a smaller volume of the same kind. In the background stood Chief Inspector Masters, maddened to frenzy by H. M.'s dilatory way of doing business.

H. M. lifted his head as Kit and Audrey came in. Then he addressed Benson.

"Now here," he pursued, "is one of me christening a battleship. There was a spot of bother there, I can't think how, with the champagne bottle. Instead of hittin' the battleship, it conked the Mayor of Portsmouth. He looks kind of cross-eyed in that picture, don't he?"

"Extremely, sir. Now, I have here"—determined to get in his innings, Benson thrust forward his own scrapbook—"photographs of her ladyship taken over a period of a dozen years. You will no doubt observe—"

"Sure, sure! But I was showin' you—"

"—that her ladyship," said Benson firmly, "though very beautiful, is not what is called photogenic. If you will glance at this picture taken recently in Cairo, with a certain Mr. Beaumont, you will note—"

"Looky here, son. You seem determined to talk about your family, and not let me get a word in edgeways. All right. We'll *talk* about your family. You've got a lot of pictures of Lady Helen Loring. But I'll bet I've got one that you haven't got." H. M. disengaged a newspaper photograph. "Like to have it for your collection?"

"I should deeply appreciate it, sir."

H. M. was in the act of handing the photograph across the table when something in it riveted his attention. When finally he lifted his eyes, he addressed Benson.

"I say, son." He spoke very gently. "That bronze lamp, now. Just nip upstairs and fetch it down, will you?"

Benson rose and left the room, closing the door carefully after him.

"What is it, sir?" Masters' voice roared out. "What have you got? Why do you want the bronze lamp?"

"Well," H. M. sniffed. "To be strictly honest, I don't want it at all. But I thought it was better to have friend Benson out of the room while you and I had a little *causerie*. Because, d'ye see—I know now what happened to Helen Loring."

That was when the telephone rang. Kit Farrell hurried to answer it, and out of the receiver came the voice of Sandy Robertson.

"Sandy!" said Kit. "Are you still in Cairo?"

"I'm in London, you fathead! I got here with His Nibs this morning. Listen. Tell the old man—"

"What old man?"

"Lord Severn! Tell him I've been to Scotland Yard, and the assistant commissioner says—"

"How the devil can I tell Lord Severn anything? He's not here."

"He's— *What's that?*"

Masters hurried over to the sideboard, and H. M. followed him. Both of them had all along been close enough to hear Sandy's penetrating voice. Audrey Vane remained where she was, with a face suddenly panicky.

"Listen!" said Mr. Robertson. "He borrowed my car—the red Bentley—and he left town well before lunchtime."

Instinctively Kit Farrell stood back to look at the little white-faced clock above the fireplace, whose hands now stood at two minutes past five. Benson was just coming in. His face wore a hesitant expression.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said to H. M., "but I was unable to execute your order."

"What's that, son?"

"The bronze lamp, sir," returned Benson, raising his voice, "is no longer on the mantelpiece in her ladyship's room."

A HESITANT tap at the door preceded the arrival of a big stringy elderly man with work-stooped shoulders and a cadaverous face, in dripping oilskins. He was Bert Leonard, the lodge keeper.

"Shouldn't 'a' troubled 'ee," he began in a hoarse voice.

"But your phone's out of order?" said H. M.

"Ah. Out of arder. *That's* not too bad, thinks I. I'd me arders to keep them gates open, look, and let everybody in that wanted to go in. But this gentleman says 'e wants to see Lord Severn. 'Ah,' says I, 'Not in residence.' Won't believe me. Wants to write a note."

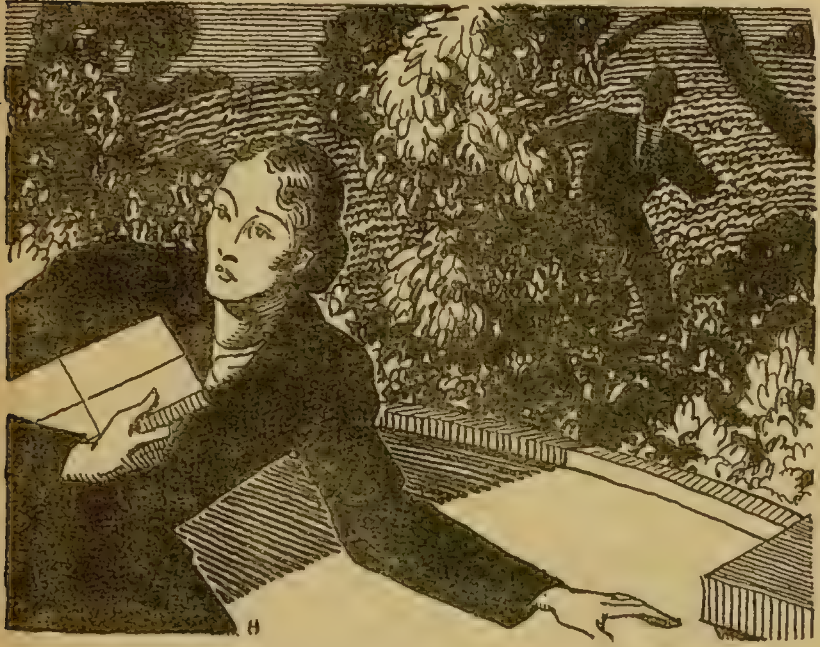
With a whirl of oilskins that sent raindrops across the room, the man produced a white envelope. "Says his name's Mr. Beaumont," Bert added.

"Listen, son! Did you see Lord Severn drive through those gates this afternoon?"

"Now how could I recognize Lord Severn?" Bert asked with hoarse reproachfulness. "Never set eyes on the gentleman in me life."

"He'd be driving," supplied Kit, "a red Bentley two-seater with a Mercury figure on the radiator cap."

"That?" exclaimed Bert, in uneasy surprise. "I seed 'ee right enough! Elderly-looking gentleman in a cap and raincoat. Shot past at fifty mile an hour. It was at 'bout ha' past four. Ah, that'd be it! 'Bout ha' past four."



Benson, who had been standing motionless with a pair of overshoes in one hand and an umbrella in the other, carefully put them back in the cupboard. Masters stood weighing the envelope in his hand.

"Half past four!" he said. "And you and I," he looked at H. M., "have been in this blasted pantry since four o'clock. Did anybody else see or hear a car drive up here?"

"Kit and I," observed Audrey, "were having tea upstairs in Helen's room. We didn't hear anything."

"Benson, have you had any message from Lord Severn?" asked Masters.

"No, sir."

"He'd drive straight up to the front door, wouldn't he?"

"No, sir. Not necessarily. His lordship has a study on the ground floor. There is a side door, an outer door, that gives on the drive."

Masters was out of the room in five strides, with Kit and H. M. after him. Groping his way, Masters found the door leading into the study. He turned the knob and flung this door open.

In the wall at their right were four clear-glass windows, two on either side of a modern-looking door. This door stood an inch or two open. Two stone steps outside led down into the gravel driveway, which curved past the house on the north side. A two-seater Bentley car, dark red, its top up and dancing with rain, stood in the drive.

"Haven't we got any lights in this place?" demanded Sir Henry Merrivale.

Masters reached for the switch. In the middle of the floor lay the disreputable tweed cap, with its crumpled peak, which Kit had so many times seen Lord Severn wear. It rested on top of an equally old coat, a combination raincoat and topcoat, flung down with one sleeve turned inside out.

Just beyond them, rolled over on its side, lay the bronze lamp.

Masters shook his head as though to clear it. "Can you explain this?"

"No," admitted H. M.

Diving into his inside breast pocket to get out his notebook, Masters produced along with it a square white envelope, sealed down. "Now where," his expression said as clearly as words, "did I get this?"

"You got it," Kit said, "from the lodge keeper. It's a note written to Lord Severn by Leo Beaumont."

"Oh, ah! To be sure!"

"Beaumont," Kit continued, "refused to believe Lord Severn hadn't come down here. Probably he saw the old boy drive in—he knew Lord Severn in Egypt, remember. What Audrey and I came downstairs to tell you is that Beaumont is a famous American seer and fortune teller. Makes millions out of it. Audrey'd heard of him."

Masters had slit open the note. "You are in grave peril. Could we not forget past differences and meet? Yours sincerely, L. B.," he read.

"Mr. Beaumont," Masters dismissed this, "can wait." He hurried out of the room.

H. M., standing near the windows, spoke softly but sharply. "Put out that light," he said. "Quick!"

Kit Farrell reached the light switch in two strides, and pressed it down. Dusk blurred the room again. Making a gesture for silence, H. M. went to the window at the right of the outside door. Kit followed and they looked out.

THE figure of a woman was walking toward them up the drive. She wore a shapeless brown felt hat. In her right hand she carried a narrowish paper parcel. Behind the line of oak trees parallel with the drive—soft-stepping, quick-footed on sodden grass—somebody hurried, unseen, to get ahead of her. It seemed to be a man's figure. A moment more and it overtook the woman. Then it stepped out abruptly into the drive, facing her, and touching a hand to its hat.

The woman stopped short, raising her eyes. Her mouth opened to scream. The parcel fell out of her hand. Since she was now only twenty or thirty feet away, they recognized Julia Mansfield.

The man bent over to pick up the fallen parcel. He slipped it into his pocket. The woman seemed to be protesting; they saw her lips move, and fear in her eyes. The man said something in reply.

Sir Henry Merrivale raised the window with a screech of warped wooden frames.

"It's pretty wet out there," he shouted. "Hadn't you better be comin' in where it's a little bit more comfortable?"

The woman stiffened, again suppressing a cry. The man's head jerked round over his shoulder. It needed no extra light to show them the greenish eyes and fixed, mechanical smile of Mr. Leo Beaumont.

Miss Mansfield, Kit could have sworn, was ready to turn and run. But Beaumont, politely gesturing her to precede him, marched her to the window. It was low-built; their heads and shoulders were only a foot or eighteen inches below H. M.'s.

Beaumont spoke. "Your face, sir, seems to be vaguely familiar."

"Of course it's familiar!" said Miss Mansfield. "That's Sir Henry Merrivale. He was with the police officer in my shop this morning."

"Indeed. Sir Henry Merrivale." Beaumont drew in his breath. "He is familiar to me by reputation. But I never thought—"

"Neither did I," observed H. M. "I mean, I never thought you were the joker you turned out to be. Somethin' in the more rarified line of hocus-pocus?"

Beaumont's eyelids rose and fell briefly.

"During my present trip abroad," he said, "I have been careful to keep my identity a secret. Especially from Lord Severn and Lady Helen in Egypt. They might not have understood my motives. How did you learn who I am?"

"The visiting card you sent to Lord Severn."

"Ah," said Beaumont. "Then Lord Severn *was* at home!"

"Lord Severn," said H. M., motioning Kit toward the light switch, "got here from London at half past four. He was drivin' that car you see standin' there." Beaumont's eyes turned briefly. "He seems to have been drivin' like a lunatic. He came in by that door on your right. And then he vanished as clean as a whistle. Just like his daughter before him. Turn on the lights, son."

Kit Farrell pressed the switch. The lights showed that grotesque heap in the middle of the carpet—the tweed cap, the crumpled raincoat lying asprawl, and the bronze lamp.

"No!" cried Julia Mansfield. "No!"

Beaumont's head and shoulders, framed in the window, turned partly sideways. Snakily his gloved hand came through the window like the lunge of a boxer. Leaning his elbow on the sill, fingers twitching, he stood there rigid; the lights emphasized the sudden glitter in his eyes.

H. M. spoke insistently: "You saw Lord Severn, didn't you?"

Beaumont smiled, a quick, serene smile. "Yes."

"At half past four?" inquired H. M. in a very curious tone.

"At half past four."

"Then come on in!" roared H. M., with a violence difficult to understand. "Haven't you been tryin' to get in all afternoon?"

"Thank you," said Beaumont. He came up the two outside steps, opened the creaky door, and confronted them.

"Listen!" said H. M. "Do you still want that bronze lamp?"

"Of course I want it. I am a business man."

"Would you still pay fifty thousand dollars for it?"

"If necessary, yes."

"Suppose," said H. M., "I told you you could get it for nothing?"

Beaumont looked at him quickly. "May I ask what the catch is?"

"There's no catch. . . . Steady!" said H. M., his voice rapping out as Beaumont bent down to pick up the lamp. "Don't touch it! You'll be spendin' tonight at the Bell Hotel?"

"Yes."

"I'll see you there," H. M. told him, "in an hour or two. I got an idea we can strike a bargain."

Miss Mansfield had not moved from the mud outside the window. Her face was a mask of sheer terror.

"You're not to worry," H. M. told her with furious concentration. "Got that, my wench? Off you go now."

When Miss Mansfield and Leo Beaumont were tramping away down the drive, Chief Inspector Masters, grim but triumphant, marched into the study.

H. M. made bothered gestures, as though to keep away an invisible fly. "What's up now? Where have you been?"

"Servants' hall."

"Oh? And did they see or hear anything of Lord Severn?"

"Not so's you could notice it," returned Masters. "They were all having their tea together, all except Mrs. Pomfret."

"So. And where was she?"

"In her room. Been there all day. Says she's ailing. No more alibi for half past four than—" At a loss to find a comparison, Masters flung the idea away.

"Masters," said H. M., "you're to take Benson and Mrs. Pomfret along to the local police station. But don't go runnin' away with any ideas. Mrs. Pomfret had no more to do with any part of this business than you had. I don't ask you to arrest 'em. I simply ask you to hoick 'em off to the police station, on any pretext you like, and keep 'em there out of the way for a couple of hours." He turned to Kit. "Just as I ask you, son, to take Audrey Vane out to dinner, anywhere you like, and keep her out until ten o'clock. I want to look for what I expect to find, burn me, without anybody to watch me."

With an effort, H. M. bent over and picked up the bronze lamp. "In the meantime," he said, "I'll just keep this with me." A spasm of ghoulish amusement crossed his face, making him rock back and forth as he handled the lamp. "If anybody disappears next, it's got to be me."

MAY DAY EVE, when evil spirits are supposed to walk abroad. Kit Farrell went into his bedroom, closed the door, and leaned his back against it for a moment without switching on the light. He wouldn't think. Curse it, he'd stop himself from thinking!

*Sorry you didn't speak out. Sorry you didn't tell Helen how you felt about her, while you still had the chance.*

He undressed, got into pajamas and heavy wool dressing-gown; he thrust his feet into slippers. Then he groped his way to the easy chair under the window.

*But you were a stiff-necked idiot. You wouldn't admit you loved her. And now she's gone.*

This was going to be the worst night of the lot. He leaned back in the chair, trying to loosen his muscles. He half closed his eyes.

A black anesthetic lifted him and carried him far away. . . . Then the shock of the Hall clock, striking one, clove through this mist, and he sat up. The setting moon, deathly in its pallor, traced on the floor thin shadows of the little panes in the windows. These stretched as far as the bed, with its canopy and its heavy tapestry hangings.

Near the foot of the bed, looking full at him, stood Helen.

She was dressed in the gray mackintosh, buttoned up to the throat. Colors were difficult in the moonlight, and red impossible; yet he could have sworn anywhere to the tan stockings and the scarlet-and-black patent-leather shoes. She was bareheaded, the fair bobbed hair a little tumbled.

"Kit," she said softly.

AT that moment he could not have spoken to save his life. He walked across to her. Stretching out his hand, he laid it on her shoulder. He felt the rough texture of the mackintosh and the flesh of the shoulder underneath.

He put his arms around Helen—a real Helen—and held her with crushing force. Then he tilted back her head. He ran a finger along the soft line of her cheek, lightly touching the eyelids, and Helen's eyes brimmed over. He kissed her mouth, slowly but very hard, and her arms crept up round his neck as she returned the kiss.

"Kit, I am a fool!" she said. "I'm such a—"

"Don't talk. Not for just a minute." He touched her hair and ran it through his fingers.

"You're alive," he said. "You're real. I love you better than anything in the world, and you're alive."

"I love you too," Helen said, and pressed him close. "That's why I couldn't stand it."

"Stand what?"

"Seeing you like that. And then, when my father—"

"Come over here."

He guided her across to the easy chair by the window. He made her sit down and perched on the arm of the chair. She seized his hand and pressed it against her cheek.

"Listen, my dear," Helen said. "I'm afraid something rather horrible has happened. I'm afraid—"

He tried to keep the desperation out of his own voice: "What happened to you? Where have you been?"

"In the house," she replied. "And outside it."

"You got out of this house," Kit spoke carefully, "on Thursday, when you disappeared?"

"Yes, Kit."

"And your father did the same thing today?"

"I don't know *what* happened to him! But I'm afraid—Listen!"

They had been speaking in whispers, aching little words that increased the dreamlike quality of the scene, and could not have been heard even by someone listening outside the door. But Helen lifted her hand. Was there, somewhere in this sounding board of a house, the stir of a footstep?

Gently disengaging herself from Kit's guarding arm, she got to her feet.

"Only three days," she said. "Only three days where I've been. But it seems like eternity."

"Helen," he said suddenly, "that mackintosh was left behind when you disappeared. Where did you get it again? And why are you wearing it, anyway?"

"Because I don't want you to"—she hesitated—"notice something. You'll understand, tomorrow morning. Please kiss me again. . . ."

Then she led him, both of them walking very softly, to the door. Turning the knob, she peered out. The first-floor hall was a vault of darkness, relieved only by stray gleams of moonlight. The beam of a pencil electric torch, which Helen took out of her pocket, explored the side wall.

Close to the bedroom was a door giving on a spiral staircase of rusted iron, terminating on the ground floor in a door to Lord Severn's study. Helen led Kit down, with the tiny pencil beam probing ahead, and cautiously opened the door. Kit remembered it had been bolted on the other side this afternoon. They emerged into Lord Severn's study. A fire had been burning in the grate. It had sunk now to a fierce-glowing mass of red coals, giving dream-like vividness to the room.

"We can talk here," she said. "Is this—where my father was last seen?"

"This is where we found the cap and coat, anyway. Nobody's seen him."

"I don't understand it! H. M. says—"

Kit stared at her. "Have you seen H. M.?"

"Yes, Kit. Last night—it's morning now. I didn't want H. M. to come to Severn!" she burst out. "I was afraid he'd guess—"

"And has he disappeared too? Nobody's seen him since early evening."

"Oh, God!" whispered Helen.

She slipped across to the door leading into the library. Bolting this door, she pressed the electric switch. And, with the appearance of lights, the dream dissolved. Here were the human things of everyday existence; even Lord Severn's cap and coat, now thrown across a chair. The exquisite coloring of Helen's face, the tired, frightened eyes, struck Kit to the heart again.

"Kit, listen. I can't talk to you much longer—"

"You're not going away again!"

"Only for a few hours, my dear!"

She ran toward him, and he took her by the shoulders.

From somewhere close at hand, a new voice rose up clearly. *"Mr. Masters!"* it shouted.

Helen's body stiffened. She jumped away from Kit, whirling around.

*"Mr. Masters,"* that unseen person cried, *"I've just heard Helen's voice. And I swear it came from the study."*

HEAVY brown curtains had been closely drawn across the four windows. But one window still stood open, just as Sir Henry Merrivale had left it that afternoon.

Kit and Helen had been too engrossed to hear the footsteps of several persons coming up the drive. The door was flung open, and in it stood Sandy Robertson. Behind him loomed Chief Inspector Masters, with another man Kit had never seen before. Straining eyes searched the room. And Kit Farrell turned round as well.

Helen had gone.

"She was here!" Sandy shouted. "I heard her!"

Masters shouldered past him, head lowered like a bull's. "Is this true, Mr. Farrell?"

"Yes," answered Kit. "She was here."

Masters raced back to the outside door, put his head out, and blew a police whistle. Then he indicated the tall grave-looking man behind him. "Mr. Rutherford," he said, "happens to be the foremost architect in London. He promised to work a twenty-four-hour stretch if necessary, and find that damned hiding place for good and all. And in the meantime the house would be surrounded.

"That *was* the plan. But it's a whole lot easier now. That girl's here. We've heard her voice. She may be in a fine secret cubbyhole. But she can't get away." He swung round to the architect. "Ready, Mr. Rutherford?"

"Perfectly, chief inspector."

Masters lifted his voice: "All right, boys! All right!"

And then the police invasion—more policemen than Kit Farrell had ever seen in his life—flowed over the house.

Five hours later Masters had attained a state not very far removed from sheer lunacy. There was no secret hiding place of any kind at Severn Hall. Lady Helen Loring had not left the house. But she was not in the house either.

IT is pleasant to record the fact that Kit Farrell went down whistling to breakfast. He met Masters on the way and, wanting to be friendly with the entire world, tried a gesture of friendliness.

"Will you," he said, "accept my word that I haven't been conspiring against you all this time? That, so help me, I never set eyes on Helen from Thursday afternoon until she turned up in my room at one o'clock this morning? And that I still don't know what happened to her?"

They were tramping down the main staircase. Masters stopped and rounded on him.

"Oh, ah! The young lady's alive, yes! But what about Lord Severn and Sir Henry Merrivale? Sir Henry hasn't come back."

In the dining room, over bacon on a hot plate, Masters confided, "I wouldn't have him know it for a good deal, Mr. Farrell, but the fact is, I rather like the old devil. I won't say it wouldn't do him a lot of good to come a cropper. But we don't want him polished off, Mr. Farrell! We don't want him dead! I tell you straight, I wouldn't like it a bit if—"

Masters stopped suddenly. A bass voice issued from the direction of the south terrace.

"Now this here picture, Benson," it said, "is me playin' Ivan the Terrible in front of the East Ruislip Cricket Club. Lots of people consider that my finest role."

INSPECTOR MASTERS rose from his bacon. He straightened his shoulders and stalked out on the terrace. Seated at a small table with a crisp white cloth, Sir Henry Merrivale basked at a breakfast of bacon, sausages, scrambled eggs, toast, and coffee. At intervals in gobbling these comestibles, he was turning over the pages of his scrapbook and illustrating the finer points with a fork. In front of him stood Benson, also with a scrapbook, patiently trying to get a word in edgeways.

The chief inspector stalked round to face H. M.

"And when," he demanded, "did you turn up?"

"Me? 'Bout an hour ago, wasn't it, Benson?"

"About that, sir."

"And may I ask, Sir Henry, where you've been?"

"Oh, round about," said H. M., making a broad gesture with the knife and fork. "I had business, sort of." Diving under the table, H. M. brought out an ancient briefcase. From this he produced the bronze lamp, which he put on the table between his plate and the scrapbook. "I took it with me, Masters. I had a use for it. Y'see, son, a good part of last night I spent at the Bell Hotel locked up in a debate with Leo Beaumont. I had to make him confess."

"Confess?" roared Masters.

"That's right. Then I went to Julia Mansfield's antique shop. For the rest of the night I was at the hospital."

Quick footsteps sounded on the terrace, as Audrey Vane and Sandy Robertson ran toward the group.

Audrey looked happy. And Sandy, who seemed faintly shamefaced, touched her hand briefly as they rounded the corner of the house.

"This—" Kit was beginning introductions, when H. M. cut him short.

"That's all right, son. We presented ourselves to each other an hour ago. What's on your mind?"

"Listen, Maestro," Sandy began—people had a habit of addressing H. M. thus familiarly after shorter acquaintance than an hour—"we've just come from the gate lodge. An old friend of ours, a soothsayer, is there, swearing he's got a right to get in. Name's Alim Bey."

"Alim Bey?" echoed Masters. "The miracle merchant who started all this trouble?"

"Ho-ho!" chortled H. M. "I didn't really expect him, but I'm very happy to have the blighter here at the finish. You bring him here."

Sandy was off at a run.

Benson began clearing the table in front of H. M. When he had finished, there remained only the bronze lamp. It stood there, alone and hypnotic, on the white cloth.

"Sit down, everybody," said H. M.

As he spoke, Julia Mansfield walked out on the terrace from the dining hall. Carrying herself sturdily but a little self-consciously, offering no word of explanation, she moved toward one of the wicker chairs. Unexpectedly Benson's voice rang out:

"No, miss! If you please! Not that chair!"

"Just as you like," Miss Mansfield said coldly. She plumped down in a chair close to H. M.

"The whole key to this mystery," proceeded H. M., "is in the workings of the mind and heart of Helen Loring. The day she left Cairo for Alexandria on the way home, the story of a curse was already well launched, and she was nearin' a state of nerves where she'd have done anything to prove the curse was all eye-wash.

"And then, at the station, up bobs Alim Bey. He weaves a really strikin' spell in front of the press. The last thing she did, as that train was leavin', was to lean out and shout back at 'em, 'I'll prove it's all nonsense!'

"Now, suppose she came down here, just as Alim Bey prophesied, and, apparently, was blown to dust? A supernatural disappearance. The press would have hysterics. And then just suppose you allowed a week or so to go by, while people really get themselves into a lather. At the end of that time, when you've got to the psychological moment—"

"At the end of that time," Masters shouted, "Lady Helen Loring reappears?"

"Exactly, son. 'There's your supernatural disappearance,' she says. 'Only a little trick that any of you could work. Now will you kindly stop talkin' flapdoodle about Egyptian magic or any other magic?'

"That's what she wanted to ask me about in the train, Masters. Could the curse of the bronze lamp be made to come true and then have a natural explanation? And could I think of any way?

"We were just runnin' out of the suburbs of Cairo," H. M. went on, "and Helen Loring was delicately skirtin' round the subject, when all of a sudden an awful funny expression came over her face. That was when she got the great idea. She said very briskly she didn't want any help from me now. Naturally not, Masters. In fact, she wanted me as far away as possible. Because she'd just thought of a way to work the disappearance trick."

SOMETHING made Kit glance to his right. Sandy Robertson was standing there with Alim Bey. The Bey's bright black eyes seemed to protrude from their sockets. Suddenly he lifted a hand, fingers outspread like claws, at a gesture of H. M.'s. For H. M. absent-mindedly leaned forward and flicked the ashes of his cigar into the bronze lamp. He went on talking:

"So when I got to England—I broke my journey in Paris—and they told me at the Semiramis Hotel that Helen Loring had just set off for Severn Hall, I drove down here myself on Thursday evening. It didn't knock me dead with surprise when Kit Farrell up and told me the gal had vanished. What did surprise me was that on the surface it looked like a sure-enough miracle.

"Y'see, I heartily approved of the gal's stunt if she'd done it voluntarily, as hocus pocus. So the first thing to do was to get on to Lord Severn by telephone. It didn't seem possible that she'd work a trick like that unless she'd already written him about what she meant to do. In the meantime," pursued H. M., "the more I talked to Benson, the more I became convinced of two things: this was a trick played by Helen Loring. And good old Benson was workin' in cahoots with her."

On Benson's face, as he stood sedately behind H. M.'s chair, was a serene smile.

"The phone call to Cairo put the last nail in my conviction," said H. M. "You can't tell me that any fond father would treat his daughter's disappearance as Lord Severn treated it—unless he knew all the time it was a fake. Yesterday afternoon my good old scrapbook, followin' a very revealing remark made by Benson, tore the mystery wide open. Every photograph taken of Helen Loring, as Benson said, is either execrable or unrecognizable. I happened to pick up a photograph showin' me and Helen outside the railway station in Cairo. That gal couldn't possibly be recognized by anybody who hadn't seen her before in the flesh."

H. M. got to his feet. He stood like a stuffed prophet behind the table and the bronze lamp.

"With your kind permission," he said, "I now perform a rite that ought to be of great interest to Alim Bey. I'm goin' to make Herihor disgorge and the lightnings give up their prey. Look!"

He pointed to the big arched doorway. There stood a slatternly girl in felt slippers and a cotton dress much stained by soapsuds.

"Masters," said H. M., "did you ever set eyes on that gal before? Who is she?"

"Yes, sir. That's Annie, the betweenmaid."

"Oh, no," said H. M. "Lemme introduce you to Lady Helen Loring."

WHILE the others seemed held in a kind of paralysis, H. M. sat down and picked up his cigar.

"Didn't it ever strike any of you," he went on, "that in these big houses there are servants never even seen by any guest? And that a gal masqueradin' as one of 'em could easily keep out of the way of anybody who might recognize her? Of course, Masters and I did catch a glimpse of the betweenmaid on top of the tower on Monday morning. She was trudging out across the stableyard with a bucket of swill. But it was the closest that anybody except an investigatin' police officer was likely to come to her. . . ."

Helen ran forward. "I had to do it, Kit!" she cried. "Or they'd never have stopped talking about this ridiculous curse. Do you hate me very much?"

Kit was so shaken by relief that he felt dizzy. When he took Helen's hands, he had first to grope for them.

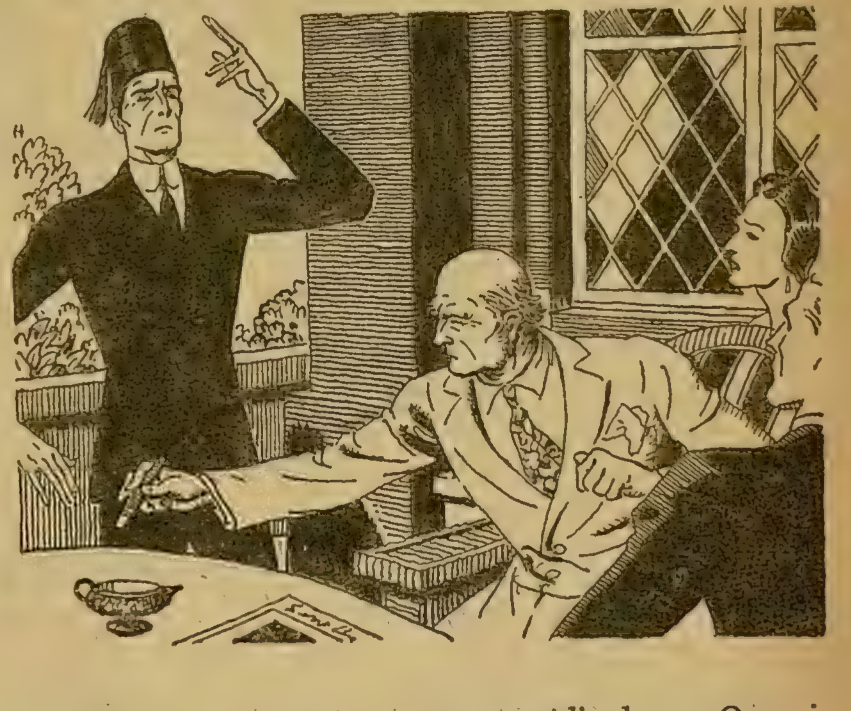
"Hate you?" he said incredulously. "I love you."

"I did break down and come to see you last night, Kit. I got the mackintosh and wore it buttoned up because even the nightgown I wore as Annie might have given me away. You see, Kit, I first had the idea in the train coming from Cairo. I got it by thinking about Benson engaging a new staff of servants who'd never seen me. I think I did well, as a servant to the servants. Even if they all did say," her eyes twinkled, "that I was the damnedest, silliest, clumsiest little slut that ever waited on them."

Helen sat down, with Kit still gripping her hand, and went on: "Benson opened the Hall just three days before my disappearance. On those days I was absent from the Semiramis. On Thursday morning, at dawn, I was off from here to London. I was waiting for you at the hotel. I wanted to drive down here again with you and Audrey, so that I could 'mysteriously vanish.'"

Benson spoke. "If you recall, Mr. Kit, I stated to Sir Henry that the betweenmaid had Thursday off."

"On the way from London," Helen went on, "I was wearing my mackintosh over my maid's dress. Once inside the hall, I said, 'Done it!' or something like that."



"Oh, ah!" Masters said bitterly. "A plumber heard you from upstairs. And then?"

"I put my mackintosh down on the floor with the lamp. I stripped off my shoes and stockings, and put on the maid's felt slippers that were in my mackintosh pockets—"

"The footsteps that stopped," Audrey Vane put in.

"Then I went up to the attic—where my cubbyhole is—by way of the corkscrew stair in the wall.

"I got downstairs again by the back stairs to the servants' hall," Helen went on, "practically by the time Benson and Mrs. Pomfret reached the front door. But the picture of the first Countess of Severn—I made a dreadful slip over that."

"If I may correct you, my lady," Benson protested, "no. The error was mine." The butler turned to Masters. "There was great danger when the police came in that someone would see on the wall a huge speaking likeness of Annie the betweenmaid. I realized this, with horror, only Thursday afternoon. So between lunch and teatime I took the picture down and hid it in a cupboard.

"All would have been well if Mrs. Pomfret, at the worst possible moment, had not noticed the picture was missing."

"Don't you see," cried Helen, "we had to get the picture clean out of the house? I remembered a little shop in Gloucester where they did picture restoring. Benson had to be searching the house for me. At intervals, in a disguised voice, he had to put through the phone calls to the press and the police, saying Herihor had got Helen Loring. But he could easily send Annie on an errand. When I went into the shop I must have looked a bit furtive."

"You did," said Miss Mansfield.

"But," Helen looked at her curiously, "I never dreamed you'd notice it. I thought the picture would be forgotten about, and—"

"Ordinarily," said Sir Henry Merrivale, "you'd have been right. But there was a definite link between this antique shop and a gold dagger." His voice rounded with ominous and terrifying distinctness. "A gold perfume box. And the murder of Lord Severn."

The effect of that word "murder" was extraordinary on everyone present. Helen abruptly rose from her chair, disengaging her hand from Kit's, and turned away.

Alim Bey, his gleaming black eyes never wavering from H. M., moved forward.

"I am a poor scholar," he said, upturning the palms of his hands. "I mean no harm. I do not know why I should be the victim of hoaxes. Would you have me mocked at by my friends in Egypt?"

Across the terrace from him, Helen whipped around. "*Alim Bey!* You said I'd be blown to dust as though I had never existed! What do you say now?"

"I say, mademoiselle, that the dark powers are not mocked. You have lost your father."

Helen was very white. H. M. gave her a warning glance.

"It's true," said H. M., "that the joke got out of hand. Somebody went berserk and set a hand to murder. That person is among us now."

SAUNTERING footsteps sounded on the flagstones. Mr. Leo Beaumont, approaching from the front of the house, strolled toward them. "Good morning to all of you," he said. "I came to collect the bronze lamp."

"We now," observed H. M., "got two seers. The ancient flowery kind," he indicated Alim Bey, "and the modern and businesslike kind," he indicated Beaumont. "Let's see if they can help discover how Lord Severn disappeared.

"Yesterday morning, Sunday, when I pressed the bell of the antique shop, Julia Mansfield came runnin' out to answer it. She'd been expecting somebody, as her first words showed. Not us. But somebody. Then in came a visitor who announced that his name was Leo Beaumont, and he'd come to inquire—Bang! He saw us, and promptly shut up."

"What are you suggesting?" Helen cried. "That Mr. Beaumont went there to get—"

"The gold dagger," said H. M., "and the gold perfume box." He added: "Somebody, at that very minute, was preparing to commit murder because of 'em."

Julia Mansfield sprang to her feet.

"I c-came here," she said, "to help you expose a perfectly foul trick that was played on me. I will not stand for the suggestion that I, or Mr. Beaumont either, had anything to do with Lord Severn's death!"

But H. M. was not looking at her or at Beaumont. He extended his hand and pointed a malevolent finger.

"That's the man you want, Masters. The young swine who didn't care a hoot about strangling his benefactor."

Audrey Vane screamed.

For H. M. was pointing to Sandy Robertson.

H. M. gestured toward Leo Beaumont. "Now, son! Do you mind repeating what you told me at the hotel last night?"

Beaumont's cat-green eyes were wary. "In Cairo, during the first week of April, I bought the dagger and the perfume box from Mr. Robertson there. He was to"—Beaumont hesitated—"remove them from the relics salvaged from the tomb. He believed it would be a long time before Lord Severn noticed this. Afterward he believed he could convince Lord Severn they had been lost."

"You couldn't do business with Lord Severn, so this feller here approached you with his proposition?"

"Correct!" nodded Beaumont.

"What were the terms?"

"I was to pay him thirty thousand dollars on his assurance that he could get the articles smuggled out of Egypt for me. Half of this was to be paid when they were smuggled out. It has been paid. The other half, when the dagger and the perfume box were handed to me in England."

"And how was he goin' to get the stuff out?"

"May *I* answer that?" cried Julia Mansfield.

H. M. surveyed Sandy.

"You're not goin' to say," he pointed to Miss Mansfield, "you've never seen that gal before? On Sunday, in the antique shop, I saw a photograph of you on a table in her room, in the lovin' place of honor and a little silver frame."

Miss Mansfield would not look at Sandy. "Smuggling relics out of Egypt," she tried to speak in a level voice, "simply isn't possible in the ordinary way. But all well-known archaeologists, like Lord Severn, have what's called a license to export. Often they send little things, not valuable, to their friends. As Lord Severn did to me.

"Mr. George Andrew Robertson"—she stressed, with hatred, Sandy's names—"was known as Lord Severn's right-hand man. He went to the authorities with a description, forged Lord Severn's handwriting, and said it was trumpery brass Lord Severn was sending to me.

"That had happened before. They didn't even bother to open the parcel. Mr. George Andrew Robertson"—the name seemed to madden her—"told Mr. Beaumont it would be easy. He said there was a silly woman in England, meaning me, who'd do anything he asked."

"Don't you know," Sandy Robertson screamed, "when to keep your mouth shut? Do you want to go to jail, both of you? You'll be charged with complicity in—"

"No," Beaumont cut him off. "I promised Sir Henry Merrivale to give certain evidence in exchange for certain promises. One was that there should be no prosecution."

Chief Inspector Masters jumped in. "Wait a minute! Sir Henry's got no authority to—"

"Oh, yes, I have," H. M. said calmly. His malevolent eye fixed on Sandy. "Lord Severn tumbled to the smuggling trick while you and he were still in Cairo. You begged him not to make a scandal and expose you. You said you were both going back to England in a few days; you said the stuff would still be at Julia Mansfield's antique shop and you'd get it and return it.

"'Right!' says Severn, 'but I'll stick very close to you, young gentleman. We'll go to that antique shop together.' You and Lord Severn left Cairo by plane on Friday morning. The day before you left, Alim Bey turned up again and made two more pronouncements."

Alim Bey took a step backward.

"His first prophecy," grunted H. M., "that the gal would be blown to dust, I'll hereby affirm was no more than a modest stunt to get a bit of free publicity by jawin' away in front of the press. But on Thursday he said Helen Loring had disappeared on Thursday, and she had. He said Lord Severn would be the next to go."

"Of what," said Alim Bey, "do you accuse me now?"

"Of old-fashioned hokey-pokey," said H. M. "You said that because Lord Severn secretly tipped you off to say it. Now, didn't you?"

*"I deny this!"*

"Sure, sure." H. M. was soothing. "Lord Severn was building up the hoax just so he could help blow it to smithereens. He knew the gal was goin' to disappear on Thursday; she'd written to him. He was returning to England to break the curse, and to get back the dagger and the perfume box. That smooth young feller," H. M. pointed at Sandy Robertson, "was in a corner."

"HELEN, this is a lie!" Sandy cried.

"Is it?" inquired H. M. "Then just tell me this: Lord Severn apparently borrowed your car and came down here alone, arrivin' at half past four. Where were you at that time?"

"I was in London! I talked to Kit Farrell on the phone at five o'clock!"

"If you talked from London, son, how is it the exchange here don't list a single incoming long-distance call? You ought to take a few pointers from the gal, son. She's really clever. The gaff was blown in another way, too. While Kit Farrell and I were waiting in the study after Lord Severn's 'disappearance'—Masters had gone out to chivvy the servants—we had visitors. Miss Julia Mansfield came, carrying a paper parcel. That parcel contained the dagger and the perfume box. She didn't dare keep them any longer. She was goin' to sneak 'em into Severn's study—where, d'ye see, she'd first met Sandy Robertson years ago. Up out of the rain in front of her, all of a sudden, materialized our prowlin' friend Beaumont. She dropped the parcel. He picked it up, and put it in his pocket. Dagger and perfume box? Yes, my children! Yes, for a fiver!"

"Mr. George Andrew Robertson," cried Miss Mansfield, "wrote to me and said Mr. Beaumont would call for them. He said it would be all right. I'm not a crook!"

"Easy, my wench," said H. M. He addressed Masters. "The revealing thing was a conversation I had with Mr. Beaumont while he stood outside the study window. Now remember, Beaumont had been at the gates at half past four. He must have seen Lord Severn drive through in the red Bentley. He even sent his card up, with a written message. And yet, when I mentioned that visiting card to him, the first thing he said was, 'Then Lord Severn *is* at home?' as though he'd only sent that card on the off chance. I then said Lord Severn had got here only to disappear. We turned on the lights. Beaumont saw the clothes and the bronze lamp. He was very pleased—crouchin' at that window like a big cat.

"So I next asked him the straight question: 'You saw Lord Severn, didn't you?' He said yes, of course, because this made a second apparently supernatural disappearance. It increased the reputation of the bronze lamp, which he wanted like billy-o to get. Beaumont's just as much of a faker as Alim Bey, only a bit more subtle. Because the man he'd seen drive through those gates in the Bentley wasn't Lord Severn at all."

"Wasn't—my father?" asked Helen. "Then who was it?"

"Sandy Robertson. At some time past noon yesterday, Lord Severn did start out from London in that car. But he wasn't alone. Robertson was with him. They were headed for that antique shop in Gloucester, to pick up the dagger and the perfume box. Robertson took the river road. In the loneliest part he stopped the car. He strangled the man who'd protected him from the Egyptian police. It wasn't stranglin' really. Just a little suffocation of a man with a groggy heart. He weighted the body with tools from the car, and sank it in the river. He'd kept Lord Severn's cap, his coat, *and his keys.*

"He came in first on foot. The lodge gates were open, as always. In the lodge was a keeper he'd never seen before. All he had to do was sever the phone connection between the lodge and the house—that is, cut the wires outside the butler's pantry window.

"He got back safely to the car. He drove round to the front, and shot through those gates at fifty miles an hour. He drove to the side door, and dumped hat and coat on the floor. All the newspapers had told where Kit Farrell had put the bronze lamp. He nipped up by the corkscrew stair in the wall, got the lamp, and walked away from the house. By five o'clock he put in a phone call from Gloucester. He could reappear when the night train from London got in. Mr. Beaumont, did you see somebody drive in through the gates in that Bentley at half past four yesterday afternoon?"

Beaumont inclined his sleek head. "I saw Mr. Robertson. And now, if you please, may I have the bronze lamp?"

A wordless, blubbering cry came from Sandy.

"Sir Henry," explained Beaumont, "found Lady Helen, but believed her father dead. He then came to see me at my hotel. He explained to me that if I were to tell everything I knew I should be immune from prosecution—and I should receive the bronze lamp. May I have it?"

"Catch," said H. M.

The bronze lamp, casually thrown, arched through the air. Beaumont caught it with tender care.

"There is blood on it," he said. "There will be more blood on it when that blubbering young man, Mr. Robertson, is taken to the hangman at eight o'clock one morning soon. That is what I have told the press."

Sandy Robertson fell forward at full length on the flagstones of the terrace. "Don't let them get me, Audrey!" they heard him say.

"Son," said H. M. in a soft, heavy voice, "I thought you were keepin' your identity a secret from the press."

"Up to the moment, true," Beaumont agreed blandly. "But this was really too good a business opportunity to lose. After you had left my hotel last night, the voice of a dead man spoke to me. Many revelations were opened to me concerning Lord Severn." Then his voice changed. "Thanks for the lamp, you old fool. Good day."

"Just a minute, son," called H. M. very softly.

BENSON was going toward the chair from which he had diverted Miss Mansfield. He pushed it back, revealing the entrance to a mock dungeon, beloved of Augusta Severn in the eighteenth century.

John Loring, fourth Earl of Severn, climbed slowly out. He walked slowly over to Sandy Robertson.

H. M., sniffing at a dead cigar, still surveyed Beaumont.

"Y'see, son," he remarked, "when I left your hotel last night I really thought Lord Severn was dead. So I went on to Julia Mansfield's to ask her if she'd come along today and confirm things. While I was there, she got a phone message to say a middle-aged gent had been dragged out of the river by two farmers. He was babbling something about her antique shop; they'd got him in the hospital.

"We went along there. The doctors had fits, but Lord Severn insisted on comin' along here for this little demonstration. The Mansfield gal came too. I smuggled 'em in a car with the blinds drawn."

H. M. watched Beaumont. "Now you'll return the dagger and the perfume box to Lord Severn before you leave town. Do you still want the bronze lamp?"

Beaumont stood motionless, weighing it in his hand. Turning, he sent it flying out over the balustrade. He stalked away, with Alim Bey following.

Sandy Robertson walked shakily through the arched door into the dining hall. Audrey Vane followed him. They saw her slip her arm under his.

Helen came to Kit and he put his arms around her. Her father, smiling, extended his hand to Sir Henry Merrivale. He looked at the butler over his shoulder.

"Benson, you may admit the reporters," he said.

THE END

Puzzle 323 9/8/45

# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## By JOSEPH ANTHONY

"SOMETIMES I read a book that seems to me just plain stupid, but because I'm not properly educated I can't be sure whether *it's* stupid or whether *I'm* stupid."

*James Hilton*

This is one of the aphorisms of George Boswell, small-town English newspaperman and hero of **James Hilton's** new novel, **So Well Remembered.** It is George's way of explaining why at the age of thirty-one, he wants to enter college.

Mr. Hilton's story—concerning which neither the intellectual nor the man in the street is likely to raise George's question—is a warmhearted study of a simple man trying to steer a steady course in a complex world.

George Boswell is typical of millions who shouldered their share of the burdens of the last war and tried, sincerely and muddleheadedly, to avert the present one. Though his achievements were pathetic in comparison with his dreams, at least he snatched some comforting small victories from the struggle.

Mr. Hilton has married his normal, decent, small-town hero to a neurotic, brilliant woman who is an object of sympathy when we first meet her—and who develops into a modern Lady Macbeth. To this formidable lady, anyone who objects to a neatly arranged murder is a sissy.

In the hands of a less skilled storyteller, George might seem too saintly to be real, and Livia too wicked. But Mr. Hilton, who is the most talented of the disciples of Somerset Maugham, has the knack of presenting melodrama in a cozy and casual fashion. Like Maugham, he leads the reader on gently with a wealth of believable and gossipy detail, then throws his powerful punch.

An Atlantic Monthly Book. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price $2.50.

THE HAPPY TIME, by **Robert Fontaine,** is to be made into a Broadway play. The dramatist's chief job will be one of selection, for the book contains enough material for half a dozen comedies.

*Robert Fontaine*

The Happy Time is a series of reminiscences of Mr. Fontaine's boyhood as the *enfant terrible* of a happy-go-lucky French-Canadian family. They included Papa, a violin teacher with an illicit passion for Sunday baseball; Grandfather, who had a taste for brandy chocolates and ladies who were "not big, but complete"; Uncle Louis, who lived in terror of work and of butterflies; and wonderful, shockproof *Maman.*

Grandpa, smitten by the mature charms of the widow La Chance, refused to be flustered by the competition of a giant-chested bully named Gunboat who drove a team of beer-wagon horses. By way of a subtle hint, Gunboat sent the old dandy a dead mouse, an owl, and a shrunken cannibal skull. Grandpa, discovering that his rival always took the same route through dark woods on his way to visit the widow, dug a bear trap along his route, equipped with heavy iron bars to seal it automatically.

"Fortunately, Grandfather had sense enough to place food and water in the pit. . . . Grandfather, of course, had been too nervous to go near the widow during Gunboat's absence. It was just as well. He would not have found the widow home. She was down in the pit with Gunboat. A month later it was announced that the widow La Chance and Gunboat were to be married."

Published by Simon & Schuster, New York. Price $2.50.

# COCKEYED CROSSWORD

## BY TED SHANE

### HORIZONTAL

1 Flying goose eggs
6 Senatorial lungs come with a built-in one
14 Corps that is no morps
15 Little round thing in a green jacket
16 Whereabouts of home often sung about
17 Object suckers are left holding
18 An outstanding thing in women's shoes
20 It's better to be half, than all, this
22 Road sides
23 Kind of Hon. Englishman
24 Soup-and-fish (abbr.)
25 To send out of this world
26 Kind of cat
27 Old-time Walt Disney
29 Dry-cleaner's dog
30 No. 1 Yugoslav
31 If you get stuck, yell this
32 Expensive animal
33 Something Japan's about to be wiped off
34 Bossy thing, leaves many a farmer holding the bag
36 Dumb dame
37 Sinatra of yesteryear
39 Ossified Dumbelles (abbr.)
40 Just a great big drip
42 Pronoun
43 Just a bunch of jerks
45 The Yankee reply to this was, "Hell!"
46 They sure give Chicagoans the run-around
47 Short evening
48 Nickname for the gent from the Boot who got the boot
49 Kind of man who doesn't need a wig for his chest
50 An open and shut proposition with women
52 Semitic Sun god
53 Yarn spinnings
56 Hot spot the stars hang around
57 Kind of bag found around Washington
58 Source of the porkerhouse steak
59 Eleven
60 Hot Mamas (abbr.)
61 Jenny, the Lilting Lark
62 Everything's a big joke to him
63 What Icelanders do at noon
64 Specks
66 Uncle Tom and little ——
68 Bird now setting on the Writhing Sun
70 This pushes boats and pulls airplanes—screwy, isn't it?
71 Super-wows! (fem.)

### VERTICAL

1 Hoss with hash marks
2 Give the needle to the happy hormones
3 Sailor's baggage
4 Old Tomatoes (abbr.)
5 Upset (anag.)
6 He velly much ashamed of Hon. Descendant these days
7 Pronoun state (abbr.)
8 Sky pilot; sin shooer
9 This has a lot of pressing business
10 What women get in the best places
11 Where to stay during hurricanes
12 Greet this bird!
13 When there's meat, these disappear: when they're plentiful, there's no meat (two words)
19 Pre-horsepower motor
21 Home of the Fuzzy-Wuzzies
24 The Queen Mary needs one to get into port
25 The invaded Japs will find out there's quite a point to this
26 Long may they wave about Hawaii
28 Mobile pork roast
29 Dry word
30 The skyscraping type
32 . . . . . . . .
33 Underworld doll
34 Kind of ship that ends on the rocks of matrimony, then winds up in its first part
35 Nut flavored
36 Watch that language, bub!
37 Brokenrock Manor
38 The old liquid baloney
40 What most women do after an argument
41 Sensational thing to do
44 Your mother & father at college
46 Pickerel whose ma was frightened by a clothesline
48 Composer, found on an organ-grinder's organ
49 Unglamor girl
51 Latest word from the whispering brigade
52 It's found in the best cellars
53 Lion with hash marks
54 Make a member of the idol class
55 Bases in the Pacific for future building
57 Well-stuffed in the noodle
58 What ma sits on constantly
61 Once around
62 We ought to make this the world's biggest outlaw
63 Kind of maniac with a big I
65 Each end of a tomato
67 Eisenhower's favorite Day
69 Old Three-Toes, the Sloth of Xwords

| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ■ | B | A | L | L | P | L | A | Y | E | R | S | ■ |
| C | A | R | E | E | R | ■ | L | E | G | A | T | O |
| A | R | M | A | D | A | ■ | I | N | G | R | E | S |
| I | G | O | R | ■ | T | O | M | ■ | S | I | V | A |
| N | E | R | ■ | A | E | S | O | P | ■ | T | E | G |
| E | S | S | E | N | ■ | A | N | O | D | Y | N | E |
| ■ | ■ | ■ | O | T | T | ■ | Y | O | U | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| B | O | S | N | I | A | N | ■ | R | E | N | T | S |
| O | D | T | ■ | C | R | E | M | E | ■ | O | W | I |
| W | O | O | F | ■ | Z | O | O | ■ | V | O | I | D |
| E | R | O | I | C | A | ■ | N | E | E | D | L | E |
| N | E | G | R | I | N | ■ | T | R | I | L | L | S |
| ■ | D | E | M | O | S | T | H | E | N | E | S | ■ |

Last week's answer

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Z | 2 E | 3 R | 4 O | 5 S | ■ | 6 A | 7 M | 8 P | L | 9 I | 10 F | 11 I | 12 E | 13 R |
| 14 E | L | I | T | E | ■ | 15 P | E | A | ■ | 16 R | A | N | G | E |
| 17 S | A | P | ■ | 18 T | 19 O | E | ■ | 20 S | 21 H | O | T | ■ | 22 R | D |
| 23 N | T | ■ | 24 T | U | X | ■ | 25 S | T | U | N | ■ | 26 H | E | P |
| 27 A | E | 28 S | O | P | ■ | 29 S | P | O | T | ■ | 30 T | I | T | O |
| ■ | ■ | 31 O | W | ■ | 32 D | E | E | R | ■ | 33 M | A | P | ■ | I |
| 34 C | 35 O | W | ■ | 36 D | O | R | A | ■ | 37 J | O | L | S | 38 O | N |
| 39 O | D | ■ | 40 W | A | T | E | R | 41 F | A | L | L | ■ | 42 I | T |
| 43 U | D | 44 D | E | R | S | ■ | 45 H | E | I | L | ■ | 46 E | L | S |
| R | ■ | 47 E | E | N | ■ | 48 | E | | L | ■ | 49 H | E | ■ | ■ |
| 50 T | 51 R | A | P | ■ | 52 B | | A | | ■ | 53 T | A | L | 54 | 55 |
| 56 S | U | N | ■ | 57 W | I | N | D | ■ | 58 P | I | G | ■ | 59 X | I |
| 60 H | M | ■ | 61 L | I | N | D | ■ | 62 W | A | G | ■ | 63 E | A | T |
| 64 I | O | 65 T | A | S | ■ | 66 E | 67 V | A | ■ | 68 | 69 | | L | |
| 70 P | R | O | P | E | L | L | E | R | ■ | 71 R | I | O | T | S |

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN

# *One Good Taste Deserves Another*

THERE'S one sure way to add zest to barbecued food: precede it with a Seagram's 5 Crown highball! For fine flavors go together... should be enjoyed together... *teamed up for taste!*

Yes, Seagram's 5 Crown is blended for taste. Seagram's craftsmen select their finest "flavor" whiskies... blend them with pedigreed grain neutral spirits distilled for this one purpose... supervise every step from barrel to bottle to insure true pre-war quality.

Keep this in mind when you buy: good taste says "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"... because Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases good taste!

SEAGRAM TAKES THE TOUGHNESS OUT... BLENDS EXTRA PLEASURE IN

**Seagram's 5 Crown**

*Say Seagram's and be Sure of Pre-War Quality*

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

Flavor and Bouquet
OF THE FINE FRUIT
FROM THE SAN JOAQUIN
IN OUR Fruit Liqueurs

From the lush, rich valley of the San Joaquin, where peaches, plums, grapes, cherries and nectarines ripen to legendary perfection, come the celebrated Croix Royale Fruit Liqueurs. The delicious flavor of the fruit itself has been retained through the use of a brandy base distilled from fresh fruits in old-fashioned pot stills.

*Send for free recipe booklet.*
*Address Dept. P*
**Cameo Vineyards Co., Fresno, Calif.**

ALL 60 PROOF

Peach
Apricot
Plum
Cherry

BUY WAR BONDS FIRST

CROIX ROYALE
Say Croy Royal
Fruit Liqueurs
60 PROOF

## THAT THESE MAY LIVE

### Continued from Page 19

"It was not that he preferred it so, *senhor*. It was only—"

"Sure. I know." Bill Gresham spoke with unaccustomed harshness. He seized the reins of the mules and began to lead them away. "Ethics."

The nurse began in an appealing tone, "You know how he speaks about the vaccine—"

"To hell with how he speaks! I've had all I can take."

"But he is responsible, he is the *chefe*—"

"By the end of the month he can be *chefe* over everybody but me. I'm through. I'm going back to the States!"

A few moments later, when Marcia went toward her cottage with Roxanna Paradeso, she had a queer feeling of dismay. "Is—is Dr. Gresham serious about this?" she asked. "About going away?"

Roxanna's voice became tight. "*Sim.* He will go."

"What's this about vaccine? What's wrong between him and Dr. Worden anyway?"

Roxanna stopped. Her whole body seemed to stiffen. "Nothing is wrong. . . . I will bring the water, senhorita. Your room is on the right side when you go in." She turned back to the infirmary, walking off quickly. And, watching her go, Marcia felt, in surprise, that she had trespassed on something which didn't concern her.

The feeling hardly brightened her humor as she entered the cottage. Why she should be so troubled at the idea of Bill Gresham's leaving, she didn't know. Perhaps it was that the departure of any American—even of one who had irritated her all day—would add to her loneliness.

In her own chamber in the cottage she found that Manuelo Gorza had already brought her baggage. She looked around at a cot, a crude chest of drawers, a chair, an insectproof clothes compartment that had probably been imported from the States. Over all this the single hanging oil lamp would drop a light which, she suspected, would be dim and unpleasant. She sighed as she tossed her sun helmet to the bed.

I've got nobody to blame, she thought. I asked for it.

Being with Ralph, she told herself, would be ample compensation for all this. She began to unbutton the khaki shirt, and then Roxanna came in with a tin basin and a pail half filled with water. As she put them down, the nurse said:

"We eat with Dr. Worden. He will be back in maybe half an hour."

"Thanks," Marcia answered. "And thanks for the water. By the way, what happens when you want to take a bath? Do you go into the river?"

"*Sim.* Today there will not be time. Tomorrow will be better." Roxanna's manner was still stiff. She started for the door, but hesitated. "This of the two medicos," she said slowly. "Did not Dr. Gresham speak about his vaccine?"

"No."

It puzzled the nurse. "He is a strange one sometimes. *Muito* strange."

"What sort of vaccine?"

"For the *febre amarela*—the yellow fever."

"So I gathered, but—"

"It is a serum he made himself. In the laboratory he works with it many days, many months. He tries it on dogs and on rabbits, and it is good. Now he wants to try it on people—on those with the fever—but Dr. Worden says *nao*, such a thing cannot be."

Marcia was not only startled; she had a sudden sense of excitement, of doubt. Though preventive inoculations against yellow fever had been effective for years, she knew from her own studies that no serum had been discovered which could cure the disease once it was contracted. If Bill Gresham *had* stumbled on such a vaccine—he had something that could make medical history.

"Why?" she asked. "Why won't Dr. Worden let him try it?"

Roxanna shook her head. "That," she said, "you must ask Dr. Worden."

Then she went out and closed the door.

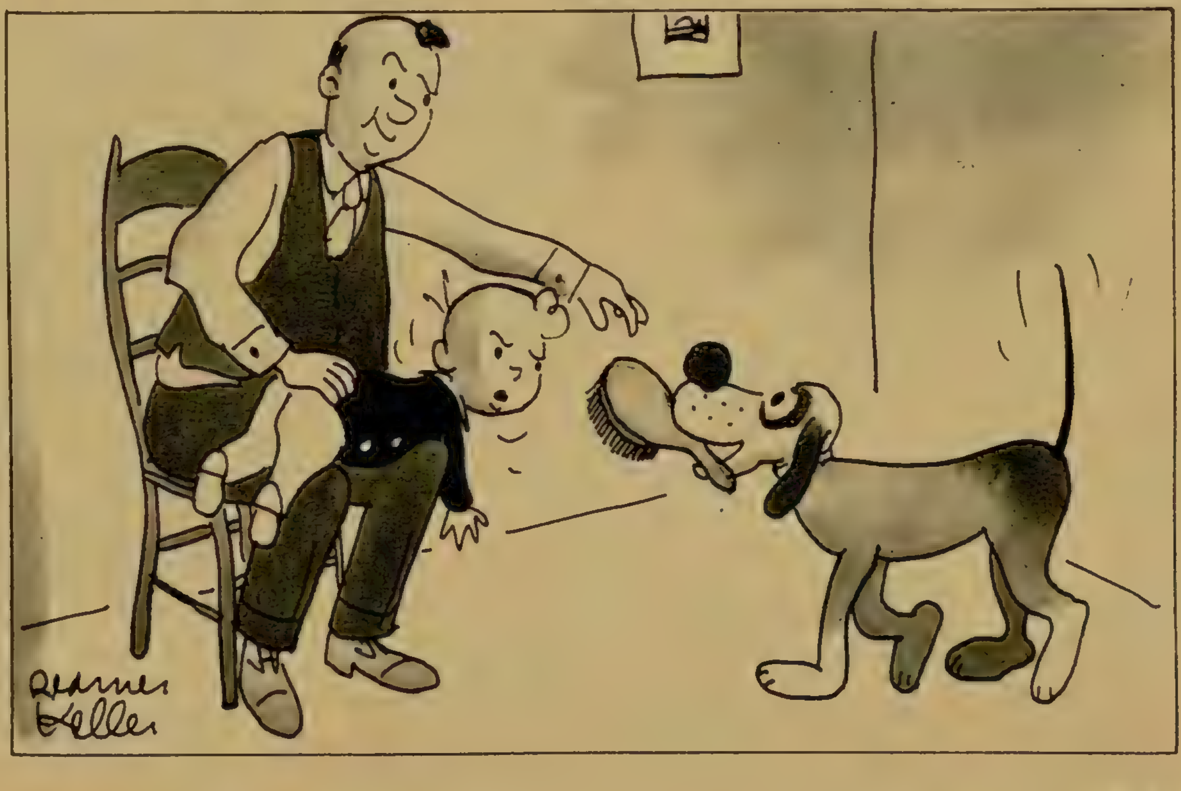
MARCIA'S excitement refused to subside. She guessed she had come upon a situation more strained than anybody seemed willing to admit.

She got out of her clothes almost mechanically. She washed in the basin as best she could, and opened her grips and put on fresh underthings and a sleeveless white dress. And throughout that time she continued to think about Bill Gresham and Ralph Worden.

She thought about herself and Dr. Worden, too. She had been in love with Ralph ever since she'd studied medicine under him. The fact that he was some fifteen years older than she, hadn't ever troubled

(*Continued on page 58*)

## HARDTACK



**Wherever planes fly you'll find equipment by Bendix —greatest name in aircraft radio—guiding men home through flak and storm filled-skies.**

**This peerless performance has given airmen 'round the world the firm conviction that . . .**

Bendix Builds Best

© 1945 BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION PLANE SHOWN BOEING B-29 SUPER FORTRESS

Bendix postwar Radios and Radio-Phonographs have an impressive heritage of leadership. Products of an unparalleled experience in radar, radio and electronics . . . built by an organization trained to rigid aviation standards . . . and backed by a name long identified with advanced thinking in all modern sciences, radios by Bendix will naturally carry home entertainment a long step ahead. Sharper, "on the beam" tuning . . . finer F.M. and Television . . . tone so true to life that you, too, will christen Bendix the *Real* Voice of Radio . . . styling so beautiful that your Bendix Radio will become the focal point of any room—all these advancements are bound your way in a complete range of models and prices. For peace as for war Bendix builds best—*ask any airman.*

*Listen to* "MEN OF VISION" *Sundays 7 P. M. E. W. T.—CBS.*

BENDIX RADIO DIVISION • BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION. BALTIMORE 4, MARYLAND

BENDIX RADIO

Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

*Welcome him back with a*

**Bendix**
*THE REAL VOICE OF*
**Radio**

*TODAY*—RADAR, AND RADIO EQUIPMENT FOR THE ARMY, NAVY, RAILROADS, AIRLINES. *TOMORROW*—RADIO, RADIO PHONOGRAPHS, F.M., AND TELEVISION FOR THE HOME

don't let sludge ruin your engine

TO CLEAN OUT THE ENGINE
Loosite
A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED SOLVENT
DE-SLUDGING MOTORS
CRANKCASES AND LUBRICATING SYSTEMS
SILOO
"A Motor Necessity"
INSTANTLY
ABSOLUTELY
PETROLEUM SOLVENTS CORP.
TO KEEP IT CLEAN

Sludge, gum and acid are the greatest enemies to the smooth performance and long life of your motor. They are present in all internal combustion engines and are certain to get in their dirty work unless checked.

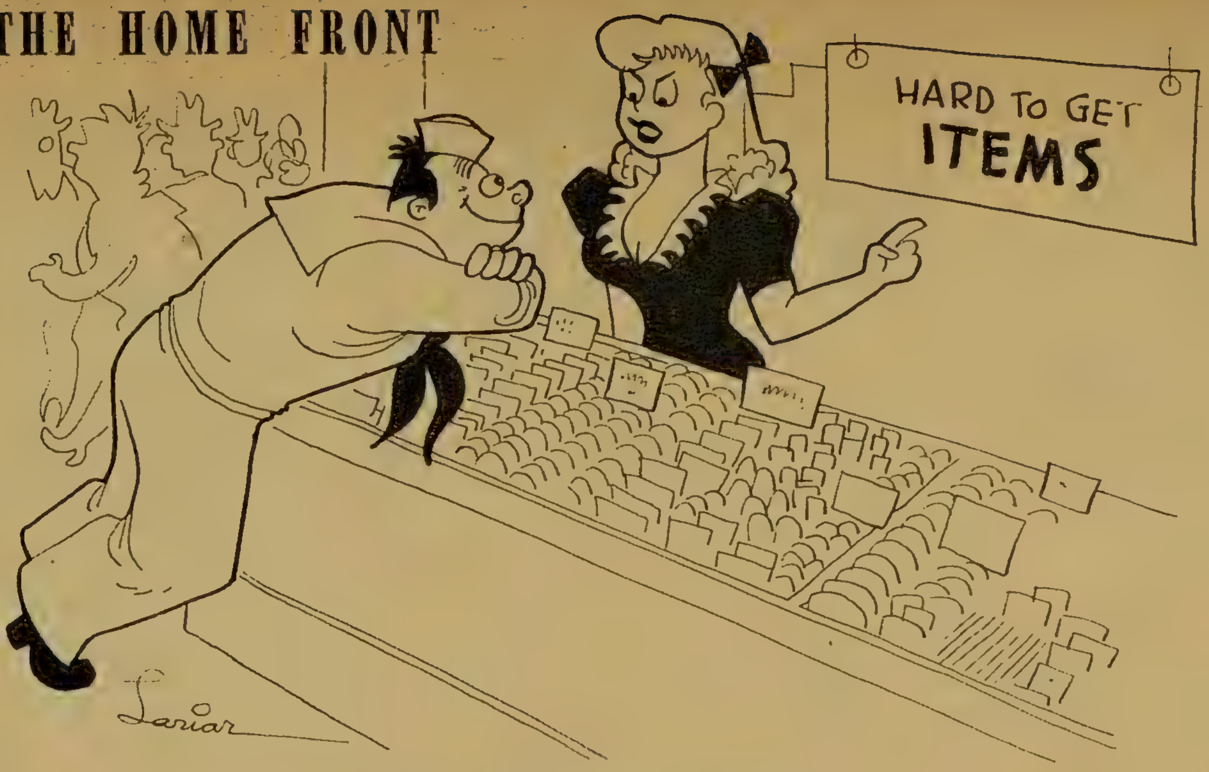
Fortunately these petroleum residues can be controlled and rendered harmless, easily and quickly with the use of **LOOSITE** and **SILOO**. For fifteen years these safe, swift working solvents have been helping to keep millions of motors in service at full efficiency. An initial **LOOSITE** treatment cleans the motor of sludge, gum and acid once and for all. Then **SILOO** added regularly with fresh crankcase oil keeps it clean. Lubrication flows freely and long, smooth, economical operation is assured.

Get started with **LOOSITE** and **SILOO** today. Your dealer has them.

**If you heat with oil — write for information on SILOO FUEL OIL TANK SOLVENT.**

**PETROLEUM SOLVENTS CORPORATION**
331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

## THE HOME FRONT



"Look, wise guy, can't you read?"

(*Continued from page 56*)

her. It had started as the worship of a schoolgirl for a personable teacher, but, unlike most affairs of that kind, it had lasted. In fact, it had grown deeper and more hopeless with the years. Back home she had never done anything about it. As far as she'd known, Dr. Worden had been a contentedly married man, and she wasn't a home wrecker. So she'd stifled her feelings. Even now she doubted if he'd ever suspected the agony he had caused.

But a few months ago, when she'd read that his wife had divorced him, she'd had the sensation of bursting out of bonds. He *wasn't* a married man any more. He was free—somewhere down in Brazil, doing government work at a place called Arana—and *free!*

Marcia laughed a little now when she remembered how the news had changed all her plans; how it had sent her scurrying to Washington to learn how she, too, might go to Arana.

She took a hand mirror out of a grip, propped it up on the chest of drawers, and stood in front of it to comb her hair. As she finished, she heard heavy booted steps in the living room. There was a knock at the door. A deep voice said:

"Marcia?"

After two years she still recognized that voice. She almost ran across the room to pull the door open.

Ralph Worden smiled at her, his thin face tired, his short dark hair graying. She looked at him and was speechless. He'd aged in a way that shocked her, and yet he wasn't old—forty-one couldn't be called old. She stared at him, still not knowing what to say. He stood with his sun helmet in his hand, his hair disheveled, a holstered gun at his hip.

"Ralph!" she whispered at last.

In the old days she had always called him Dr. Worden. He didn't seem to notice the change. His smile broadened.

"Great to see you again," he said. "You have no idea how tickled I was to hear you were coming."

She took his outstretched hand. "I—well, when I heard there was a *chance* to get down here—" she began.

He chuckled. "What on earth made you come as a bacteriologist, anyhow, when you've got an M. D.?"

She said, "The Institute wasn't hiring women doctors for a jungle job. Too tough. Man's work. But a bacteriologist—that's different. A bacteriologist doesn't have to stir out of her lab. She doesn't have to cut her way through jungle to reach patients. They were willing enough to take me on—that is, when I explained how I'd gone in for bacteriology before I took my M. D."

"Sounds as if you were pretty anxious to come down here on any terms."

This was her chance, Marcia knew. This was the moment to tell him frankly, eagerly, that she had come to be near him. But she said only, "Yes, I was."

"Well—it's good to have you, Marcia. There's quite a job to be done." He smiled again. "I just wanted to drop by to say hello. If you'll give me ten minutes to wash up, I'll be ready for some food. My cottage is the first one the other side of the infirmary. We generally eat together, Gresham, the nurse, and I. Ten minutes?"

She nodded.

When he was gone, Marcia wondered what was wrong. Was it the way he'd greeted her, as he might have welcomed any other friend? Was it something that had missed fire in herself? Certainly she wasn't as excited as she'd expected to be at the first glimpse of Ralph Worden. She had a sense of disappointment, of frustration, and she didn't know what to do about it.

OVER dinner, things were no better. Apparently the two doctors had already discussed the death of Guillerdio, because they didn't mention it while they ate. Bill Gresham and Roxanna hardly spoke at all. And Ralph Worden, trying to be at ease, talked of impersonal things.

"I suppose," he asked Marcia, "the men in Washington told you all about the job we're doing?"

"All about the desperate need of mica for spark plugs in airplanes, for condensers, for a hundred other purposes—yes. And how Brazil could produce more of it than any other country in the world."

"If it weren't for malaria."

"You seem to be taking care of that all right," she said. They had told her, in Washington, how malaria had kept men away from the mines. The Brazilians themselves didn't have enough medicos to cope with the health problem. And since they couldn't persuade miners to work where the disease was so prevalent, the mica—precious ruby muscovite mica, essential to war production—had lain almost untouched. That was why a group of American doctors like Ralph Worden and Bill Gresham had gone south, through the agency of the Institute of Inter-American

(*Continued on page 60*)

Pabst
Blue Ribbon
Beer

Pabst
Blue
Ribbon

# Play championship golf *with only one club?*

Might as well try to make truly great beer from just a single brewing! That's why Pabst Blue Ribbon is *full-flavor blended* from at least 33 fine brews . . . to insure depth of flavor, even goodness, superb quality.

Order it with confidence, serve it with pride—for no matter where you go, there is no finer beer . . . no finer blend . . . than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

***33***

**fine brews**

***BLENDED*** **into one great beer**

TUNE IN HARRY JAMES AND HIS MUSIC MAKERS
EVERY FRIDAY, 10:30 P.M., EWT, CBS

Copr. 1945, Pabst
Brewing Company,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

*(Continued from page 58)*

Affairs, to help combat the sickness. While engineers had labored at swamps to rid them of mosquitoes, the medical men had labored with the miners.

According to the people in Washington, they had done miracles. In two years they had cut down the incidence of malaria to a degree so amazing that now thirty thousand miners were at work in the state of Minas Geraes. And mica was being rushed north.

These, however, were not the things Marcia wanted to discuss tonight. What she wanted more than anything else just now was to end the strain between these two men. Things would be better, she thought, if they'd drag their argument into the open.

But they didn't. When dinner was finished, Bill Gresham made some apology and left; Roxanna went a few moments later.

Marcia fixed uneasy eyes on Ralph Worden while he pushed himself back from the table and lit a pipe.

This is what I wanted, she thought. To be alone with him.

She had planned a thousand things to say, and yet she couldn't say them now. Maybe she still felt too strange in Arana, too tired. Or maybe it took time to pick up fervor where you'd left off a couple of years ago.

"I'm sorry dinner's been so hard," Ralph Worden said. He took the pipe from his mouth and looked at it. "On some things Bill Gresham and I just don't see eye to eye. I suppose you've heard about his vaccine?"

Marcia nodded. "I've heard you don't want him to try it."

"Can't. Unethical, for one thing. We can't afford to experiment with human life. If we fail and a patient dies after getting a shot, these Brazilians will say we killed him; that he might have recovered if we'd left him alone. Can't risk that. We're here to fight malaria, to create good will, to help produce mica. Beyond that we can't go."

"The broadcasting company is afraid of libel suits."

"But in the case of this man Guillerdio, who was dying anyway—wasn't there somebody in his family who could have *consented* to trying the serum?"

"No. The man had nobody."

She watched Ralph Worden relight his pipe. She'd never noticed before how firm—and stubborn—his mouth could be. As he tossed the match into a saucer he said:

"Now Gresham's talking of going to the States, where he may get some institution to back his yellow-fever experiments. I'll try to talk him out of it, of course—we're short-handed as hell. But if he leaves, I may have to call on that M. D. of yours."

"I'll do anything I can," Marcia said, "but—"

"Thanks. All the same, I wish I could think of some way to make him stay. He's a good man. Hard to handle, but able. I like him. He's still got some of the Army toughness in him, and I like that, too."

That surprised Marcia. "The Army? Was he in—"

"Sure. Till the Germans put a bullet into him in the North African campaign. He joined us down here after he got his medical discharge." Ralph Worden rose. "Sometimes I wonder if he isn't just restless. Tension. That's why I toss him odd jobs like going off to meet you, like going to Rio to hire a nurse. But such things don't seem to help much."

"Did—did *he* hire Roxanna?"

"Uh-huh. Found her working in a Rio hospital. By the way—" He turned. "I hope you'll get along with Roxanna. She's an unusual sort. Her father teaches at some college. She spent a year in the States."

Marcia couldn't reply. There was a patter of naked feet on the porch steps, and an anxious brown face pressed against the screen door. The man chattered in Portuguese.

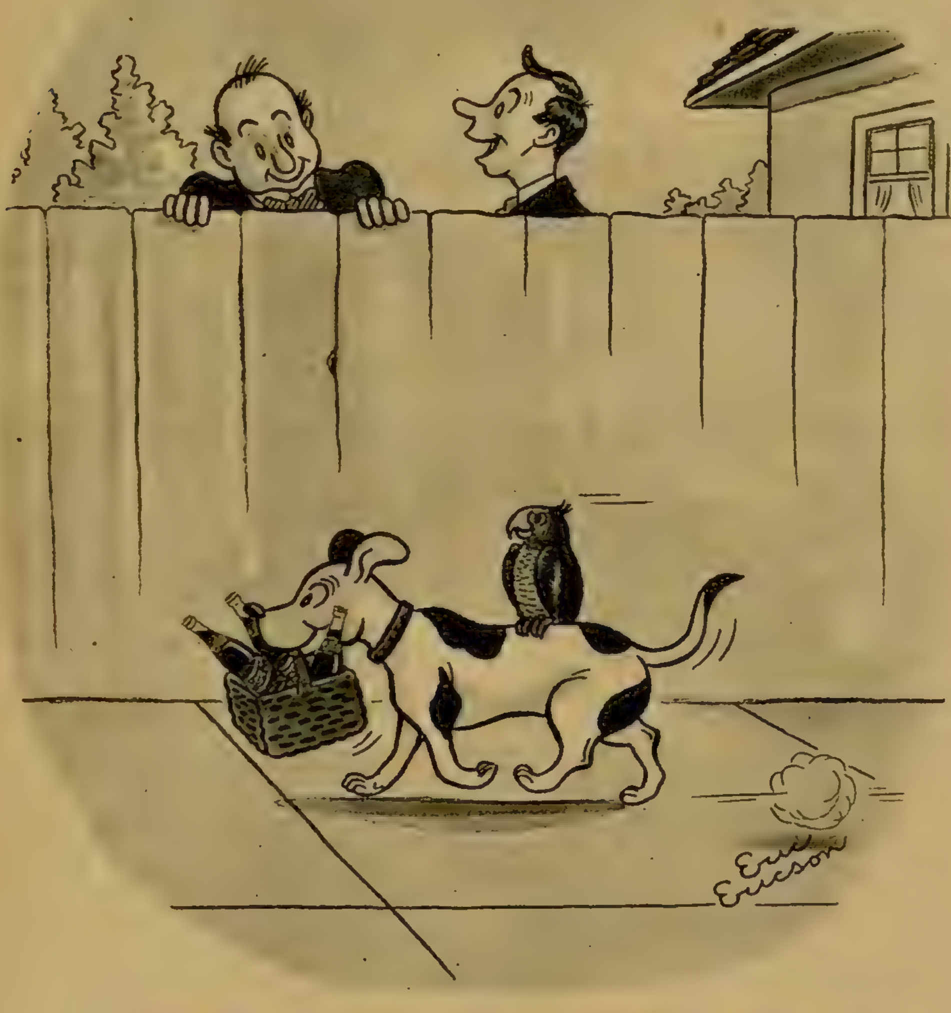
Dr. Worden at once put his pipe aside. "Sorry," he said to Marcia. "This fellow's kid is sick. I'll have to go see. Shall I take you back to your cottage?"

Marcia assured him she could manage alone. She left, while Ralph hurried off with the miner.

She was thinking that her first evening with Ralph Worden had not, in a romantic sense, been very successful. He hadn't appeared half so interested in her arrival as in the fact that Bill Gresham wanted to leave. It had been her own fault, she supposed. She hadn't said anything to let Ralph understand why she had come.

Still, perhaps it was wiser not to rush matters. There would be other days, other evenings—months and months of them. As for tonight, she had to admit that she herself was concerned about Bill Gresham. She could see how he felt about his serum and its possibilities; few things in life could be more important to a man than a discovery like that. *It could lift him to the stature of a Walter Reed,* she thought. If it worked. That was it—he had to find out if it worked on humans as it had worked on

ADVERTISEMENT



"Jones has them pretty well trained—his parrot calls for Pepsi-Cola and his dog carries it home!"

dogs and rabbits, and she could appreciate his impatience.

Ahead of her an oil lamp burned in her cottage, throwing a splash of yellow light on the path. She passed the infirmary—and then she stopped.

What she saw came like a blow. It checked her breath.

Inside the screen door Bill Gresham stood tall under a swinging lamp. Roxanna was in his arms. The nurse held his face with both hands as she kissed him.

MARCIA stared with an illogical sense of shock. Then she turned away. Where she was going she didn't know. She couldn't step into the cottage while Bill Gresham was there, holding the nurse like that.

She walked, stumbling a little, until she came to the edge of the pegmatite dike—the glacierlike bed of silicate that shone so eerily in the night.

Why shouldn't he kiss her? she thought. She's beautiful. There's nothing wrong in his loving her. I'm behaving like a schoolgirl. There was no reason for this queer pang she felt. She had no right to feel it. It didn't make sense.

And then she heard a voice behind her, deep and a little weary: "Oh. There you are."

She turned with a start.

Bill Gresham walked toward her slowly, his hands in his pockets. When he stopped beside her he stared down at the mine, glanced along its length.

"Strange at night, isn't it?" he said. "Almost phosphorescent."

"I—I was admiring it."

"There *is* beauty in Arana."

Marcia's heart pounded. She tried not to look at him, at the sharp line of his profile. He stood gazing at the moonstone glow of the silicate. He let almost a minute pass in silence. Then, without looking at her, he said, "You're shivering."

"It's this—wind."

"Come on. I'll walk you back."

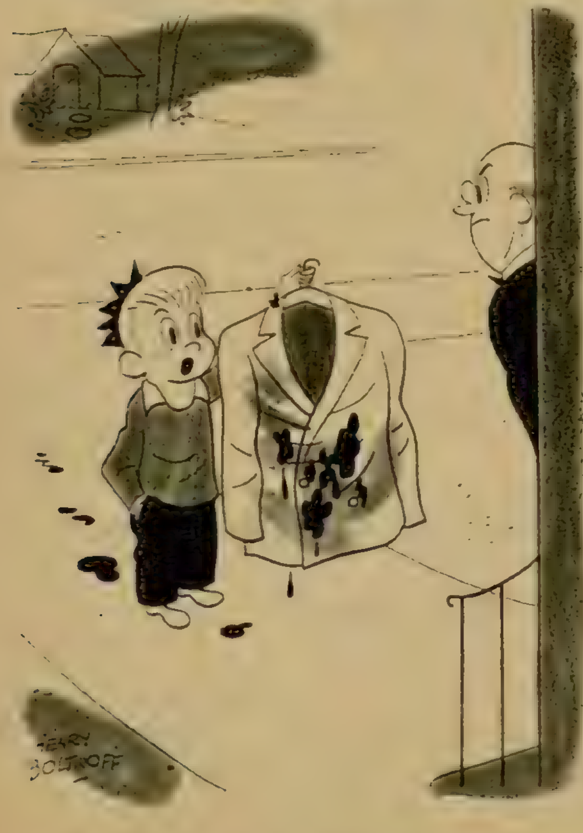
He took her arm to lead her along the path. She was absurdly sensitive to the pressure of his hand, and she didn't understand why she should be so acutely aware of him.

He stopped and faced her. She could see the uncertainty in his eyes.

"I'm sorry if I've been sour today," he said. "I didn't mean to make things tougher for you."

"You didn't," she said quickly. "I'm getting along all right."

*(Continued on page 63)*



"I fell, so never mind the tip!"

NOPE . . . SAME OLD CAR . . . BUT SIMONIZED
SIMONIZ
KLEENER
Liquid
SIMONIZ KLEENER

A NEW CAR, JOE?

**Restore, Protect Beauty of Finish—Make Sure of Maximum Trade-In Value!**

A new car? Too bad you can't have one of those sleek new models soon! But, you can drive a car that looks as new as the latest—your old car SIMONIZED! It's amazingly easy. First clean the finish with Simoniz Kleener, paste or liquid. Instantly—it brings out the brilliant mirror-like luster you were so proud of when your car was new. Finally, to keep that sparkling beauty undimmed, apply famous SIMONIZ. It protects the finish from fading, oxidizing, staining, the grinding of road grit and other kinds of damage—makes beauty last longer. Virtually eliminates car-washing, too. An occasional wipe-off with a damp cloth keeps the finish shining and spotless. Assures higher trade-in value when that new car you long for is at last available. So why wait? Simoniz right away!

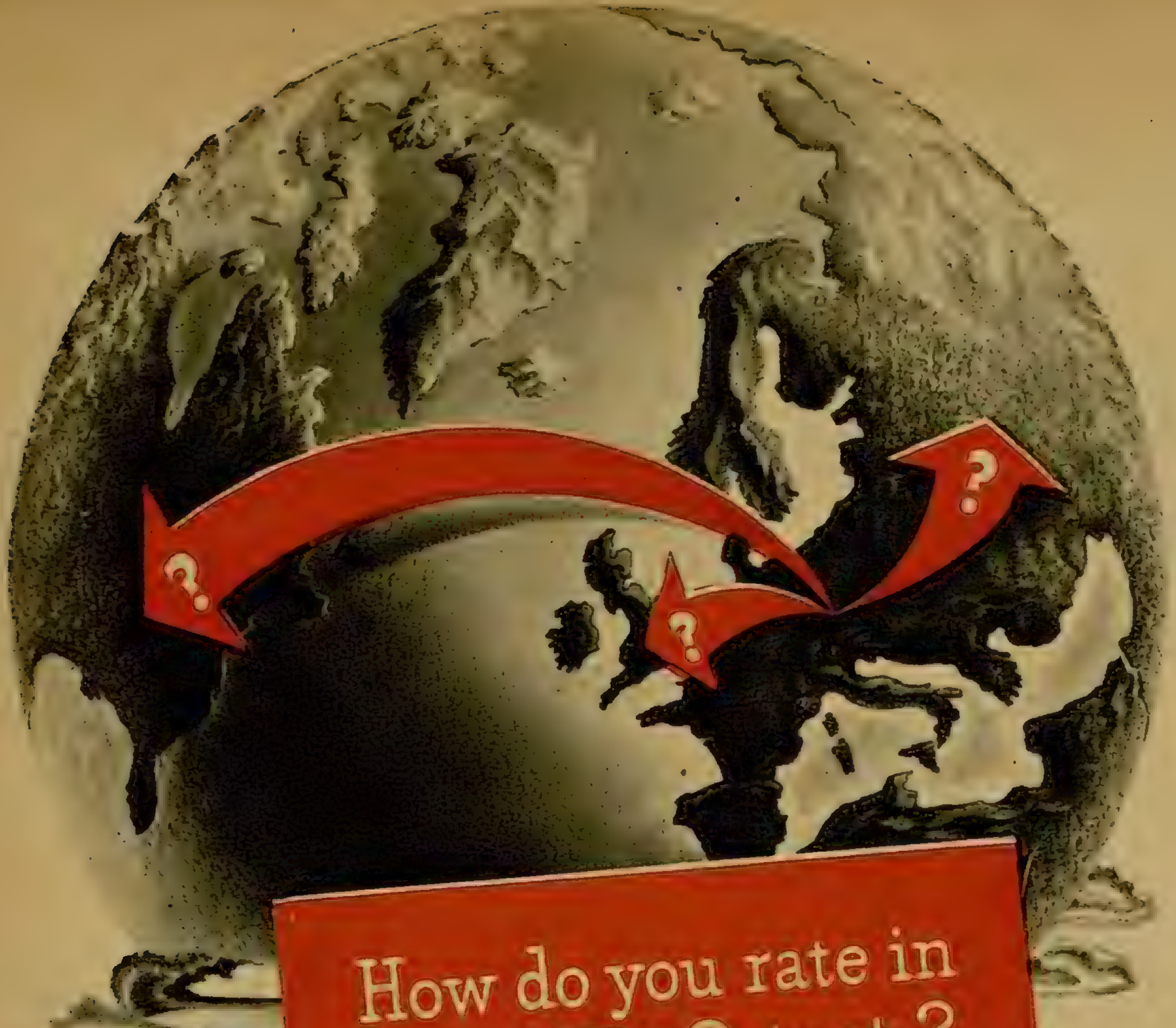
THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

Sold by hardware, drug, grocery, paint, auto-supply and department stores—filling stations and garages.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

HOUSEWIVES DO LIKEWISE



# How do you rate in the AIR-Q test?

If you can answer at least three of the four questions on this page correctly, give yourself an "A" in Aviation. You're one of a steadily increasing number of Americans who realize that, in the future, "Airpower is peacepower."

## If Hitler could do it again, which country would he crush first?

- **England** ☐
- **America** ☐
- **Russia** ☐

Probably America. Evidence: Germany by V-E day had developed aircraft capable of reaching and destroying our homes and factories. Hitler realized too late that it was America's production genius that turned the tide. That's why, in the future, we must always be prepared for a sneak attack. *For maximum security, America must maintain an up-to-date air force.*

## How many drawings were needed to design the P-51 Mustang?

**100** ☐ **700** ☐ **2800** ☐

It took 2800 original drawings. Add months of wind-tunnel research, detail engineering, testing, tooling, assembly line set-ups and personnel training and you'll see why it takes more than a year to get a new airplane into quantity production. Wars can begin in a matter of minutes. That's why *it's imperative that tomorrow's planes be designed today!*

## How many gadgets in a fighter cockpit?

**55** ☐ **70** ☐ **100** ☐

100 or more is the correct answer—and, in a P-51 Mustang, they all fit into a cockpit that's only 35 inches wide! Yet pilots have no trouble finding the right "gadget" at the right time. Through constant research North American engineers scientifically group controls according to frequency of operation. Result: orderly roominess, greater pilot efficiency. *In designing, engineering and producing military planes, North American Aviation sets the pace!*

## Will America's future aircraft be:

- **Rocket-Powered?** ☐
- **Jet-Propelled?** ☐
- **Propeller-Driven?** ☐

All three answers are correct—provided we continue development of improved aircraft. North American Aviation engineers are constantly working with new and wonderful aeronautical ideas. They know that *when the aircraft industry is through making changes—it's through!*

**North American Aviation**

*Sets the Pace*

**DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS** of the P-51 Mustang fighter, the B-25 and PBJ Mitchell bomber, the AT-6 and SNJ Texan combat trainer. North American Aviation, Inc. General Offices, Inglewood, California. Member Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

(*Continued from page 61*)

He looked at her in a way that seemed to grope for something. He shook his head and took her arm again.

"Come on," he said.

There was an electric quality in his fingertips that almost frightened her.

When they came to the cottage steps he said, "Better get some sleep. You've had a rough day. I'll see you tomorrow."

He nodded and walked away, and she watched him go down the path. She waited until he'd disappeared around the infirmary, and then she went into the cottage—with a feeling of bewilderment.

In her own room, she shut the door. The oil lamp was lit, its yellow glow not quite so dreary as she had anticipated. She looked around like a prisoner in a cell. She hadn't felt so alone, so abandoned, since she'd left home.

Then she saw the book on the bed.

It was a collection of short stories by Somerset Maugham; it hadn't been there when she'd left the room. As she picked it up, a slip of paper hung out of it like a bookmark. Something was scribbled on it, and she held it to the light to read:

> First nights can be pretty lonely. Try reading some of these for relief. Good night.
>
> BILL.

She stared at it for a long time before she realized there were tears in her eyes. I'm being stupid and sentimental, she thought. It's the strain of this first day. I'm letting it get me.

Yet it was heart-warming to glance down again and read, "Good night. Bill."

IN daylight, Arana was hot. The early morning sun blazed with a blistering fury, and Marcia was glad she'd brought cotton slacks and a few cool blouses. She yearned for a bath; wondered when she could steal the time for it.

It hadn't been a good night. She had tossed through hours, restless with thoughts about Ralph and Bill, about the nurse, about herself. In consequence her mood this morning was dark. It occurred to her that she wouldn't be of much use to anybody unless she brightened. Maybe the river would do it—a quick cool swim.

When she went out she carried a bathing suit and a towel over her arm. Margharita, the huge brown woman of all work, greeted Marcia with a grin.

"*Bom dia, senhorita.*"

"*Bom dia,*" Marcia answered. "Tell me—how do I get down to the river?"

Margharita pointed toward a trail. "*Lá.*"

"Is there time for a swim—a *banho*—before breakfast?"

"*Sim, sim.*"

So Marcia nodded and followed a stony trail down a hill into a valley. Here she found plenty of trees—a small forest, in fact, shadowy and pleasant. Monkeys chattered overhead and the occasional screech of a parakeet pierced the stillness. This was tropical and beautiful.

Presently she heard the splash of water. She went on until she looked down a brush-covered slope at the glittering surface of the creek. She found a place where she could push her way down between bushes, and when she stood on the brink of the stream she drew a deep breath of relief. Her thighs still ached after yesterday's long ride. This, she decided as she undressed, would ease them.

When she was ready to slip into the bathing suit, she hesitated, glanced up the slope. There wasn't a soul around, she knew; and nothing could be like swimming nude.

She tossed the bathing suit on top of her clothes.

She rose on her toes, swung her arms, her slender figure arched to cut into the stream. She didn't bother to swim far. It was more pleasant to be lazy, to roll over and float on her back, luxuriating in the steady cool flow of the current.

Lying motionless, arms spread wide, she kept her eyes closed against the sun. The sounds of the parrots blended into a kind of lullaby. A lovely feeling of peace came over her, and she was happy—until Bill Gresham's voice exploded in her ears:

"Get out of there!"

She gasped. She blinked her eyes open, jerked her head out of the river, put down her legs. He was halfway up the slope, standing waist-high in bushes.

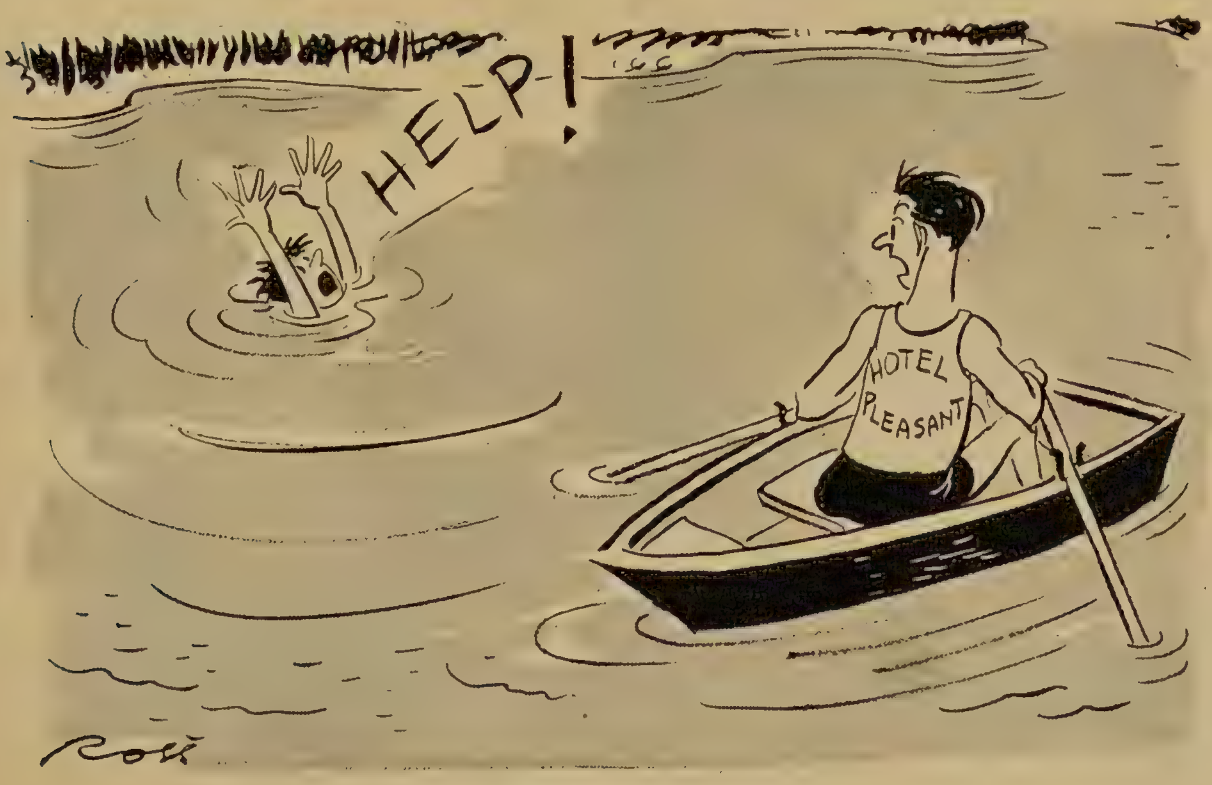
"Get out!" he shouted. "*Get out of that water!*"

In amazement, she saw that he had stones in his hands. He hurled them, fast, one after another, at something in the stream. The parrots screamed louder than ever. She turned her head toward the spot where the stones splashed.

Something long and brown, like a log, was gliding toward her. It had a flat snout and alligator eyes.

---

*The conclusion of this story will appear next week.*



"What hotel you stopping at?"

Men: Here's good shaving!
...from any angle!

**KEENER BLADES:** Here's the blade you've been waiting for! Keener, more durable blades that minimize after-shave smarting and skin irritation because you get cooler, closer, crisper shaves the first time-over!

**SMOOTHER, CLEANER SHAVES:** Try a "once-over" shave with HOSPITAL Brand Blades and your mirror will show the smiling difference . . . smo-o-other, cleaner, more refreshing shaves!

**MORE SHAVES PER BLADE:** Every HOSPITAL Brand Blade is made from the finest steel, concave-honed, and rigidly tested to guard against imperfections. Try them today . . . and get a new shaving angle!

ON SALE AT
ALL DRUGGISTS

**HOSPITAL**
BRAND
**RAZOR BLADES**

HOSPITAL
MADE IN U. S. A.
HOSPITAL TRADE MARK
MADE IN U. S. A.
ELECTROTHERMIC STEEL
OR
SINGLE OR DOUBLE EDGE
5 BLADES FOR 25¢

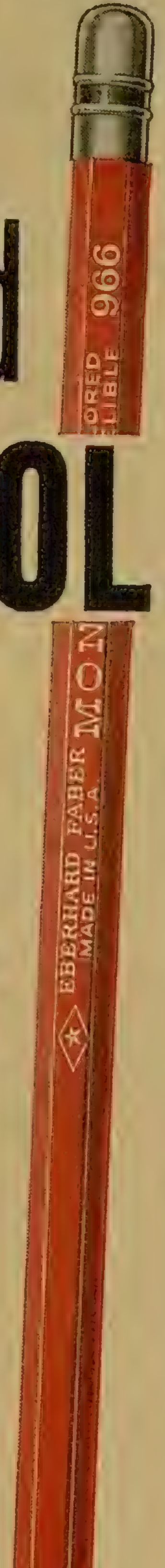
NEWARK 2, NEW JERSEY

Millions Prefer Thin-Lead MONGOL In All Colors

Say MONGOL COLORED to your Stationer and you'll be asking for America's best selling thin lead colored pencil. Points that can really "take it" are made in a jiffy on an ordinary sharpener. Work goes faster...smoother. Your choice of 3-degrees of hardness and 24-brilliant colors. Sold singly or in sets of 12 or 24.

Made by

EBERHARD FABER
NEW YORK TORONTO
Leadership
IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849



# THIS MAN'S WAR

## CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

K. McCLURE, *Kansas City, Kans.* The ship on which the late President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill wrote the Atlantic Charter was the U. S. S. Augusta.

* * *

*B. P., Columbus, O.* If you were entitled to mustering-out pay upon being discharged from the Navy, and you didn't get it, you may make application for it to the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts Field Branch, Mustering-Out Pay Division, Cleveland 15, Ohio.

* * *

*Mrs. Pauline Sabatine, Bangor, Pa.* Chevrons in the U. S. Army point up instead of down because the word "chevron" is derived from French and originally meant (roof-supporting) rafter. So it's logical to have the peak point up.

* * *

*Marion Kerby, Amarillo, Tex.* I agree with you that some of the wartime rackets make it seem as if human beings can be lower than a snake's belly. If you want to read a fuller report, get a book by Harry Lever and Joseph Young entitled Wartime Racketeers. It's the best thing on the subject.

* * *

*Cpl. J. Reynolds, Germany.* Yes, you'll get a preferred rating when you take your civil service exam after being discharged. Because you are a veteran without a service-connected disability, you will receive a bonus of five points, which will be added to your score after the exam. Those with disabilities get a ten-point bonus.

* * *

*Lt. H. W., San Francisco, Calif.* Your two adopted dependent children will count on your point score, no matter what your friend says.

* * *

*George W. Lee, Chicago, Ill.* You are eligible to wear the gold discharge button, because you were separated from the service after September 8, 1939, but you are not eligible for mustering-out pay, because you did not serve on active duty after December 7, 1941.

* * *

*Lt. Tom Davis, Fort Dix, N. J.* Officers may wear the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque patch on their sleeves, just as G. I.s do. It's an award given to an entire unit, and each member of that outfit is entitled to wear the two-inch-square gold wreath of laurel leaves.

* * *

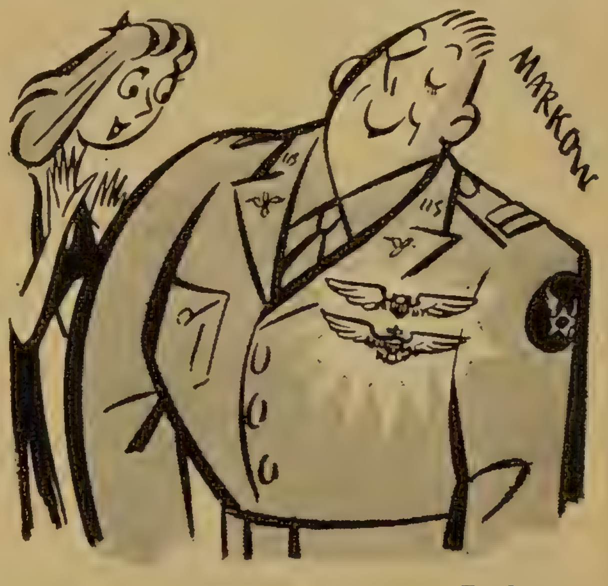
*Mrs. Arthur Williams, Nola, Ark.* I don't know where you heard the rumor, but it is a bigger prevarication than any Bob Burns tells about his favorite city in your state. No one in the Army has ever been forced to buy a war bond. Men and women in the Army and the Navy buy as many bonds as they do because they want to bet on themselves, and in the language of the race tracks, they're getting a wonderful price—3 to 4. It's just as good an investment for civilians.

* * *

*Mrs. S. L., Richmond, Calif.* Yes, widows of World War I vets are entitled to pensions if their income is not in excess of $1,000 (or $2,500 where there are dependent children). Apply to nearest Vets Administration Headquarters, requesting Form 534 for application.

* * *

*Capt. Wm. N. McRoberts, Philippines.* If you won your wings in the Navy and also in the Army, there is nothing in the regulations to prevent you from wearing both sets of wings on your blouse. I wonder whether or not you're the only one to win his wings in both branches of the service.



Both sets

* * *

*Pvt. S. M. P., APO, Seattle, Wash.* Because you were a resident of Alaska and enlisted from there, you do not get overseas credit on your point total for service in Alaska. I realize that in many cases that is an unfair ruling, but *c'est la guerre*—or, in other words, "they'll do it to you every time."

* * *

*Cpl. Leona Meany, Miami, Fla.* The fact that you did not expect your husband to be discharged from the Army when you enlisted in the WACs does not count; you enlisted after May 12, 1945, and therefore you will have to serve at least one year of active duty.

* * *

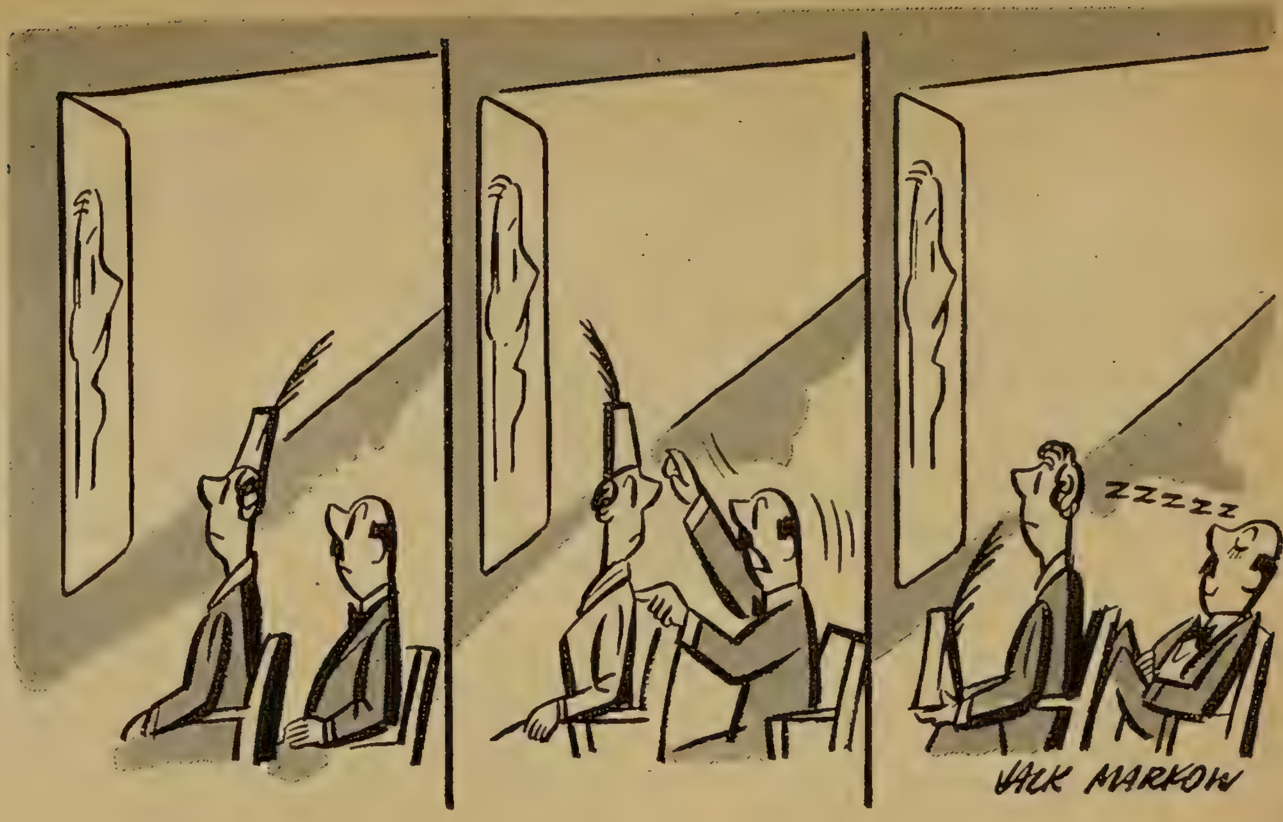
*Pfc. John Regan, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.* The top bomb load of a B-29 is ten tons. The plane, as delivered by Boeing, weighs about 135,000 pounds, roughly twice the weight of the Flying Fortress.

---

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

# THEY MADE IT

Continued from Page 30



and the blue-and-brown Army hospital bathrobes were thickly scattered among the spick-and-span uniforms which glittered with polished brass, bright new decorations, and divisional insignia.

Nobody said much. Dozens wept.

We were warped to the pier at precisely 8.30 A. M., although it seemed to take months. WACs, nurses, and civilian girl workers lined the dock, and when one thoughtful young lady waved, the ship seemed to vibrate under the roar she got in return. Then a couple of newspaper photographers tried to toss cigars aboard, which was certainly bringing coals to Newcastle, because I'm sure there was more tobacco aboard the Mariposa than there was in all Boston. Our soldiers started tossing foreign coins to the people on the dock, and a grim-faced squad of M. P.s marched into view. The returning G. I.s greeted these guardians of law and order with a long, loud boo and the M. P.s just looked up and laughed. Then a leather-lunged Second Armored man roared, "Hey, M. P.s, what's the rules on fraternization in this country?"

The soldiers began yelling at the girls in French and German, and the girls just grinned up at us. The girls understood none of the French or German, which was just as well.

The band struck up Roll Out the Barrel and that got a solid roar. A few minutes later the band played another song—Lili Marlene, which brought back memories of bleak nights in Africa.

Once started, the disembarkation went smoothly. The dock was crowded with hospital trains and trains to take the returning Second Armored Division men to near-by Camp Myles Standish, whence they were to be speedily shipped to camps near their individual homes, where furloughs waited.

They knew that they might never again meet, once they reached Myles Standish, so many said their good-bys on the dock. They had fought together for two and a half years, had all lived together with death, and now were saying their good-bys forever. They were embarrassed and inarticulate. And they were very sentimental.

I overheard two of my roommates say good-by, and I imagine everybody else was saying the same thing in one form or another.

One said, "So long, Toby. If I ever have to fight another war, I hope to fight it with you."

Toby said, "Me, too. Thanks. You're a good soldier, Joe. I'll be seein' you."

Then they shook hands quietly, turned on their heels, and went their separate ways. Then—and only because I have two or three thousand witnesses do I dare finish like this—then the band played Auld Lang Syne.

THE END

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is Worth a Pound of Cure!

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat.

PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

So good on So many dishes

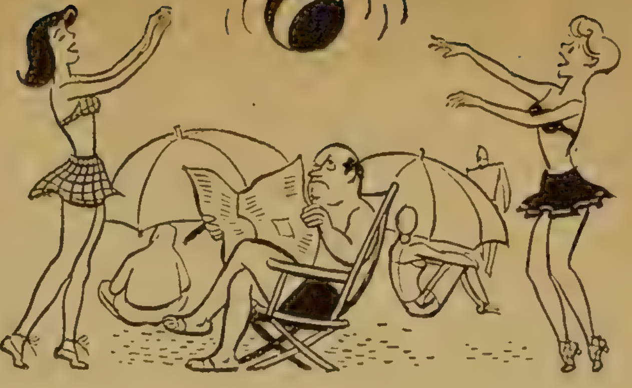
H.J. HEINZ CO.
57
HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP
57 VARIETIES
MADE BY H.J. HEINZ COMPANY

Heinz Tomato Ketchup

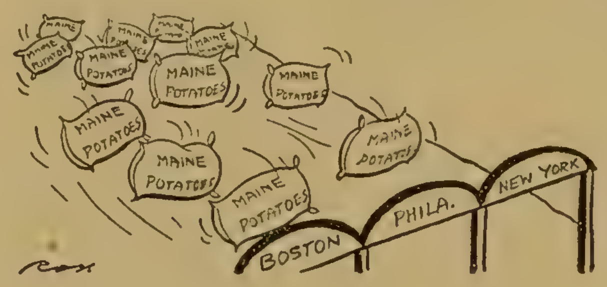
made from the world's finest tomatoes, rare spices and fine vinegar

# Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK



COALS TO NEWCASTLE: As we were packing to go to our farm in Maine, which we hadn't seen in more than two years because of Hitler's late effort, a letter arrived from a pal, warning us of shortages Down East. The list of "impossibles" included Crisco, lard, jello, bacon, mayonnaise, bananas, cheese, condensed milk, canned tomatoes, chicken soup, sardines, and—of all things—*potatoes!* The potatoes I had been buying in New York all came in burlap bags stenciled MAINE POTATOES. They came from Maine all right, but they *all* came, leaving no brothers or sisters behind them. So we went shopping and harvested a crop to lug to Maine.



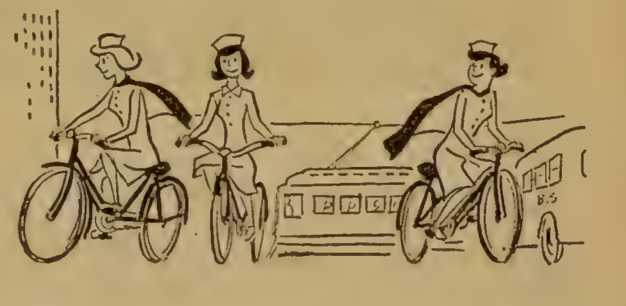
There was a rosy side to the Maine food picture, however. As our informant put it in his letter: "Fish and lobsters are plentiful. It is possible to buy beef, pork, ham, etc., by shopping around. Mr. Black hasn't opened a market here, so what you do get is good." Maine scruples, as uncompromising as its rockbound coast, will have no traffic with a black market.

THANKS, READERS: Philip Russ, director of the USO Club at 190 South Kentucky Avenue, Atlantic City, New Jersey, writes: "Many thanks to your readers for the discarded junk jewelry they have sent us for our Arts and Crafts Program for wounded overseas men. It would do your heart good to witness the almost childish glee of the many handicapped returnees when the jewelry is piled out on the craft tables, and they start piecing together new bracelets and necklaces out of broken odds and ends. You will be pleased to know that almost daily we receive packages of discarded jewelry in response to your paragraph about our work. Today we have received packages from Savannah, Georgia, Anchorage, Alaska, and Wall, South Dakota. On behalf of the many wounded servicemen who are getting a lot of fun out of this project, may I say again, many, many thanks." So how about one more round-up of the forgotten baubles still lurking in bureau drawers?

BACKWARD: Though we think of ourselves as progressive, we Americans have been pretty backward compared to many countries in respect to woman suffrage. It did not become an accomplished fact in the United States until 1920, whereas New Zealand had it in 1893, South Australia in 1895, Western Australia in 1900. Woman suffrage was adopted in Finland in 1906; in Norway in 1907. Iceland adopted it in 1913; Denmark in 1915; Canada, Ireland, and Great Britain in 1918; the Netherlands in 1919. By the time we got around to giving women the vote, all the countries of importance in Europe, with the exception of France and Switzerland, had adopted woman suffrage in some form.

BACK TO SCHOOL: It will take plenty of tactful urging to get the young back to school this fall when summer vacation jobs are over. Financial independence tastes good at any age, and thousands of children will want to continue working unless wise parents manage to make school appear an even more attractive proposition. The Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor reports that high-school attendance is still about a million less than in 1940. If this trend continues, we're going to find ourselves with a large crop of near illiterates on our hands.

LOWEST FORM OF ANIMAL LIFE: Five women postal clerks were recently arrested and accused of rifling packages returned to their senders from overseas because the servicemen to whom they were addressed had been killed or were missing in action. Two of the women were the wives of servicemen. Harold J. McAuley, Assistant U. S. attorney, said all five had made statements admitting their guilt. The articles taken from the packages included jellies, candy, cigarettes, cigarette cases, and cigarette lighters. According to Mr. McAuley, one of the women went through a bundle of thirty letters and took books of air-mail stamps from three of them. The women were classed as war service temporary clerks at an average wage of thirty dollars a week.



GREAT GIRL: Helen Keller recently celebrated her sixty-fifth birthday. She has been deaf and blind since early childhood, and her speech was artificially acquired. Said she, after a tour of sixty Army hospitals where she visited men blinded in action, "I got to thinking I was lucky, for I know what I have to live with. It didn't hit me suddenly."

GOING PLACES: Three of Brooklyn's visiting nurses have been experimenting with bicycles as a means of making their day's rounds. "Sometimes nurses have had to wait as long as a half hour for transportation because buses and trolley cars often run irregularly and are too crowded to pick up passengers," said Miss Marie M. Knowles, executive director of the Visiting Nurse Association of Brooklyn. With her staff reduced to 120 by the war, the available nurses can't afford to lose time between visits, so three young nurses were assigned to bikes.

## TRIAL BY STONE

Continued from Page 37

down at his plate to hide the big grin on his face.

"Besides," said his father, "I know the boss teamster on this Dover job. Terry McGirk. Terrible Terry. Tough as charred hickory, but he won't stand for nothing underhand. Ben'll learn a few extry words over there that ain't in the dictionary, but he'll come to no harm."

BEFORE sunrise, a day later, Ben started out for Dover. The night before, his father had helped him pack the spring wagon with a bundle of clothes, blankets, the feed buckets, and a heavy-duty harness, and, at his father's insistence, a complete set of new shoes for Roger and Queenie as a parting gift. "There'll always be a blacksmith on a job like that," he said, "but he's usually too busy to make up a pair of shoes that's any good, and you never can tell when you'll be needing them."

In spite of the early start, night overtook Ben before he reached the job. He lay in the wagon waiting for sleep to come and listening to the small sounds of horses in the night. Thinking about the job that lay ahead of him, Ben wondered what Mr. McGirk, the boss teamster, would be like. Perhaps they wouldn't even give him a job. He would have to tell them he was eighteen. What if they asked him to take a drink? He should have asked his father about that. His father didn't drink at all and yet he had been fifteen when he went to that lumber camp full of hard drinkers. He thought of Green Stevens' hard hand on his shoulder and the smell of cheap whisky making his throat close.

It was nearly noon of the next day when Ben reached the crest of Watson's Hill and looked down four miles to a big yellow dusty gash in the valley that was the construction job.

When he reached the clatter and dust and seething confusion of the job, he looked around, bewildered. He saw a shack marked "Office," and pulled his horses up before it. For a moment he stood up in the seat and watched the steady parade of teams he had seen from above. He did not see anyone he could recognize. There was a man in a khaki shirt looking at him from a desk facing the only window in the shack marked "Office." Ben got down and went into the building.

"What'll you have, son?" said the man in the khaki shirt.

"I heared you needed some teaming done," said Ben. The man looked doubtful.

"How old are you, son?" he said.

"Eighteen. That's my team there."

"Nice pair," said the man. "Well, it's eight dollars a day. Do you know how to use a drag scoop?"

"Yessir."

"All right. Put your stuff in Shack Two and report to the warehouse over there with this slip. They'll give you a scoop. If you're on the job before two, I'll see that you get a half day's pay."

Ben was down the office steps in a jump. "Roger! Queenie!" he hollered. "Gee up!" He had a job and was his own master now.

At the claybank he had no difficulty in finding the boss teamster. McGirk could be seen and heard from some distance. He was a redheaded chunky man whose red mustache and bushy red eyebrows seemed to cover all that part of his face not already occupied by a jaw and a nose that jutted about like the red claws of a boiled lobster. McGirk never spoke. He shouted.

Ben rode up to him in the bright new scoop. "At the office they told me to see

A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft
Dependably Strong

KLEENEX TISSUES
KLEENEX
KLEENEX TISSUES

Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!

YOUR NOSE KNOWS —
THERE'S ONLY ONE
KLEENEX

*In these days of shortages* we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**There is only one KLEENEX**

"you and start to work," he said. He tried to make his voice deep and assured.

"What do they think this is, a kindergarten?" shouted McGirk, swearing bitterly. He walked to the head of Ben's team and looked them over, examining their forefeet. He studied the harness and ran a hand over their flanks. "Well," he shouted, "you seen me, ain't you? So go to work. This ain't no Sunday-school picnic."

At the bank Ben slipped the reins behind his neck, and spoke to his team. The scoop sliced into the yellow soil as though it were cheese, and without pause they were heading for the fill. McGirk, watching, grunted and spat.

On the way down, Ben passed other teams coming back. Seeing him, the teamsters shouted to each other variations on an old theme: "Hey, Alec, look what's teaming it."

"Yeah, look what the cat's brung in."

"Cat, hell. It musta been the mouse that brung *that* in!" But Ben didn't mind. They kidded like that in school, playing ball.

At the crest of the fill he dumped his load. Behind him he heard the following team snort. "Hey, babyface," the teamster shouted, "out of the way." At the sound of the voice Ben looked around sharply. The teamster wore a ragged felt hat and his face was puffy and purple-veined. It was Green Stevens.

Ben swung his horses away from the crest and Stevens' big team trampled in close on his heels. In his first panic Ben started back toward the bank, but made himself stop. If he wanted to stay on the job he would have to stand up to Green. And perhaps Green had forgotten about the incident at the auction. He had been pretty drunk at the time. "Hello, Green," Ben said. "I didn't know you was teaming it over here."

Stevens swung the rangy black pair he was driving alongside Ben's. Deliberately he spat a stream of tobacco juice close to Ben's foot. His eyes narrowed. "And if you had-a known it, I guess you wouldn't-a come yourself—not if you knowed what was good for you. Nobody pushes Green Stevens around and don't get paid for it."

Ben looked along the reins to where Roger's brown ears were twitching flies away. "Have it your own way, Green," he said steadily. "But I like this job and I mean to stay." He slapped the reins slightly. "Gee up, Roger," he said, and taking his time, headed back toward the bank. He wondered what Green would do to him—how it would come, and when.

It didn't take the men in the bunkhouse long to discover the feud. They were rough, hard men who lived half their lives on jobs like this one or lumbering in the woods. Their lives were dull, and the prospect of a fight relieved the monotony. They ganged with Green Stevens—and kept out of his way on Saturday nights. That is, all except McGirk.

Ben had been on the job a week. He had made no friends, partly because of his feud with Stevens and partly because he was so much younger than the others about him. He was homesick and he was afraid. Sooner or later he was going to have real trouble with Green Stevens. His father had said Terry McGirk would stand for nothing underhand, but Ben did not think that McGirk would save him from a beating. McGirk would think that it was none of his business as long as things didn't go too far. It was only Ben's desire to show McGirk that he could take it that kept him from going home. He wished they had a really tough teaming job to be done so he could show McGirk what a good teamster he was.

On Saturday of the second week things happened suddenly. Ben was bending over, working a kink out of the trace chain. He had his back to his horses and stood with them a little aside from the work in the claybank. As he worked over the chain he was thinking that he had already earned over ninety dollars. If he could keep at work like this, it wouldn't take him more than a year or two to earn the money for the vet school.

"This ain't no time to be polishing harness," he heard Stevens' voice shout behind him. "Get the hell out'n my way." Ben straightened up in time to see him bring his tough birch whip down on Roger and Queenie. They plunged forward wildly and Ben was thrown to the ground as the whiffletree kicked his legs from under him.

Roger and Queenie stopped soon enough, shaking themselves and tossing their heads. Ben got up. His ankle was skinned, but nothing worse. He walked to the head of his team, talking quietly but between clenched teeth. "So, boy, so." If McGirk had witnessed the scene, he gave no indication that he had. Ben went on with his work, his mind confused with angry thoughts of revenge, fantastic and useless. As the morning wore on and he watched the round strong rumps of his team working so smoothly ahead of him, sensitive to the slightest touch on the reins, his thoughts clarified and left him with a plan.

At suppertime Ben deliberately waited until he saw that Stevens had gone into the mess shack. It was a long tar-papered building with small square windows. The table ran the length of the room and was flanked by two benches which were part of the table itself. Ben went into the building and took a seat as far from Stevens as possible. He wanted an excuse to shout the length of the table when he said what he had to say to Stevens. He wanted everyone to hear it, especially McGirk. He was now sure that McGirk thought him a coward.

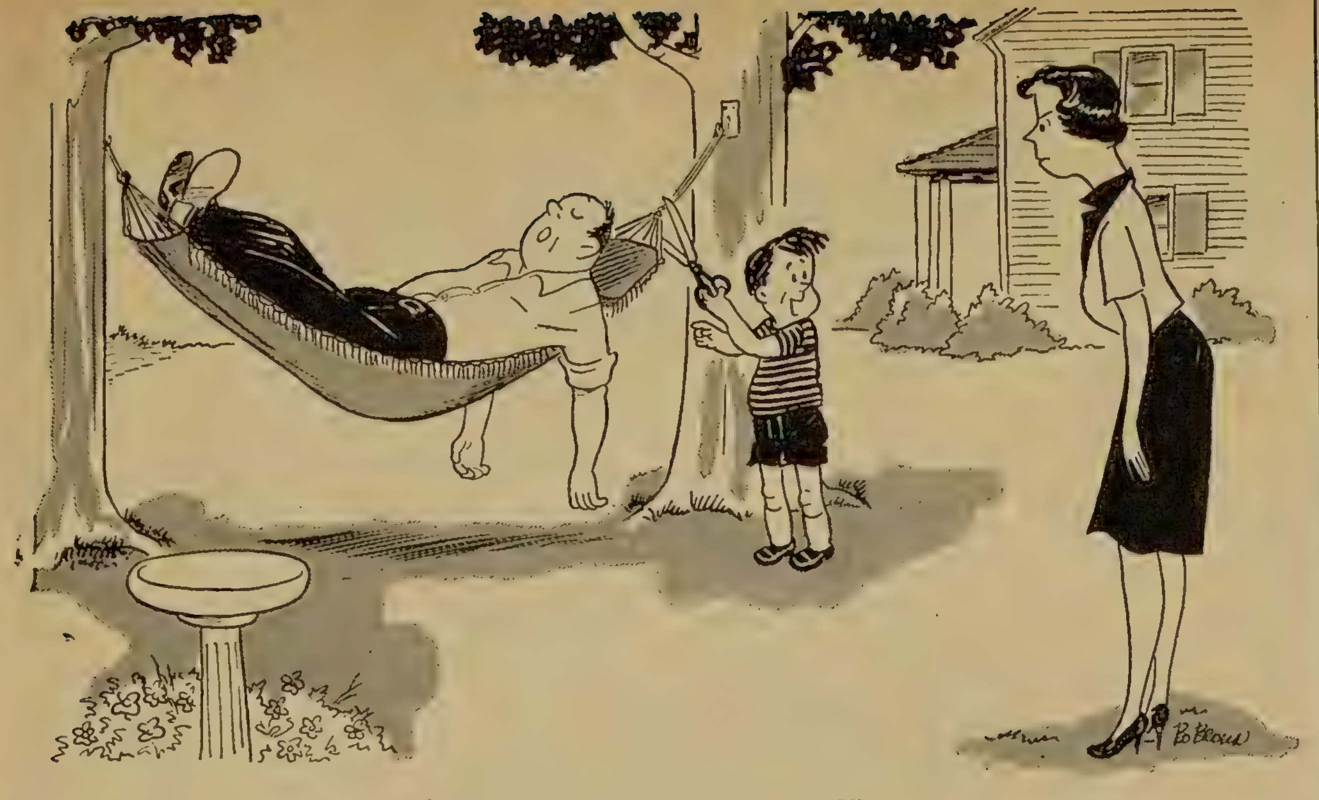
His heart was pounding when he took his place. He sat there, mechanically eating, waiting for his opening to come. It wasn't long. He saw Stevens look his way, pointing with his fork, and heard him say something to the men around him in his harsh nasal voice. There was appreciative laughter. He made himself look down the length of the table and catch Stevens' eye. "Say, buster," Stevens called to him, "I was just telling the boys here how I give you a lesson in not blocking traffic."

THE table became silent. Forks paused in mid-air. Every eye was on him. The men were neither hostile nor friendly. They were waiting to see what sort of performance he would give them. But Ben felt the stillness and the eyes as though they were a danger, and he heard himself speaking the words he had rehearsed since that morning. They didn't sound the way he meant them to, and he had a sick feeling that he was being dangerously foolish. But he went on, speaking slowly, almost drawling. He did not address himself to Stevens, but to the others at the table.

"Heard a feller say once that there was four things a teamster could do: he could cuss, drink, fight, and team. You know I and Green come from the same part of the country, but over there we don't think much of him. There's them that say over there he don't know how to handle a team at all. So what does that leave him? Nothing but cussing, drinking, and fighting, and a feller that don't know no more'n that ain't worth much, much less be fit to live with."

All down the table heads turned toward Stevens as though they were following a ball in a tennis match. Ben saw him shove

YOU HAVE ME UP IN THE CLOUDS, SAILOR!
MAYBE THAT'S BECAUSE I USE STAR BLADES.
6NX PROCESS
STAR
DOUBLE EDGE
4 for 10¢
STAR
SINGLE EDGE



"Shall I wake him up, mom?"

out his jaw. At the end of the table McGirk waited, like the others, to see where the fight would go. Stevens banged his fist down on the table. "No pink-haired little skunk says I can't drive a team and get by with it!" he roared.

Ben looked him directly in the eye. "I say you can't drive a team one half as good as me," he said. "I say I can draw more stone with my little pair than you can with those moose-faced animals of your'n, even though they outweigh mine by a thousand pounds."

Stevens was trembling with rage. "Listen to that sassy little buster!" he shouted. "Damn me if I don't take down his diapers and tan him till he bleeds."

"You talk big," said Ben, just able to keep his voice from betraying him, "but it ain't nothing but wind. I'll bet you ninety dollars I can pull more stone than you can this Sunday morning. And, what's more, if I don't, I'll leave camp. But if I do, you'll leave camp and trouble me no more."

The men at the table muttered in surprise. The boy had spunk. They looked down to Green Stevens' end.

"Well, boys," Green said, looking around him, very pleased with himself, "I don't know if I can stand his smell around this place until tomorrow morning or not. But I guess if I stood it this long, I can stand it till then. Get out your money, babyface, and pack up your things."

Ben's hands were trembling, but he walked steadily down to McGirk's seat and handed him the money. McGirk counted it and looked at Stevens. "He's got ninety here," he said. "Let's see yours."

Stevens pulled out a greasy purse and gave McGirk eighty dollars. "Give me the rest, Buck," he said to the man next to him. "I'll pay you back double when I've beaten him." McGirk stuffed the money into his pocket and went back to his dinner. Conversation swelled up again. A teamster who sat across from Ben caught his eye.

"You got your nerve, boy," he said. "That's a big pair of his you put yourself up to. Only a year ago Charlie Bryant took a red ribbon with them at the Chester Fair."

"Green ain't Charlie Bryant," said Ben.

"Just the same, boy, you sure got your nerve," said the man, shaking his head. "Ninety dollars and your job. You sure got your nerve."

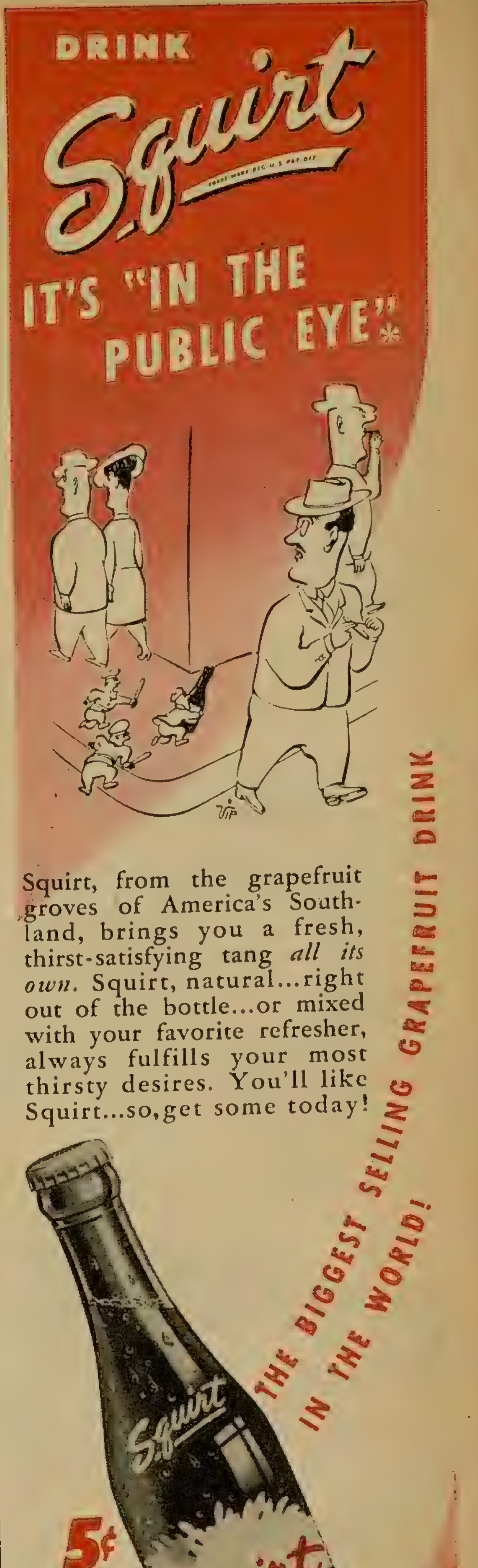
By nine o'clock on Sunday morning almost everyone in the camp and a number of strangers from the town four miles away were ringed around a flat area McGirk had chosen for the contest. It was behind the stone crusher, where they could find plenty of boulders at hand. Already two large stones, weighing about five hundred pounds each, had been pried onto the stoneboat—a massive flat oblong of planks and timbers, a kind of sled without runners, used in getting stone to the crusher. A red truck, half loaded to give it traction, was backed up to one end of the stoneboat, ready to pull it back to the starting line after each team had dragged it the required ten feet. There was to be a maximum of two minutes allowed to get the load across that distance.

BEN fussed around the head of his team. He looked for the eighteenth time at their new shoes which the blacksmith had put on them, and was glad he had a father who thought of such things. The cleats were long and sharp-edged. Across the ring of spectators was Green's team, looking seedy in comparison with his own. But they were big and rugged, and Ben knew that it isn't the brass on the harness that pulls the load.

McGirk called them into the center to toss for first draw. Stevens won. Looking up from the bright coin on the ground, Ben found that McGirk's briary right eyebrow was drawn down into a slow wink. Suddenly Ben grinned and felt better. He didn't know it, but it was the first time his face had worn anything but an anxious scowl since he had joined the camp.

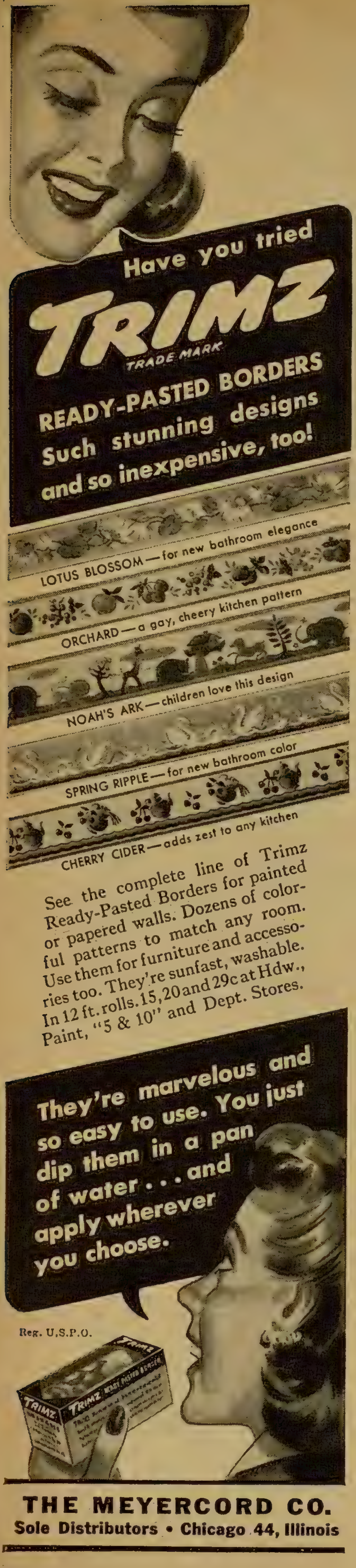
Stevens picked up his heavy whip and flicked his horses into motion. He swung in ahead of the stoneboat and hooked on. Shouting hoarsely, he brought the whip down, first on the nigh and then on the off horse's rump and the team lurched ahead, pulling the thousand pounds the required ten feet in one huge stumbling tug. But in the twenty seconds it had taken Stevens, Ben had noted two things: the team had made a ragged start, first one and then the other animal plunging ahead as it felt the whip, and Stevens had permitted them to pull the load at least ten additional feet beyond the ten-foot marker, wasting his horses' strength to show the crowd how scornful he was.

The red truck backed to where the stoneboat lay and dragged it into position. The crowd became still again. Ben clucked to his horses, shaking the reins. "Gee up, there," he called. Their ears up, they trotted over to the starting line. Riding


DRINK
Squirt
IT'S "IN THE PUBLIC EYE"*
THE BIGGEST SELLING GRAPEFRUIT DRINK IN THE WORLD!
5¢
Squirt
Squirt
"JUST CALL ME SQUIRT"
VIP

Squirt, from the grapefruit groves of America's Southland, brings you a fresh, thirst-satisfying tang *all its own*. Squirt, natural...right out of the bottle...or mixed with your favorite refresher, always fulfills your most thirsty desires. You'll like Squirt...so, get some today!

*A Trade-Mark of The Squirt Company
Copyright 1945, The Squirt Company, Beverly Hills, California



Have you tried
TRIMZ
TRADE MARK
READY-PASTED BORDERS
Such stunning designs and so inexpensive, too!

LOTUS BLOSSOM—for new bathroom elegance
ORCHARD—a gay, cheery kitchen pattern
NOAH'S ARK—children love this design
SPRING RIPPLE—for new bathroom color
CHERRY CIDER—adds zest to any kitchen

See the complete line of Trimz Ready-Pasted Borders for painted or papered walls. Dozens of colorful patterns to match any room. Use them for furniture and accessories too. They're sunfast, washable. In 12 ft. rolls. 15, 20 and 29c at Hdw., Paint, "5 & 10" and Dept. Stores.

They're marvelous and so easy to use. You just dip them in a pan of water . . . and apply wherever you choose.

Reg. U.S.P.O.

THE MEYERCORD CO.
Sole Distributors • Chicago 44, Illinois

behind them on the crossbar that dragged at the end of the trace chains, Ben looked small and frail.

He reached for the ring and hooked on. "Now, there!" he cried, slapping the reins, and in perfect unison the big hoofs of his team drove backward in short powerful thrusts and the load moved forward smoothly. At the ten-foot mark he stopped them. It was all done with such apparent effortlessness that it seemed almost an insignificant feat.

Again the truck hauled the load into place, the truck driver joking with the teamsters at the superiority of his truck over the horses. Another boulder was pried onto the stoneboat. Stevens moved up with his team.

The pile of stones grew. Fifteen hundred pounds. Seventeen hundred. Nineteen hundred. Two thousand. Raggedly and wildly Stevens' black pair strained at the heavier and heavier loads, their ears back, their driver cursing them, beating them savagely. Ben knew the loads were nearing the limit of his own team's strength. Their flanks heaved. They were less quick to answer the reins. And still the stones mounted.

It was Stevens' turn again. The brag had gone out of him long ago. His face was lined with sweat and dust. He was using every trick he had learned in the hard brawling years of his teaming. He swung his horses in close to the front end of the stoneboat, striving to judge the distance so that they would not come to a stop at all, but plunge off with the added momentum of their quick lumbering trot up to the hitch-on. But he missed the ring, and the team, plunging ahead a fraction too soon, jerked him after them. He brought them around again and, lashing them furiously, was able to get the load in motion. But they pulled without co-ordination and strained to a stop two feet short.

McGirk looked at his watch. Stevens had a minute and forty seconds to make it. He maneuvered his team so it would be pulling the load at an angle from its straight path and so twist the stoneboat into motion. Then he would reverse his action and in short swerving plunges get the load over the line. It was an old trick, but it did not work this time. The earth, churned by all the passing and repassing of the teams, the truck, and the stoneboat, was now loose, and the hind foot of one of his horses slipped a little, losing him the full power of the drive ahead. The team swung back and forth, disconcerted and wildly trampling. Stevens beat them passionately, without skill or reason. The load was now hopelessly askew. In a moment McGirk signaled that the time was up.

Ben waited for the truck to bring the load back into place. His jaws were clenched in a fierce feeling of triumph. He knew that his team could do it. Properly handled, the big black team would have beaten him, but Green Stevens had failed them. McGirk signaled for Ben to move in. From a long, long way off, Ben heard the excited murmur of the men around him. Someone spoke in his ear: "Go to it, boy!" It was McGirk.

Ben came in from the right so close to the piled-up boulders on the stoneboat that Queenie, the nigh horse, almost walked into the load. Ben was performing the maneuver that Stevens had tried and failed. In perfect unison Roger and Queenie swung around. He made the hook-on and slacked off the reins at the same instant. "Now, now, now!" he yelled. Their sharp-shod hoofs struck the earth with the precise timing of the feet of dancers. The horses sprang forward in huge, straining, grunting leaps, and the stoneboat with its weight of granite slid achingly forward over the ten feet of bruised earth, and kept on—four, eight, ten more feet. The crowd screamed with excitement.

BEN dropped the reins and wrapped first Roger's and then Queenie's big brown nose in his arms. "We licked him," he said. "We licked him." The crowd surrounded them, everyone talking at once, pounding him on the back. It was a half hour before he could head for the stable. He had finished hanging up the harness when he heard the cook beating on the iron wagon tire that served them as dinner gong in the camp. He hurried to the cook shack, hungry as a bear in springtime. In the doorway, he stopped short and turned back, almost knocking down McGirk. "Where you going, champ?" said McGirk. "I got some stakes for you."

"I forgot to wash," said Ben.

"I'll walk along with you," said McGirk. They walked to the row of tin basins outside Shack Two. "Those fellers will have et up our dinners if we don't hurry," he said. "You know," McGirk went on, "my mother used to give out some good advice. One thing I remember she used to say was, 'A man that eats clean, lives clean.' When you come to think of it, my old lady had it just about right."

THE END

## COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

*(Unabashed)*

**KINDIAN:** Pocahontas' relatives.

**O'SHUN:** The Irish sea.

**MINUTE-STER:** He delivers 60-second sermons.

**CURTEOUS:** Short, but polite.

**MUTTRESS:** Where the mongrel sleeps.

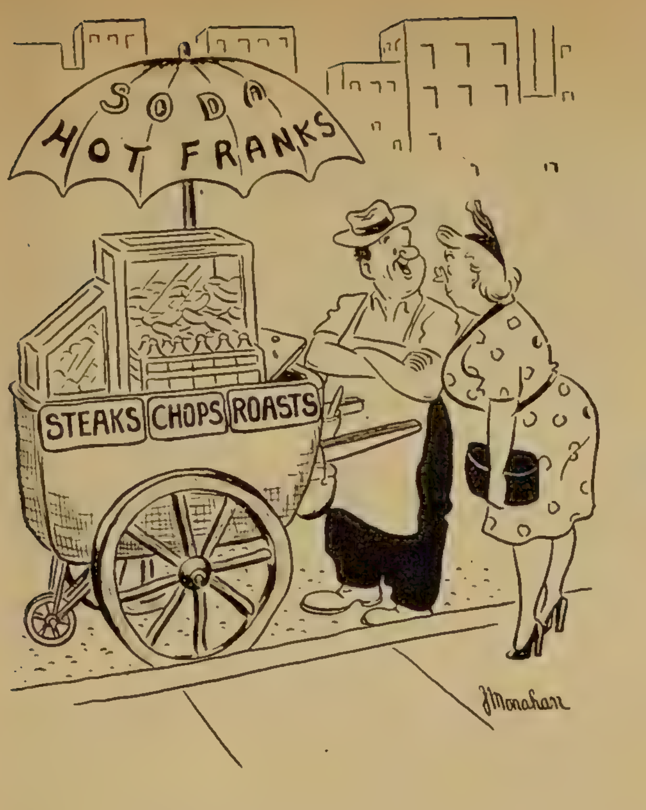
**HOTTENTAUGHT:** Educated Bushman.

**NTELLACKED:** Minus a mind.

**PARAD-ICE:** Heaven on a cold day.

**PAWNCH:** Papa's bay window.

**HUNEY:** Made by German bees.



"That's just a come-on."

# THE MAN WITH ALL THE ANSWERS

Continued from Page 25

troopers had spotted the strange decoration. None had. A week went by, then Colonel Schwarzkopf called the studio. One of his men that day had been chasing a speeder on Route 1. While whizzing over the highway, the trooper spied the house with the stone cat. A devoted Answer Man fan, he jammed on his brakes, and learned that the occupant had erected the stone cat in loving memory of a pet that had died.

Questions about famous institutions are usually checked by phone. Not long ago one of the girls dialed the curator of the Statue of Liberty. "Hello there," she greeted him. "I've got an easy one for you this time. Which way does the Statue of Liberty face?"

There was a long pause. "I'll have to go outside and look," the curator finally confessed. He knew everything about Miss Liberty — except in which direction she faced!

Between his resourceful staff and his library, the Answer Man disposes of 65 per cent of all questions that come to him. For help on the rest he turns to a unique file—an alphabetical list of 20,000 reliable authorities. These experts, many of whom live in foreign countries and speak foreign tongues, are often appealed to by the Answer Man's "write-away" squad, a group of assistants able collectively to read and write twenty-eight languages.

The toughest questions are reserved for Mitchell himself. When someone asked, "What is the temperature of a match when you light it?" he phoned the Westinghouse laboratories. Engineers there took time off from their experiments, made a series of tests, and reported.

When one curious Brooklynite wanted the total of all the phone numbers in the Brooklyn phone directory, Mitchell visited the offices of the telephone company and succeeded in talking one comptometer operator into calculating the answer in his spare time. After several months of wrestling with the adding machine, the operator finally got the answer, an astronomical total. When Mitchell passed this information on to the man who had requested it, the man wrote back shamelessly: "Thanks. But that's the total for the numbers in the *old* phone book. The *new* book is out now, and that's the one I'm really curious about."

Needless to say, Mitchell let his tormentor's curiosity remain unsated.

Mitchell's personal talent lies in his knowledge of sources. Someone once inquired, "When Edison invented the phonograph, what was the reaction of the first person to witness its demonstration?" No one on the entire Answer Man staff could suggest how to get the answer. Thereupon the Maharajah of the Miscellaneous pointed out the existence of The Edison Pioneers, a club composed of the inventor's associates. Mitchell consulted this organization and learned that when Edison had played the first record, with his voice reciting Mary Had a Little Lamb, a German mechanic in his laboratory had exclaimed: *"Ach, mein Gott im Himmel!"*

Another time, before the war, when a listener defied the Answer Man to tell him what size shoes Hitler wore, Mitchell dropped a note to the German Embassy in Washington, asking for the information. The embassy radioed Goebbels, who asked Hitler. And Hitler, surprisingly enough, obligingly came through for the Answer Man with the size of his brogans.

Listeners who regard the Answer Man as a combination Mr. Anthony, Beatrice Fairfax, and Emily Post are constantly making Mitchell and Chapman reach for headache powders. Like the adolescent who wrote in, "When I kiss my girl friend, what shall I do with my hands?"

Hundreds of other followers of the program send in stamp collections, rare coins, odd gems, and even strange insects, requesting estimates as to value. These are all returned, with the advice that they be submitted to professional appraisers. Those yearning for legal, medical, or marital aid receive similar treatment; the Answer Man considers it unethical to supply knowledge which cuts into the livelihoods of others.

Today the Answer Man quiz program rates sky-high in all polls, with its sponsors paying Mitchell and producer Chapman a quarter million dollars a year to air the show. In New York, WOR broadcasts two different versions of the show daily. A Boston radio station airs the show throughout New England, and a Chicago network feeds it to the Middle West.

Chapman has spurned repeated offers to have the show broadcast coast to coast, because he firmly believes the program's appeal is local. WOR audiences ask for and receive information concerning New York's five great boroughs, Washington, D. C., institutions, and other areas covered by this station. Boston fans want to know about Bunker Hill and other New England shrines. Such local appeal would be lost on a network program.

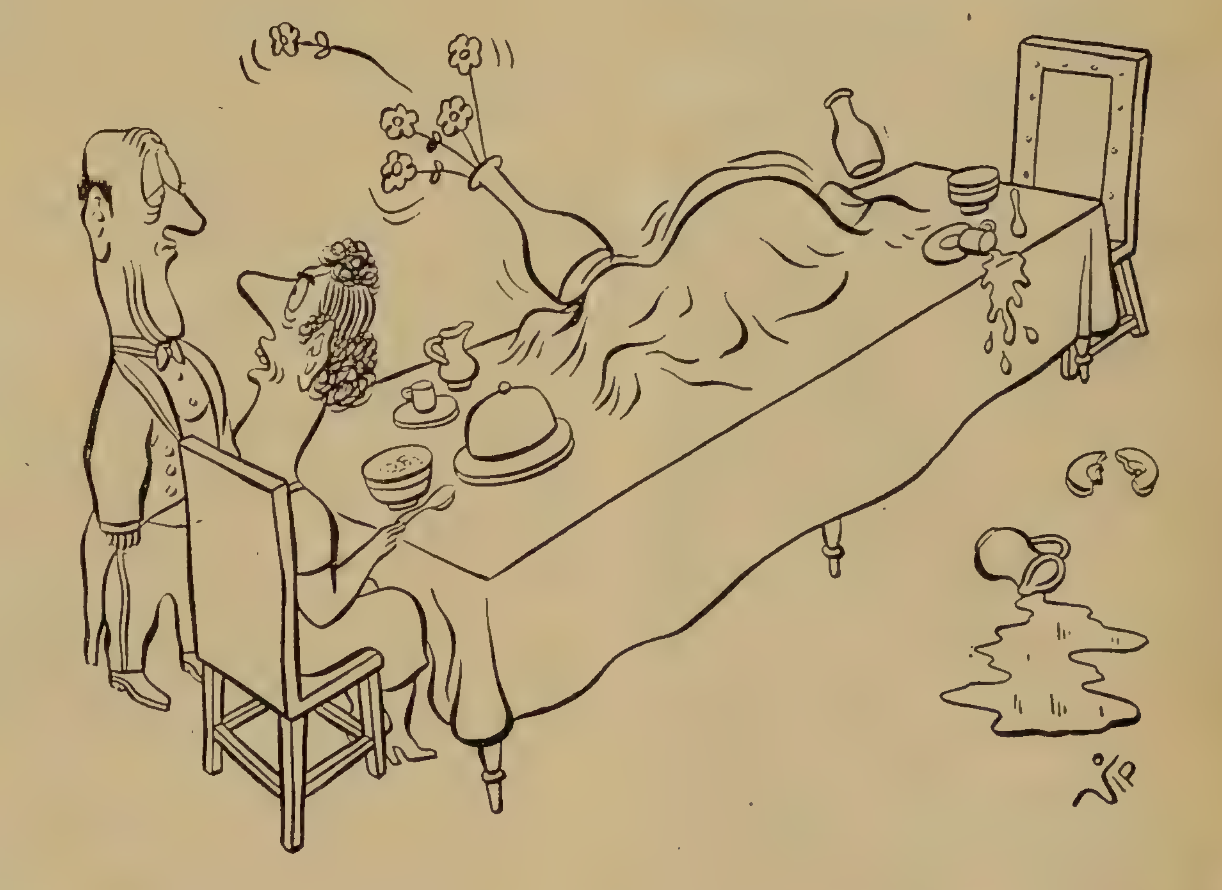
The brainy duo, however, guided by the energetic Chapman, is now preparing for postwar expansion. The way it's planned now, Answer Man programs will be broadcast from all key cities in the United States, with a crew of researchers answering local questions in each city. Bids already received from several West Coast cities will be filled just as soon as Mitchell and Chapman can break in the necessary staffs of brain-trusters.

Meanwhile, above Chapman's desk—he's now in charge of the Chicago office—hangs a question hand-lettered on parchment, in an austere black frame. Sent to Mitchell several years ago, it serves to remind them both that their record isn't perfect.

The question? "Did Paul Revere's friend wave his lantern up and down or sideways?"

Privately, Mitchell believes the guy didn't wave the lantern at all, and Longfellow backs him up.

THE END



*Advertisement*

*"See? Here he comes after my Wheaties now."*

This ain't etiquette. But it sure is Wheaties. Once folks get acquainted with those crisp-toasted, swell-tasting flakes, they're not satisfied until they have second helpings. Try 'em—and see. Have lots of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, famous "Breakfast of Champions"—tomorrow morning.

PAINT OVER WALLPAPER!

NO MUSS!
NO FUSS!
NO BOTHER!
The modern miracle wall finish
Kem-Tone
AVALON BLUE
DRIES IN 1 HOUR · IT'S WASHABLE
ONE COAT COVERS

ONE GALLON $2.98* DOES AVERAGE ROOM

*Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. area

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION

Ritepoint
The Easy-Writing Pencil
Perfect Finger Grip
Smartly-Styled
Durable
Today—for the Armed Forces; Yours after Victory
MANUFACTURED BY
Ritepoint Co.
ST. LOUIS 4, MISSOURI

## CHICK IS THE WORD FOR FREDERICK

Continued from Page 33

"Al," I shake my head, "I disapprove. That overdressed lug and Connie will not spend all the time waltzing like Matilda."

"Just," says Al comfortably, "what I am thinking myself."

His placidity irks me.

"Al," I says, "if you desire to keep this patronage, you will produce constructive ideas on how to cool off Connie's interest in the Devore-Strauss business. Otherwise—well, I understand that it is impossible to buy a banana split at Diffenderfer's down the street. Diffenderfer, they say, now uses the whole banana. There is a man," I concludes significantly, "who has the welfare of his custom in mind."

I leave him to think that over.

FOR the next few days bitterness dominates my soul. Here I have lived in Shadow Orchard, man and boy, for well nigh twenty years. Yet a cultural development instituted by an alien finds me outside looking in.

But presently the Sandford astuteness asserts itself. I will open my counter offensive by showing this misguided girl the difference between devil-may-care dressing and shallow foppery.

To this end I array myself one evening. My shirt is white, with certain unobtrusive floral designs in light green. Under collar of same I adjust a gay foolhard with definite orange motif. Then, donning red-checked sports coat and neutral slacks, I drop in at the Parkers'. I find the daughter of the house drawing pictures.

"As usual, Freddy," she says with resignation, "you come at a most inopportune time. But now you're here, what does this look like?" She shoves the current art work under my nose.

"Like a cat having a fit in a can of tomatoes," I says.

"It's a tavern in Old Austria, you dope," Connie says. "See! Here are the little tables . . . and these are the fiddlers . . . here's the fireplace . . . and through the windows you can see the woods."

"Woods, eh?" I says. "Well, you're the babe who's lost in 'em."

"Why, Freddy!" Connie looks at me rightly for the first time. "I—Ooooh!" She covers her face.

"What goes?" I says.

"Freddy!" shrills Connie. "That tie! That horrible shirt! Oh, you'll have to go. D-Dinsmore simply must not see you this way."

"So!" I says. "Dinsmore, eh? Well, let me tell you, young woman, that I know all about Devore and his Strauss stuff."

She shrugs. "Oh, well, Freddy, if you know, it's O. K. But Dinsmore has the most heavenly idea. He wants this room we've engaged at the club to simulate a tavern in the Viennese woods. So I'm drawing up a working sketch. Dinsmore is coming over later to perfect details. And really, Freddy, I don't want to seem inhospitable, but Dinsmore is so correct, so—so chic. And oh, that color scheme!"

"What's the matter with it?" I says, stung. "Moreover, who in this town shakes out a meaner waltz than—"

"Freddy," she edges me toward the door, "you are one of the sweetest boys I know, but you waltz like a jeep with two left feet. Now you just must run."

Ejected is the word for Frederick.

Well, moody of mien, I wander down to Al's. He looks at me as at an erring son.

"Freddy," he says, "I admit to no progress as respects your present problem. But before we go further, a word of advice! Do not attempt to vie with Dinsmore Devore in the matter of dress. It is like a preliminary boy climbing in with Joe Louis."

"Ho!" I says, somewhat nettled. "Well, let me tell you, friend. Far from sidestepping Devore in a raiment contest, I am considering crashing the Strauss Society. In top hat, white tie, and tails."

"Freddy—" Al begins.

"Al," I says, "from information reaching me, it is possible to hire clothes of all descriptions from Musselmann Brothers and Levi over in Center City."

Al looks alarmed. "Freddy, I do not advise this course."

"Listen, Al," I says. "You were instructed to consider this situation. Now, with no suggestions of your own, you can do nothing save feebly imprune the ideas of others. I might remind you, Al, that Diffenderfer down the street still uses the whole banana."

His mustache droops dispiritedly. "But, Freddy, I find it difficult to reconcile myself to your having truck with Musselmann Brothers and Levi."

I regard him pityingly. "Al," I says, "let those who know how to pitch, pitch. As for you, you may fix me a chocolate nut sundae."

Well, I invade Center City next day. A clerk at Musselmann Bros. & Levi equips me with a long-tailed monkey suit and accessories. The pants are a little tight, though, and sternly I point out this fact. At his tailor's Sandford is a hard man to please.

The clerk is abject, but there is a current run on headwaiter uniforms. So I settle for the snug pantaloons. I look at myself in the mirror and, in general, I am pleased. Chick is the word for Frederick.

On the way home I check in at that sloth-brained Al's.

"Freddy," Al says, "I have come to see that you were outthinking me yesterday. I now deem it wise for you to rent a full-dress costume and contrive to join the Strauss Society."

I gaze upon him pityingly.

"I'm afraid," Al mutters contritely, "that, to date, I am not very bright."

"Bright?" I says. "You would be tittered at by the low man in a school for backward boys. Furthermore, Al, after I make a monkey out of this Devore, don't come whining around claiming credit. Kindly consider this episode as one of your more glaring failures."

"Freddy," says Al with melancholy, "you leave me depressed."

"I leave you," I start for the door, "because you're no help."

THE next problem confronting Sandford, master strategist, is how to become a member of the Strauss Society. But this, miraculously, clears up by itself. Because on Friday I get a phone call.

"Freddy," says Connie, "are you doing anything tomorrow night?"

"Hold the wire," I says, "while I thumb through my engagement book."

"Don't be a drip," says Connie. "It occurred to me that I have been unfair to you, Freddy. I mean, not wangling you an invitation to our Strauss Saturday Nights."

Secretly I exult. But aloud—get this technique! "Oh, them!" I says. "Well, make your mind easy! I wouldn't be caught at one of those affairs."

"Freddy Sandford," yammers the heart interest, "do you refuse to take me to the first of the Saturday nights? The first one?"

"Just a minute," I says. "You suggest that I, a left-footed jeep, personally escort you to the country club—object, Straussing?"

"Of course, dope," Connie says. "And, Freddy"—her voice drops, like Delilah's crooning over Sam's son—"I really didn't mean what I said about your waltzing."

"In that case," I says, "I'll take the matter under advisement."

"You'll do nothing of the sort." Even over the wire I hear the foot-stamp. "You'll say you will—now!"

"Very well," I says. "I shall collect you at a suitable hour."

But I cannot help but think. Dinsmore Devore, hunh! A push-over in the first round.

The following eve I crawl into white tie and tails. A tweed topcoat covers this fetching ensemble.

I coax the jalop over to the Parkers'. Somewhat to my surprise, the scioness of the house climbs into the back seat.

"Hey!" I says. "This is me, remember? Or did you phone a taxi?"

"Freddy," says Connie, "I cannot sit in front in this car in this dress. The—the gears and things are always so filthy."

"Huh," I says. "One of your maternal ancestors no doubt sat side by side with her man in the bilge of the Mayflower, and glad of the ride. But womanhood has gone sissy since then."

"Oh, for Pete's sake, drive on," orders Connie.

The club is four miles from our incorporated village. But I do not get four blocks before Connie says, "Stop here, please, Freddy!"

"For your information," I says, "this is the Widow Frelinghuysen's boarding-house. Not the country club."

"We'll only be a moment," says Connie.

All unsuspecting, I brake the chariot. And right there, as the gods rock with merriment, Sandford the Strategist goes spinning to the dust and Sandford the Sucker emerges feebly from the wreckage.

OUT of the shadows materializes Dinsmore Devore. And D. Devore, costume-wise, is awesomely correct.

He wears a top hat. Likewise a dark blue double-breasted coat which fits as the pear skin fits the pear. Around his neck is a white silk muffler and he carries his little cane. Compared to him, I am run up out of leftovers from a jumble sale.

"Get in, Dinsmore." Connie opens the door to the back seat. "We— Oh, by the way, this is Freddy Sandford."

"Hello," says the Devore languidly.

"Go ahead, Freddy!" Connie says. "What are you waiting for?" Which is the last conversational crumb directed my way.

Well, the Strauss supporters have reconstructed a bit of Old Vienna in the west wing of the clubhouse. Around a fair-sized room they've scattered little tables with red-and-white-checked cloths. The mantelpiece is cleared of golf trophies and now bears up under old beer mugs, steins, et cetera. Along the walls is synthetic sylvan scenery. In one corner there is a small wooden platform and on this rejoices J. Allen Muchmore, our local Fritz Chrysler, and two high-school dames. They thumb fiddle strings.

Pretty soon J. Allen Muchmore decides it's time to give with a sound of deviltry by night. He tucks his fiddle under his chin, brandishes the bow, glowers at his help, and they're off. It's the Blue Danube, with J. Allen in the lead, but the high-school entries only a note or two behind.

Right there Frederick makes a resolve. It is manifest that I am inveigled to this rat race merely to provide transportation. But I still the fires leaping within me. For the nonce I will clothe myself in ice and dignity.

"Well, tomato," I says to Connie, "there goes the gun. Care to defend yourself against me down the Danube?"

PRIDE OF THE SOUTH!
Pride of THE NATION
SWANEE PRIDE
SWANEE PRIDE LIQUEUR
100 PROOF
Delicious
Straight or Mixed

SWANEE PRIDE
Liqueur

Its distinctive bouquet and flavor recall the body of fine whiskey and the mildness of smooth brandy. Serve your favorite drink with PRIDE.

"The all-purpose drink"

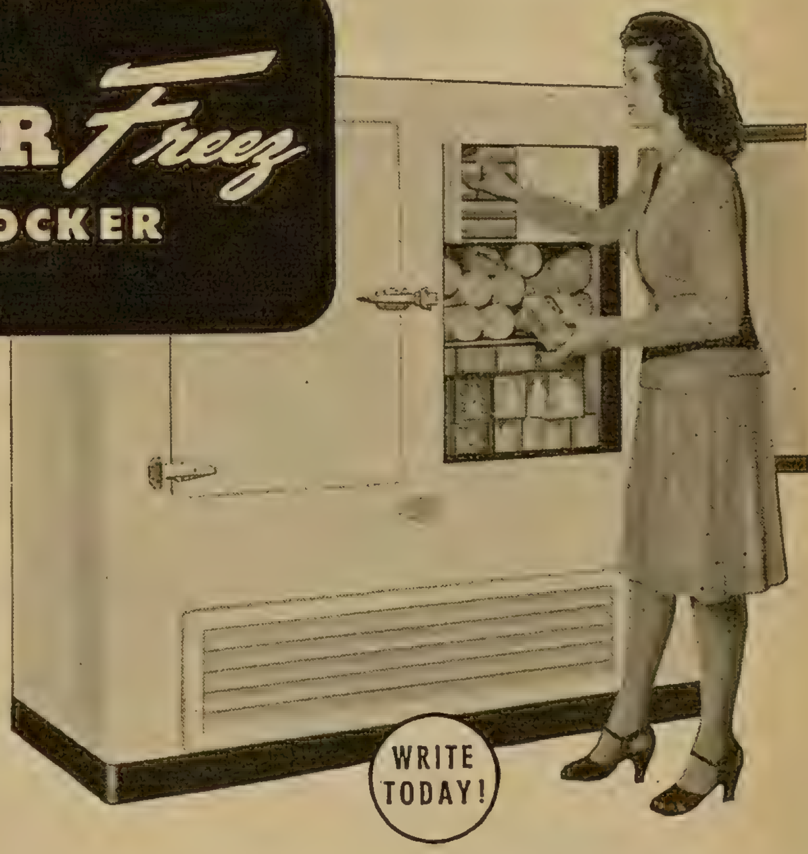
M. S. WALKER, Inc., BOSTON, MASS.

LAW

STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS. 36 years—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree. All texts furnished. Easy payments. Send for FREE BOOK.

AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 57-L, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 11, Ill.

HOTEL LOWRY
ROOM & BATH $2.50 UP • ST. PAUL, MINN.
← GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP



★
HARDER Freez
HOME LOCKER
★

TWO NEW
UPRIGHT MODELS
FOR FROZEN
FOOD STORAGE
AND PROCESSING

● Style A—18 Cu. Ft. Frozen Food Storage including Processing Compartment. Style B—"Triple Duty"—Frozen Food Storage and Processing; plus normal temperature.

Now right on your own farm and in your own home, you can process and keep frozen foods and ordinary foods in one easily accessible Upright Cabinet.

AMAZING LOW PRICE. Many new features. Made by experienced manufacturer.

TYLER FIXTURE CORPORATION
Dept L-8, Niles, Michigan
Please rush illustrated booklet on HARDERFreez Home Locker ( ) Upright Model ( ) Chest Model
NAME
ADDRESS
DEALERS: Write On Letterhead

TYLER FIXTURE CORPORATION
NILES, MICHIGAN

SIGNET OF
QUALITY
IN PIPES
VanRoy
Van Roy
Bard $5

Under a star-studded sky . . . when impressions are sharply accented . . . try smoking a VanRoy. You will soon realize how profound is the difference between pipes . . . and thank your lucky stars that your smoking-companion is a luxurious VanRoy.

VANROY COMPANY, INC.
Empire State Building, New York 1

"Sssh, you imbecile—" begins Connie, and gets no further.

Because Dinsmore Devore brushes me one side. The next instant he and Connie sweep onto the floor. I, Sandford, am left at the post.

I pass over the next couple of hours. Once, and only once, I tread a measure with Connie. During the number she conducts herself in preoccupied fashion, loosing off but two remarks: (1) "You do look awfully funny in that suit, Freddy"; (2) "Don't throw me around so, you goon. This isn't an adagio dance."

Little by little, still wearing ice and dignity, I withdraw from this shambles. The spectacle of Connie and Dinsmore flaunting themselves in the dance and circulating from this to that little table unnerves me. Also I wish to contemplate the perfidy of womankind. So I hold myself nobly aloof, mooning in the doorway.

And suddenly I hear a step and a snort behind me. I look up to confront Symington T. Storrs, Shadow Orchard's linoleum magnate. He taps me on the shoulder.

"Ha, boy!" he says. "What's all this flummery?"

Thus commanded, I explain the Strauss Society.

"Humph!" says Symington T. "Now you listen, boy! I'm accustomed to play bridge in this room every Saturday night. But tonight we are relegated upstairs. Too far from the bar. And what I want to know is"—thump-thump on my shoulder—"who's responsible for this outrage?"

"Well—" I temporizes. F. Sandford is not a one for tale-bearing. But Mr. Storrs forces the issue.

"Here!" he says. "Isn't that young Devore over there? What's his position in this matter?"

"Since you press me," I says, after suitable hesitation, "he is the founder and fountainhead of this organization."

Symington T. paws earth. "You mean an employee of mine has filled this room with moonstruck young calves and kicked me and my bridge game upstairs?"

I nod.

"Ha!" He comes to a boil. "Well, you watch me handle this, boy! That Devore, he's fired. I'll run him out of town. I—by Christopher, I'll resign from this club. Shove me upstairs in a stuffy room, will they?"

It is clear that Kismet, my old confederate, is in there now, fighting shoulder to shoulder with Frederick.

"Moreover," I says, nailing things down, "it was your star salesman who transfers this place from a quiet gentlemen's card room into a howling bistro from Old Vienna."

"I'll have the whole—" Symington T. stops abruptly. He seems to notice the room for the first time. "What's that? Devore developed this—this decorative scheme? H'm!" He pulls his chin. "Not bad. Boy's got imagination. Good sense of color. Maybe I was a little hasty. I'd better think his case over."

I totter weakly away. So, just as S. T. Storrs is slipping a pink ticket into Dinsmore Devore's pay envelope, I go and call his attention to the decorations. When bigger dopes are built, Sandford will be the working model.

SOME time later I wait outside, chauffeur-like. The Strauss Society has departed, all but my two fares. But eventually they trip gaily down the steps and infest the back seat.

"Dinsmore," says Connie, "that was a simply snazzy party. You do have the most original ideas, Dinsmore."

"Oh," Dinsmore says, "that was just a beginning. I'll tone up this tank town before I'm through."

My backsliding love has the civic pride not to reply. I make bold to inquire, "Say, you folks know it's raining?"

It is like a cricket chirps on the heath. I stay ignored.

I'm right, though. By the time we are a mile from the club, it is a deluge. And, at this enchanting juncture, my right rear tire gets off a long *p-s-ssst* and the jaloppy goes *bump* in the night.

"Now, isn't this just lovely!" exclaims Connie. "Well, boys, get out and get under."

Even as she speaks I am halfway out. But Dinsmore Devore moves not.

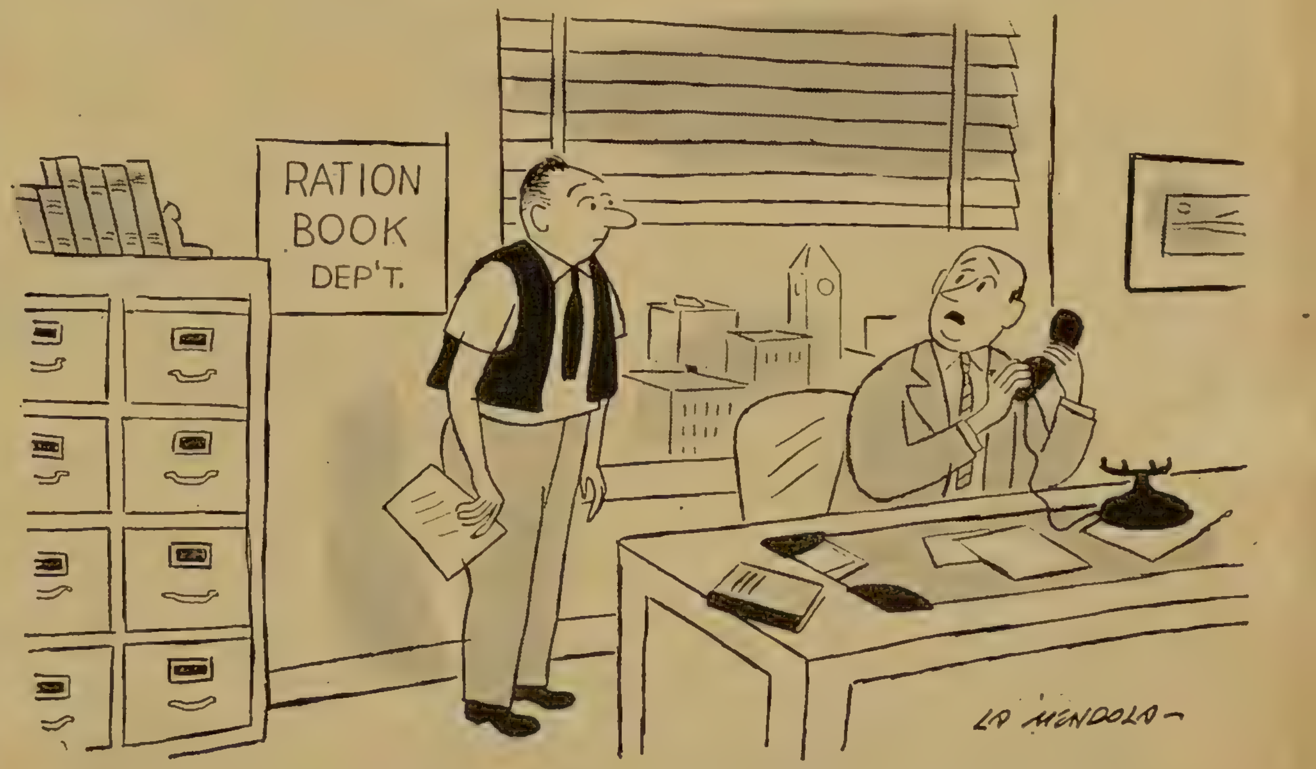
"Aren't you going to help Freddy, Dinsmore?" Connie says.

The waltz king ahems. "Well," he says, "Sandford undertook to—er—transport us. This is definitely his responsibility."

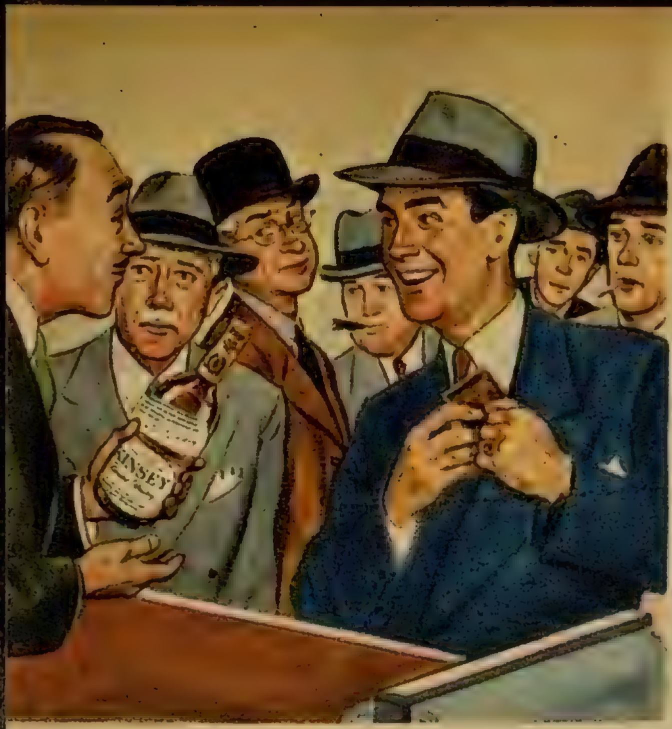
I do not hear her rejoinder. Trailing clouds of disgust and dudgeon, I climb out. Before I obtain jack and other necessary tools, I am soaked. But I change the tire while Dinsmore sits within, snug and warm and—mark you!—beside my girl.

But does that satisfy the imps on high? Ha! I stoop suddenly to tighten the wheel and—zing! There is an ominous ripping sound. Only then do I recall that my pants

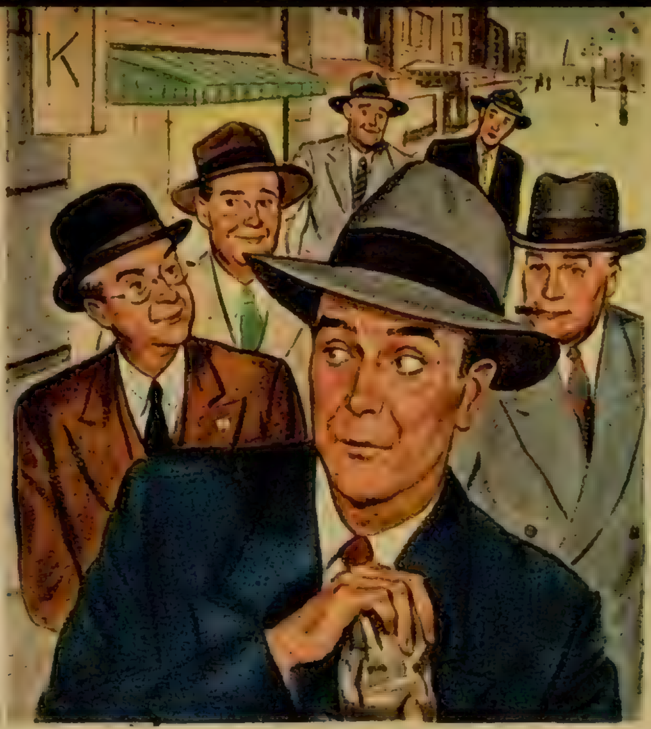
(*Continued on page 76*)



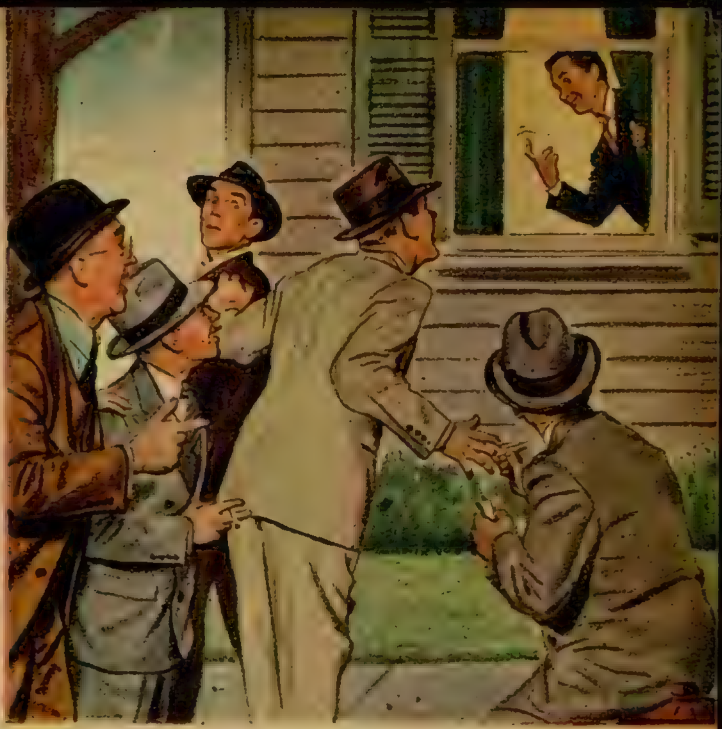
"It's the WPB. They're cutting our paper allotment!"



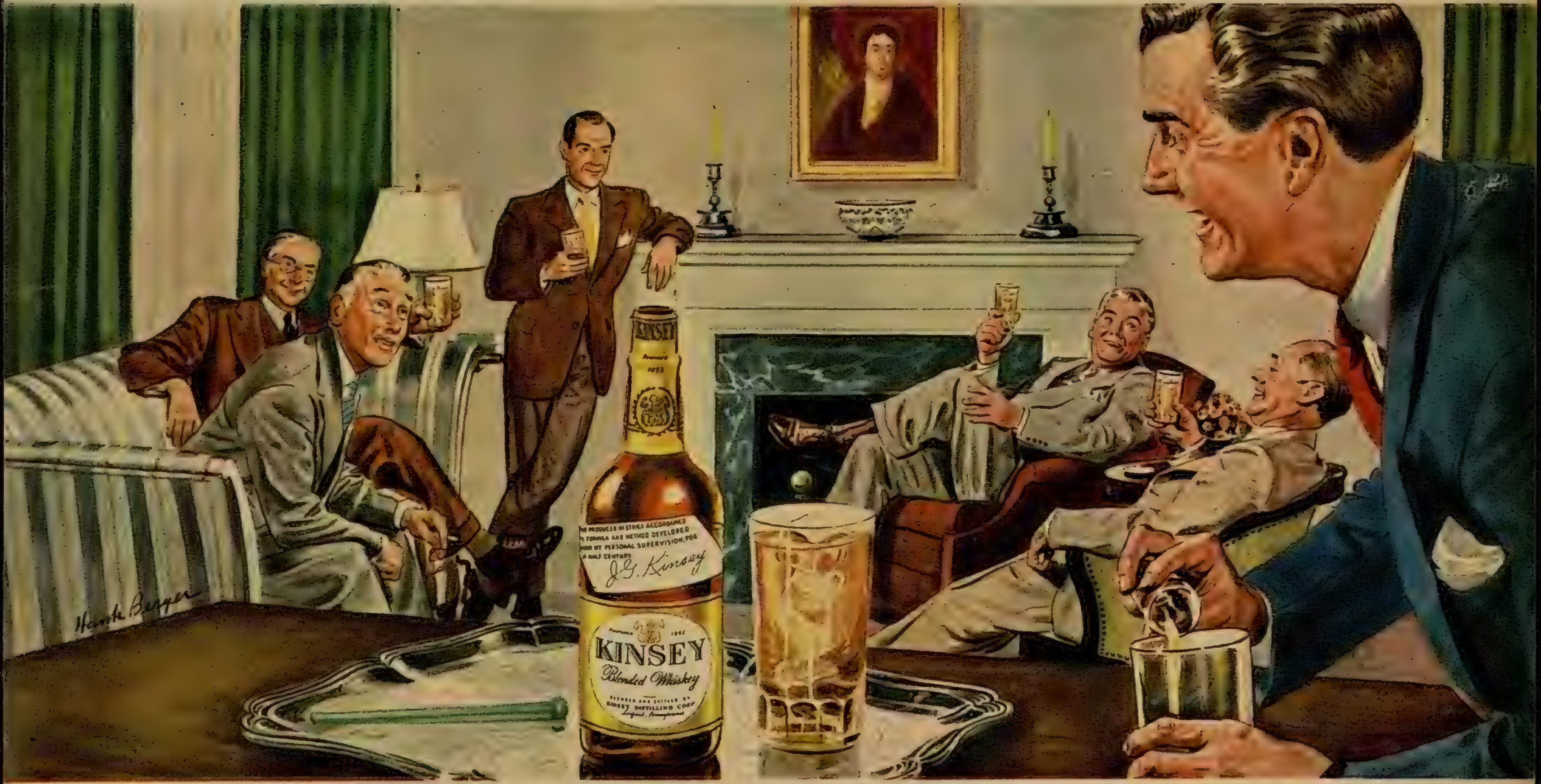
Last bottle of Kinsey today!



Last hope!



At last!



# Good Neighbor Policy: Domestic Division

*whereas:* everybody is urged these days to share and share alike, and . . .

*whereas:* everybody enjoys having friends and neighbors drop in for a sociable evening, and . . .

*whereas:* a gracious host always serves his guests whiskey of the finest quality, and . . .

*whereas:* Kinsey Whiskey, rich in flavor and surpassingly smooth, makes highballs and cocktails of unusual excellence, therefore . . .

*be it resolved* . . . that a neighbor who makes it a policy to serve delicious Kinsey Whiskey be deemed and acclaimed an *especially* Good Neighbor!

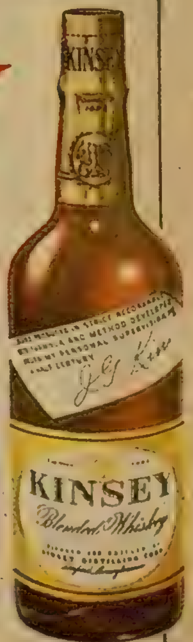
## KINSEY

the unhurried

**WHISKEY**

*Blended with "know-how" since 1892*

*86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits*
*Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.*



*(Continued from page 74)*

belong not to me, but to Musselmann Bros. & Levi, 518 Main St., Center City, N. Y.

Oh-oh! I think. This tears it. But literally. There will be no mercy from the Musselmanns; no levity from Levi. Engrossed with this black prospect, I scarcely notice the sudden conversation shortage on the rest of the ride.

At length I stop before the Widow Frelinghuysen's boardinghouse.

"Thank goodness," Connie says in a queer voice. "Go on, Dinsmore! Get out!"

"Well, what do you know?" Dinsmore says lightly. "It's a talking doll, after all."

I am conscious of my bride-to-be gathering herself for speech.

"Dinsmore Devore," she snaps, "you are a droop. Freddy was sweet enough to—to offer his car tonight. But when he gets in trouble, what do you do? You sit and let him cope with it in the rain, as if he's your hired man."

"I—"

"You shut up, Dinsmore Devore! I'm sick of your—your supercilious attitude toward Shadow Orchard. Tank town, is it? Backwater? Well, where do you come from, anyhow?"

Dinsmore makes strangled sounds. "You can't talk to me—"

"I can and I have," barks the prospective Mrs. Sandford.

Mountain music floods the Sandford ears. As for Dinsmore, he folds his tent like the scarab.

The next thing I know Connie is in the front seat.

"Let's go somewhere, Freddy," says Connie, "and get a coke. And— Oh, Freddy! When will I learn that you are the sweetest, most dependable boy in Shadow Orchard?"

I pull self together. "The course in Appreciation of Sandford," I says, "could resume around three P. M. tomorrow. In Parker Hall."

DOLLS
JEFF KEATE

"Oh, it cries, does it? Well, I don't like brawling brats!"

"I'll be waiting for you, professor," says my homing pigeon.

On the morrow, hastening to the tryst, I stop at that addle-pated Al's. "Al," I says, "dream up a Pineapple Piquant! Likewise brood upon the fact that, unassisted by you, I have restored the status quote."

"Freddy," Al beams, "I am delighted. I take it, then, that your slight inconvenience on the road last night turned out to be a blessing in disguise?"

I start. "How would you know about that, Al?"

"Ordinarily, Freddy," Al sighs, "I am a respectable citizen to whom vandalism is repellent. But circumstances alter cases. I found it expedient, Freddy, to insert a thumbtack in one of your tires, thereby effecting a slow leak."

I goggle at the man. "B-but how—"

"You forget, Freddy," says Al, "that I was present at the club last night. Delivering ice cream. When the moment seemed salubrious, I—I tampered with your tire."

"Al," I says, "explain yourself."

"But don't you see, Freddy?" He could be addressing a lesser Juke. "You yourself showed me the way to the solution when you contemplated business dealings with Musselmann Brothers and Levi. It was food for thought, Freddy. And I asked myself, 'How is it that Dinsmore Devore, an impecunious linoleum salesman, haunts our thoroughfares, arrayed to shame the lilies of the field?'"

"I don't get it." Frederick gropes in fog. The great man is but toying with me.

"Freddy, Dinsmore Devore's salary, plus commissions, could not in all conscience live up to his wardrobe. So, playing a hunch, I got in touch with Mordecai Musselmann, an old acquaintance of mine. To my satisfaction, Mr. Musselmann confirmed the fact that Dinsmore Devore walks in—er—hired accoutrements. Mr. Musselmann further admitted—in confidence—that Mr. Devore recently engaged a full-dress outfit on a long-term basis."

"Al," I says, in hushed tone, "this approaches genius."

"Reasoning," Al goes on, "from this premise, I deduced that Dinsmore Devore, fearing to sully rented raiment, would jib at being party to a tire-changing. Whereas your rough-and-ready tactics, Freddy, no matter in what costume, are well known.

If you prefer a low-priced blade
That's really thrifty and top-grade—
Want smooth, slick shaves with ease and speed—
This Thin Gillette's the one you need!
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
4 BLADES 10¢
Gillette
4 for 10¢
New kind of edges on steel hard enough to cut glass
Produced by the Maker of the Famous Gillette Blue Blade

I simply hoped that Dinsmore's probable reluctance and your willingness would make a profound impression upon Connie. Of course, the rain was gratuitous."

"Well—" I stop, struck by a thought. "Hey! I split my pants changing that tire. I hold you personally responsible, Al."

"A regrettable occurrence, Freddy," says Al. "But we will take up your pants in their proper order. Resuming: Connie and Dinsmore came here, complaining bitterly. Mr. Parker had declined Constance the use of his car for last night."

"Ha!" I scent monkey business.

"However," Al proceeds, "the couple planned to avail themselves of the roadster provided by the linoleum company. But I pointed out the social stigma attendent upon appearing at the country club in a car bearing the legend, SYMINGTON T. STORRS LINOLEUM COMPANY, on either door. Reminded of this, Miss Parker balked. Which was when I happened to remark you had recently tuned up your jaloppy."

BREAKS a great light. "Al," I says, "this was creditably done. You have, however, forward-passed me straight into the hands of Musselmann Brothers and Levi."

"Regarding your unfortunate trousers, Freddy," says Al, "we can certainly come to an agreement mutually satisfactory to both parties. My acquaintanceship with Mordecai Musselmann is of long standing."

"O. K., Al. On the whole, I am disposed to restore you to favor. For the present we will let Diffenderfer, down the street, struggle along."

"You take a load off my mind, Freddy," says Al. "But there's just a soupçon more, as the French have it!"

"More?"

Al dust-dusts his hands. "I fear Mr. Devore, Freddy. So I considered it advisable to remove him from Shadow Orchard altogether."

"Al," I shouts, "you mean—"

He nods. "Last night as I awaited the seemly moment to—um—discourage your tire, I noted Symington T. Storrs, pacing a terrace of the country club. Mr. Storrs, Freddy, wrestled with a problem."

"Go on, Al," I says.

"Mr. Storrs," says Al, "is a valued client of mine. Therefore I did not hesitate to engage him in conversation. Strangely, his problem concerned Devore. To invoke Mr. Storrs' inelegant diction, Dinsmore Devore is a 'lousy linoleum salesman.' But recently he, Mr. Storrs, had come to believe that Dinsmore possesses imagination, plus a fine sense of color. Devore, Mr. Storrs deposed, might be a square peg in a round hole and he did not know what to do about him."

"Snap this up, Al," I says.

"Well," Al says, "I recalled to Mr. Storrs that his Department of Design is located in New York City. There, Freddy, they build rooms featuring linoleum which are subsequently photographed for advertising purposes. There, also, they conjure with colors, patterns, and such like. I merely suggested that Dinsmore might serve to great advantage in this division of Mr. Storrs' organization. The upshot is that Devore leaves Shadow Orchard this evening, on the seven thirty-one."

I reel. "Al," I says, as one sounding off in a cathedral, "it is a sad state of affairs that, with the multitudinous problems of Orient and Accident crying for expert supervision, he whom we have come to know as 'the Intellect' dishes up delectables for bobby-soxers and stuff. You should have made a fourth at Berlin, Al."

"Oh, I don't know, Freddy," says Al modestly. "Them three guys did all right over there."

Al, I could add, is no grammarian.

THE END

5TH AVE.
SUNSET
Cordials
AMERICA'S FINEST SINCE 1894

AS AMERICAN AS A SKYSCRAPER

Soaring skyward. Rooted deep in solid bed-rock. America's great contribution to architecture is the skyscraper—towering symbol of America's spirit.

Like these big-city giants, Sunset Cordials are typical of American accomplishment. Blended by masters from fruits ripened by Dixie sunshine, from herbs of our fields and from native spirits.

In mixed drinks, or to climax a memorable dinner, you'll serve Sunset Cordials with pride.

Sunset
APRICOT LIQUEUR
Sunset
Sunset
ROCK AND RYE
Sunset
ORANGE FLAVORED GIN

SUNSET INCORPORATED, CHICAGO, ILL.
Apricot Liqueur—60 PROOF • Rock and Rye—60 PROOF
Orange Flavored Gin—70 PROOF • Blackberry Flavored Brandy—70 PROOF

What do you know about-

A Christopher C...?

(Columbus, Immigrant and Sailor. Discovered Indians had invented comfortable underwear (loincloth). Put one on, sailed home to tell people. Jailed for Indecent Exposure.)

An Allen-A...?

(20th Century name for underwear, hosiery and sportswear comfortable as a loincloth. Underwear that fits without binding, creeping up or drooping. Made to keep you comfortable. It's a name to remember.)

UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

# CURBING THE CLOT THAT KILLS

Continued from Page 27

When thrombophlebitis follows childbirth, it is called milk leg. The resulting discomfort can last a lifetime. At a large London lying-in hospital, dicumarol relieved the suffering of patients with milk leg, and their hospital stay was one third shorter than it was for women with the same complication who didn't receive dicumarol. In the dicumarol-treated patients the incidence of pulmonary embolism, an ever-present hazard, was greatly reduced.

These tests, completed last year, bring new hope to afflicted mothers.

In patients with thrombophlebitis or pulmonary embolism there is an abnormal tendency for blood to clot within the veins because the natural body substances for keeping blood liquid fail in their purpose. Dicumarol gives nature a hand.

Dicumarol wasn't perfect when first used. No new drug ever has been, not excepting the sulfas or penicillin. Any medicine with effective curative powers inevitably carries potentialities for harm. Unlike the early sulfa drugs, dicumarol didn't cause blood destruction, liver damage, and kidney disorders, but it did sometimes cause hemorrhage by inhibiting the clotting process too much.

This was true in spite of the careful daily blood test. When bleeding appeared, it was necessary to discontinue dicumarol, and occasionally a blood transfusion was required to control the hemorrhage. Just a year ago a method was perfected to overcome this complication with vitamin K, another product of the pasture. Vitamin K, which was first obtained from alfalfa, has an action almost opposite to that of dicumarol. With this antidote in readiness, doctors know they can use dicumarol whenever it is indicated without chancing hemorrhage.

TAKE the case of the man who had a nonfatal attack of pulmonary embolism after a gall-bladder operation. If any patient needed dicumarol, he did. A few days after he began taking the capsules, there was a little bleeding from the incision. To continue to give dicumarol to this man might lead to severe hemorrhage. On the other hand, to withdraw the medication would expose him to the chance of sudden death from embolism. A single injection of vitamin K overcame the hemorrhagic tendency in a matter of hours and allowed him to keep on taking the dicumarol he so urgently needed.

A drug as potent as dicumarol cannot be taken as carelessly as an aspirin tablet. The blood test—an absolute requirement—is far more complicated than an ordinary blood count. It is essential in controlling the dosage and in anticipating the possibility of hemorrhage. Patients who suffer from certain blood diseases do not tolerate dicumarol well.

But these limitations are not insurmountable, and the results with dicumarol have been so encouraging that its use is being extended as fast as doctors learn the method. More than one thousand patients have been successfully treated at the Mayo Clinic. The Navy Medical Corps has assigned Captain Thomas B. Magath to work with Mayo experts and learn the technique at first hand. Boston's conservative Lahey Clinic is using the drug extensively.

In April, 1943, Lieutenant Colonel Irving S. Wright, the Army's blood-vessel specialist and former associate professor of medicine at Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, said of dicumarol, "It is safe to predict at this point that it will be of great significance."

Naturally, his interest in the drug is not limited to its military applications, because it is older civilians, rather than vigorous young servicemen, who will benefit most from it.

Many surgeons no longer wait until there has been an attack of thrombophlebitis, or nonfatal embolism, but administer dicumarol whenever the operation has been prolonged and extensive. They use it as a routine treatment when a patient is a likely candidate for postoperative embolism because of obesity, heart trouble, varicose veins, cancer, infection, or a history of thrombophlebitis or embolism after a previous operation.

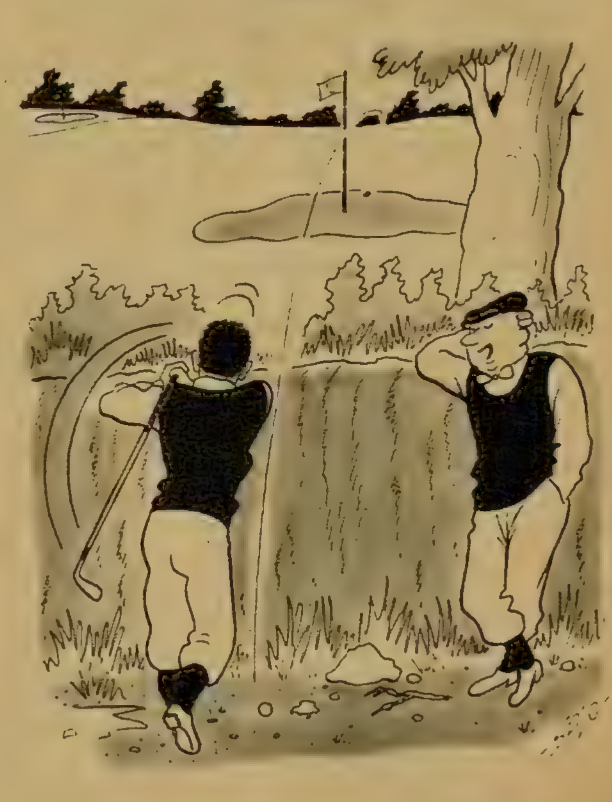
RESEARCH with dicumarol, proceeding as rapidly as wartime laboratory staffs can manage it, is finding new uses for the drug. It may soon be given to all patients with severe fractures. Preliminary trials in a large Baltimore hospital indicate that it's a powerful weapon in combating gangrene after injury and frostbite. By keeping blood liquid, it allows freer circulation to the affected extremity. This use is too new to have had an extensive tryout by military surgeons. Advance field hospitals lack the fine laboratories of the large civilian hospital, and constant observation and complicated daily blood tests must accompany the use of dicumarol.

Victims of coronary thrombosis, the dread heart disease that strikes down so many middle-aged men, also stand a good chance to share in the dicumarol boon. The drug has been tested in a few cases of this painful and debilitating condition caused by a clot in the heart's arteries. Final decision as to the value of dicumarol for these patients must await further clinical trials.

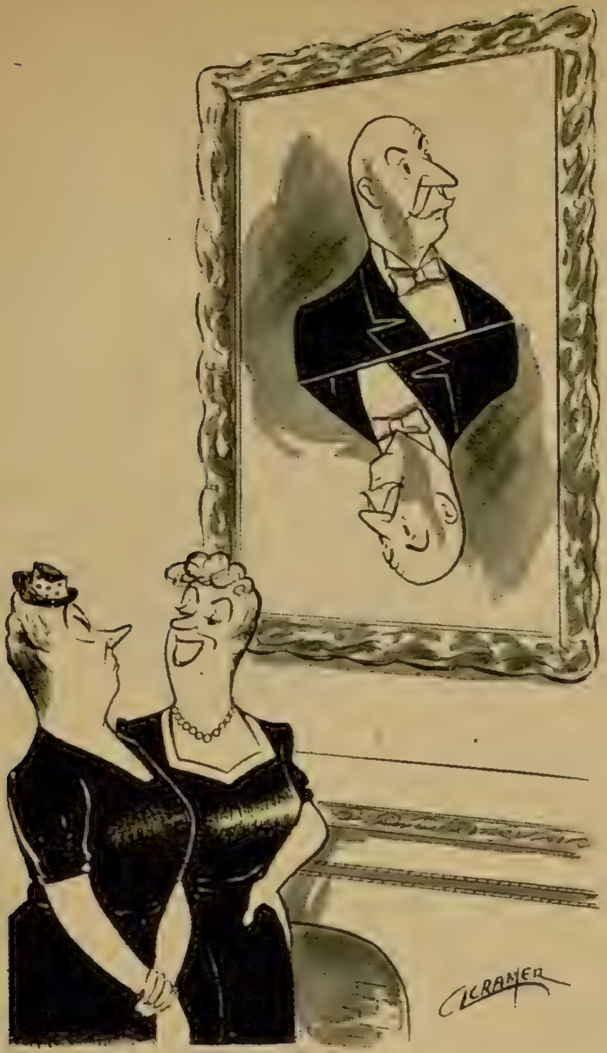
In other types of heart trouble and certain chronic disease, embolism is a constant threat even without the added hazard of an operation. Doctors hope that dicumarol may provide a practical method of overcoming this danger.

Whatever future developments may add to its value, dicumarol already has a place high on the list of miracle drugs. It has traveled a long road. Once an unsuspected killer in the cow pasture, it has reached the sickroom as an agent of mercy, staying the hand of sudden death.

THE END



"Beautiful shot, but that was a stone."



"It isn't an illusion. He manufactured playing cards."

## MISSISSIPPI MINIATURE

Continued from Page 31

major changes, such as a cut-off in the Mississippi River, would have an appreciable effect on flood stages and discharges and would require corresponding changes in the model to keep it up to date.

The idea of constructing a reservoir operation model was first conceived by Lieutenant General Eugene Reybold, Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army, after the great Ohio River flood of 1937.

The site near Clinton, Mississippi, was chosen because it came nearest of all sites considered to matching the topography of the Mississippi River drainage system.

The U. S. Waterways Experiment Station, directed by G. H. Matthes, head engineer, has long been recognized as one of the world's leading hydrological laboratories. The Flood Control Committee reports that its thirteen years of experimentation "have added greatly to scientific knowledge and have saved the Government large sums of money. . . ."

Directing construction of the model is Captain H. G. Dewey, Jr., Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army. Eugene H. Woodman, electrical engineer, will direct the instrumentation.

At the present time, only grading and drainage work is being carried on, using prisoner-of-war labor working with wheelbarrows and shovels or operating trucks and tractors. These prisoners have already cleared the site and built temporary roads, bridges, and drainage ditches.

When it's finished, the model is expected to become a tourist attraction. Aside from its significance in fields of science and conservation, its operation should make it one of the greatest shows on earth. For a circumferential road three miles long, with viewing towers, will enable visitors to watch the mighty Mississippi—in miniature—rampaging over nearly half the length and breadth of our land.

THE END

*Quality that never varies*

Red Cap
CARLING'S
Red Cap
RED CAP ALE

Written more than 200 years ago, the superb compositions of Johann Sebastian Bach still stand unsurpassed in the annals of music.

*Since 1840* **CARLING'S**
*Red Cap* **ALE**

BREWING CORPORATION of AMERICA
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Made the Old-time Way
SINCE 1861
Jesse Moore Royale Blended Whiskey
NO War-Time HASTE HERE!

Jesse Moore

ROYALE

BLENDED WHISKEY

86 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

UNITED DISTILLERS (of America) LTD.

Baltimore, Maryland

## THE INDESTRUCTIBLE DESTROYERS

Continued from Page 21

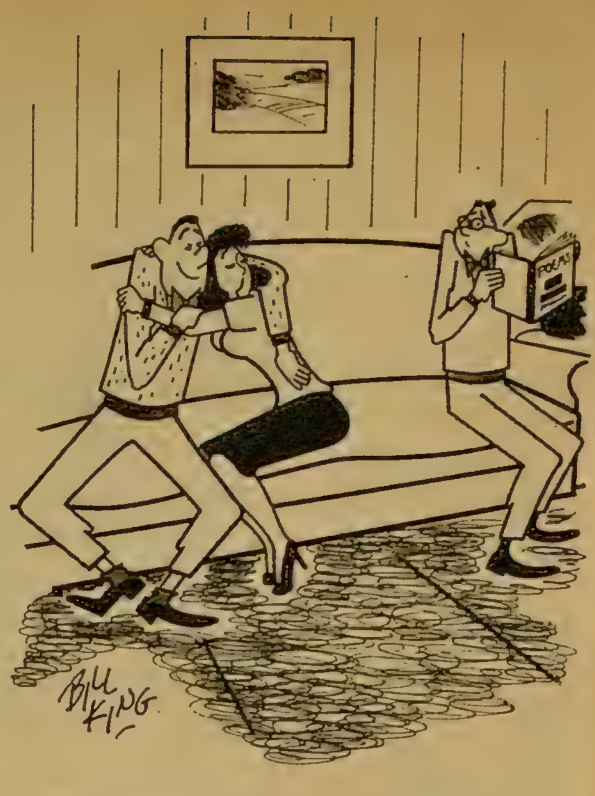
bridge with flash burns—those forward guns of ours, when trained as far aft as they can go, give a guy quite a working over. On deck I could see the repair parties fitting their hoses into the fireplugs; the handy billies (gasoline pumps) were starting up, and there was a general buzz of activity even though another attack was starting. I saw Willy Blake, our first lieutenant and damage-repair officer, busily going forward on the starboard side. I yelled at him and waved. He smiled back, yelled something I couldn't hear. It turned out later that a plane had succeeded in crashing into us way up forward. I hadn't been able to see it.

Well, that lull was just the quiet before the storm. This last attack seemed like a duck-souper. The guy came in low on the water from the port beam, just like those others. We peppered him with everything we had; no other attack was being made on us. Well, we shot him down some 100 to 150 yards off the beam—but he had a bomb slung under him that skipped along the water and slid underneath the ship. A sudden sickening lurch told us we had been hit. The plane, the better part of it, was thrown on deck; the pilot, or what was left of him, showed up on the fantail. Our exec, Mr. Gilpin, scuttered back aft to see just what the damage was. Fires seemed pretty well under control from where I stood—everybody was buzzing back and forth on deck in a fury of industry. On the bridge we realized that we had power on only one screw now—and our steering was temporarily out. We were just getting squared away, cutting in our various emergency systems, when two more Jap planes lined us up.

IT'S amazing what flashes through your mind when you feel sure that you're going to be blown sky-high. That perch of mine seemed to be way up in the open for this guy coming in on our starboard quarter. I had watched him circle around, covered by the fire of our after 40s as he made his way from port to starboard. Then he peeled off and came a-whooping down, headed right for *me*. So help me, that was all mine and I felt it. Our 40-mm. fire started him smoking a bit, but it was a high-altitude dive and the cookie just kept coming. He had a tough time getting us, or rather me, in his sights and had to wing over. So my last picture of him was a head-on one, with him on his side instead of his belly. I moved, but quick. That perch was no place to stay, although there wasn't much else to do but watch him.

I clambered up on the railing farther forward, bracing myself on the lookout chair about a foot from the railing. That fear of sharp metal prongs was strongest. I knew there would be one hell of an explosion and I wanted to be blown into the water, if any place. That guy never did stop—but he nosed over just about fifty yards away and plunged into us. A huge sheet of flame shot up, along with innumerable chunks of flying everything, and a shock that all but shook me loose from my perch. I just got straightened up when a main-deck hatch cover, blown masthead high, whisked by my ear and flattened on the bridge deck. There was a dull thud in the flag bag right next to where I *had* been most of the morning, and a badly mangled and burned body showed up.

Things went hotter and hotter as live steam covered the bridge. We choked and coughed, hoping for some fresh air to come. Guys from below, down in the radio shack, and the paymaster, who was in the coding room, all staggered out to the wing of the bridge gasping for air. They had a glassy stare on their faces. Pay feebly asked me how things were. The steam made it impossible to do anything but wheeze.



"Go ahead, Elroy. I'm listening."

Then it started to clear and we went to work on the various fires. They weren't bad, so we had 'em under control before long. Bucket brigades formed up right away—a couple of guys got royally doused by a few overexuberant brigadiers, but nobody felt like laughing. As the steam cleared, the damage became apparent, and steps were taken to control it and correct it. The captain was busily stepping around, checking up to see just how we stood. Everybody had a dazed expression on his face as if asking, "Can this really be me?" But they all turned to and worked, giving their excitement a partial outlet. The attacks seemed to be over—we looked skyward every now and then, but no planes showed up. We could see the Hadley over there. She was in trouble too—we had seen her get hit once.

Over the calm sea several of the supporting craft were steaming toward us to give what aid they could.

After our several fires were put out on the bridge we had the problem of clearing off some of the larger debris. Doc MaGinnis, assistant gunnery officer, came down from the director and helped heave over that hatch cover that just missed everybody on the bridge. We had a huge fender down on the main deck, weighing about 300 pounds, I guess. Well, that thing showed up on the flying bridge, smoldering. We shoved it over too. I clambered over to the starboard side and bumped into Towle, another soundman, starboard lookout. He never left his lookout chair even in the face of several suicide planes within hand's reach. His usual calm self, he remarked, "A guy could get hurt around this place," to which I readily agreed.

As the initial shock wore off and no further attacks developed, the reaction started to take place. People talked faster and faster, babbling away about what they saw, how they felt, where this guy hit, how the debris flew, and so on. It wasn't long before they started to laugh. It's funny how relieved you feel—things strike you as funny. We giggled like schoolgirls, patted each other on the back. Several of the guys just stood around shaking their heads.

About five minutes later, when the wounded were being cared for and repair work was going on—a shout and several extended hands. Another Jap was peeling off for an attack. Our forward 40s opened up as we just stood there and waited—that guy was right on the line for the bridge. We had a kid on a forward 40 who had previously shot down a plane while in manual (no power on the mount). Well, he opened up on this one, and then all of a sudden two Corsairs, wing on wing, whipped across our bow in hot pursuit. Never in my life have I been so glad to see a couple of marines. They peppered that Jap and, along with our guy on the 40, got him smoking. That swerved him away from the ship. He passed down our port side and plunged into the water fifty yards off our fantail. Some say they saw the pilot get out, so they filled the area full of 20s, just in case.

Then all was silent, and we had a hell of a lot of work to do.

IT was around 9.30 when the Japs quit. While Corsairs gave us protective cover, the captain had the casualties and about half the remaining crew transferred to another ship so we could work. The guys hated to leave. Before long, salvage tugs arrived and we were on the upgrade, out of any danger.

Picking my way aft between hoses, lines, pumps, and toiling men, I came across Brownie, an assistant engineer. He was disheveled, greasy, with torn clothes and a badly twisted ankle, but he was directing salvage operations with a coolness that was amazing, considering what he had gone through. I found out later that he had been all but trapped in the after engine room, and had to burn his way out with a torch, bringing six others out with him. Later he worked the same trick on another hatch that was sprung, saving about eight more guys.

I was only a spectator, but a rather involved one. I saw guns shoot, I saw planes get blown sky-high, I saw planes hit us, I saw guys get hit, I saw guys die. My part never was particularly outstanding either for doing things or for not doing what was expected of me. I don't yet know whether I was ever afraid. There wasn't time for much of anything like that.

I'm bursting with pride at being attached to such a group of men. Not so much for the record that was set in splashing planes, but for their individual acts of heroism—their little acts of bravery that came a dime a dozen that day—it would be impossible to tell of 'em all.

The official records show that we splashed nineteen planes. The Hadley accounted for twenty-three. I suppose that this will go down as one of the minor incidents of this war. But those of us that were in it can't quite pass it off like that.

We're getting ourselves a good rest now. Just finished seeing a movie tonight—got many laughs. The men are laughing, working hard, not complaining—they're a marvelous crew.

It's pushing 1 A. M. now—my fingers are pooped. I'll sign off. Good night and all my love to you both.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**Could there possibly be any truth to the story that George Washington once threw a silver dollar across the Potomac?**

**No. The event is supposed to have happened in 1738, but the silver dollar wasn't coined until 1794!**

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

HEAR WITH Revolutionary COMFORT!

BLACK or IVORY

Beltone the FAMOUS ELECTRONIC HEARING AID

NO SEPARATE BATTERY PACK!

This IS ALL YOU WEAR

NO BATTERY WIRE!

½ the Weight and Bulk of Most Hearing Aids

A nationally famous, lifetime hearing aid. • Clearer, more natural hearing. Plug in tubes, replaced as easily as a light bulb. Inconspicuous, flesh-color ear piece and cord.

MAIL THIS COUPON Today!

BELTONE HEARING AID CO.
Dept. L-98 , 847 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7

Sirs: Please send FREE booklet on Beltone.

NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY, ZONE AND STATE____________________

*Hans Lippershey* invented the refracting telescope in 1608. Perfected by Galileo, it came to be known as the Galilean Telescope.

Pal Pioneered, Perfected and Patented the *Hollow Ground* blade—a different, modern blade. Shaves with just a "Feather Touch" because Pal is *flexible* in the razor—follows facial contours. No need to "bear down". Blades last longer, too. Try them.

PAL
HOLLOW GROUND
HOLLOW PAL

4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢

Single and Double Edge

PAL HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR BLADES

BE PROTECTED in case of SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

NEW SECURITY PLAN Pays HOSPITAL & DOCTOR BILLS

COSTS ONLY 3¢ A DAY

OVER 16 MILLION HOSPITALIZED ANNUALLY

In case of sickness or accident, you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada under any Doctor's care. WE PAY YOUR EXPENSES in full accordance with Policy Provisions.

INDIVIDUAL or FAMILY

You are eligible for this low cost Protection from birth to age 70 . . . without medical examination. The famous North American Plan is sold direct at a saving to you. The Company is under the supervision of the Insurance Department. BE PREPARED! Sickness and accident strike suddenly. Insure now! Send for free details at once. No Agent will call.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS
HOSPITAL ROOM AND BOARD
DOCTOR OR SURGEON
TIME LOST FROM WORK
LOSS OF LIFE, LIMB, SIGHT
EMERGENCY EXPENSE
•
SICKNESS BENEFITS
HOSPITAL ROOM AND BOARD
SURGICAL EXPENSE
AMBULANCE EXPENSE AND OTHER VALUABLE BENEFITS

FREE! MAIL COUPON

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
Dept. , Wilmington, Del. L5-9

Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

Name..............................
Address..............................
City....................State....................

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
*F-N TEST?

*F-N
the famous
Finger Nail
Test

1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps it well groomed all day long without that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
FORMULA
for the hair
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long way. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN...

*Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify their hair. Try it before a shampoo... also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.*

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

# LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

## WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF

*(M-G-M) . . Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Lana Turner, Van Johnson*

WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF is a fanciful glimpse inside the doors of New York's biggest boardinghouse. A modernized version of Grand Hotel, it hasn't lost any of its original charm. Big names in a glamor setting with a bare thread of a story linking them together give Metro a chance to display a large chunk of talent in a lavish showcase.

M-G-M has rebuilt the Waldorf five stories high for this reel round-up—Ginger Rogers' story, Walter Pidgeon's, Lana Turner's, Van Johnson's, and Edward Arnold's story. Benchley wanders in and out, delivering a travelogue description of the Waldorf and its ways.

When a movie queen travels to New York to attend a première of her picture, she is given a full schedule—shopping tours, shows, parties, and attention. But Ginger Rogers, who—by coincidence—plays a movie star, finds the life dull and trying. It even gets a little dull for the audience, because this isn't the same Rogers who won an Oscar for playing Kitty Foyle.

Walter Pidgeon chases ennui for Miss Rogers with a device called Romance. As a war correspondent he measures up to previous screen correspondents, such as McCrea and Gable, with dashing ease.

Next we have (aahhhh!) Lana Turner, and she has never been more appealing than she is as the public stenographer of the Waldorf.

Van Johnson seems to have registered at the Waldorf in a last-minute attempt to placate the younger set who won't settle for Walter Pidgeon. And he's as pleasant as usual.

Benchley and Keenan Wynn share the laughs, with Wynn taking the lion's share. He's getting better with every picture.

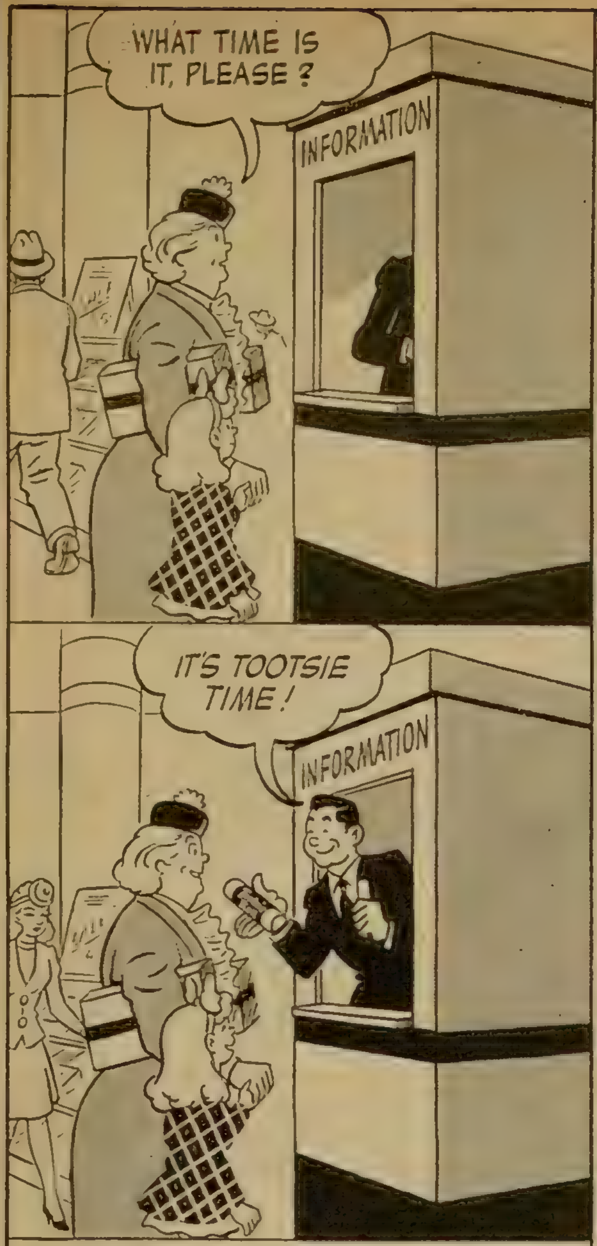
Ordinarily a parade of stars like this can be pretty tedious, but by interweaving the stories and timing the appearances of "big names," Weekend comes off nicely.

Maybe it isn't quite worth the full hour and a half it takes, but it makes a nice glittery show.

Man and wife—but not married!

Edward Arnold is his competition.

Keenan Wynn does some dance-floor kibitzing at the Starlight Roof.



WHAT TIME IS IT, PLEASE ?
INFORMATION
IT'S TOOTSIE TIME!
INFORMATION

CHOCOLATE **Tootsie Rolls** 5¢
"Any time is Tootsie Time"
REG U S PAT OFF

**POEMS WANTED**

To be set to music. Send your song poem today for free examination by our staff headed by nationally famous hit composer of "Dream a Little Dream of Me." Our new 6 step plan is most liberal and complete ever offered. Write today for free booklet.

SCREENLAND RECORDERS
Dept. L Hollywood 28, California

Tops for TOUGH BEARDS
Complete DURHAM SHAVE KIT $2.00
For sale only in U.S.A.

For beards as tough as copper wire, here's the answer to shaving comfort. Kit includes: Durham T-type razor, five famous Durham-Duplex heavy-duty, hollow-ground blades, strop outfit for economy and smoother shaves every time, shave stick and comb. A bargain in de luxe shaving equipment. If dealer can't supply, send $2 direct.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., MYSTIC, CONN.

## Liberty Goes to the Movies

One smart girl works on her first murder.

### LADY ON A TRAIN

*(Universal)*
*Deanna Durbin, Ralph Bellamy*

LADY ON A TRAIN is a "whodunit" with a sense of humor. Actually a better than fair mystery, it is augmented by the still lovely singing voice of Deanna Durbin and good comedy dialogue.

Leslie Charteris wrote the original story, which has all the needed elements of good mystery. Plenty of action, suspense, lots of utter confusion, and a final solution that satisfies. Charteris is the creator of the Saint, another noted movie detective, and no slouch in the eerie chuckle department.

Miss Durbin manages to squeeze in a few songs while she's solving the murder. (At one point, with typical Hollywood nonchalance, she replaces a night-club singer at a moment's notice and uncannily runs through the number without rehearsal or music. But not even the band leader is surprised, so why should you be?) Miss Durbin is quite grown up these days and much easier to look at, which helps her singing no end.

While the years have kindly changed Deanna, there are several old friends in the film who haven't changed a bit: Ralph Bellamy, Edward Everett Horton, and Allen Jenkins in roles you know so well. David Bruce runs helter-skelter through the romantic end of the picture and Dan Duryea is on hand to sneer at everyone —and everything—in sight.

Aside from serving as the prize red herring in the villainy department, Duryea curls his lip around comedy dialogue too—notably in a scene with Elizabeth Patterson, his grouchy aunt. She is in mourning for her brother, but by circumstance is in a night club with Duryea. Summoning a waiter, Duryea orders a Martini. Then, glancing at his aunt's funereal garb, he remembers to stay on his bad behavior. "Make that *two* Martinis," he says, "—one with a black olive."

This is Deanna Durbin's best effort to date since her graduation from the Daddy-I'm-Home! pictures where she sang unendingly to Charles Winninger. And since she's the stationmaster of Lady on a Train, most audiences will find her a rediscovered pleasure in a picture worth seeing.

Scripto's GREATEST Long-Lead PENCIL

PRECISION MADE
SMARTLY DESIGNED
POPULAR PRICED
4-INCH LEADS
WRITES SMOOTHER
ALWAYS SHARP!
Scripto
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PENCILS
LEADS
ERASERS

SCRIPTO MFG CO • ATLANTA, GA

PIPE SMOKERS
ENJOY LIFE
MORE

when they light-up with...

RUM and MAPLE

RUM and MAPLE
BLEND 53
ORIGINAL

25¢ a packet

PIPE MIXTURE
The ORIGINAL—*Blend #53*

*A "friendly mixer" with other tobaccos*

LANGUAGE IS POWER

...Forge ahead, win special assignments, promotion, better job in global peace time opportunities through ability to speak a foreign language.

*Speak*
SPANISH RUSSIAN
PORTUGUESE GERMAN
FRENCH ITALIAN

*or any of 23 other languages by the*

**LINGUAPHONE METHOD**
*The World's Most Approved Language Course*

It's all talk; natural, every-day conversation.

*In your own home* you can learn to speak any of 29 languages by the world-famous Linguaphone Ear-Eye Conversational Method. It is amazingly simple and practical. You HEAR voices of native teachers...they speak to you as often as you want them, never tiring...you REPEAT what they say, answer their questions... before you are actually aware, you are conversing in the language of your choice.

*Send for FREE book.*

**LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE**
41 RCA Bldg., Rockefeller Plaza, New York (20)

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
41 RCA Bldg., New York 20, N. Y.
Name ........................................
Address ........................................
City ........................ State ............
Language Interested ................................

# ROOSEVELT—MAN AND STATESMAN

Continued from Page 17

American, he was never afraid to ask or expect America's courage.

He was speaking of war in the world and democracy at home as two inseparable parts of his work and his time, in 1936 at Philadelphia when he declared that this generation of Americans had a rendezvous with destiny. He repeated it in January, 1939, when the imminence of war was obvious to all but the most blind of those Americans who sought to exorcise war by denying its danger.

"Once I prophesied," he told the Congress, "that this generation of Americans had a rendezvous with destiny. That prophecy comes true. To us much is given; more is expected.

"This generation will nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth."

When he died, the chance of salvation was certain, but certain only because of the great burdens he had seemed almost gaily to bear until the day he died under the long weariness of his load.

IT is difficult to remember any great American who was so belabored in his lifetime and so beloved by so many at the same time. He did not come to the storm of war from a cloudless America. The fighting at home continued straight up to the war—and beyond. But it was the same fighting for Roosevelt. He believed that democracy must be effective to survive.

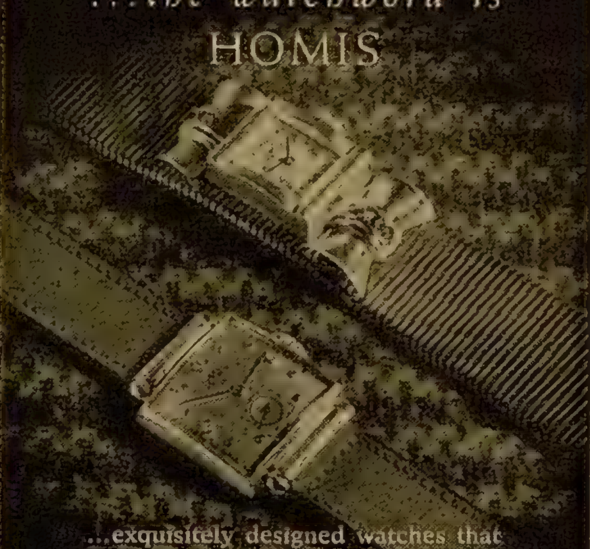
It was no accident that he chose the occasion of the dedication of a bridge, one of the public works built by his administration for the peaceful convenience of a creative people, for his famous Quarantine Speech in Chicago on October 5, 1937. He did not mention Doc New Deal or Dr. Win-the-War then, but he did use the metaphor of medicine when he spoke of the plague of international lawlessness already apparent in the world. It did not please the dictators. Some Americans did not like it. But he made clear his warning that if the disease were permitted to spread, "let no one imagine that America would escape."

He understood that warning as the man first responsible for its meaning in America. He was grim as he spoke it—grim as he could be, with his great shoulders forward, his eyes hard blue. He looked young still. He was fifty-five, in vigorous middle life, son of a mother still living at eighty-three and a father who had lived to be seventy-two. The paralysis which had steeled his mind seemed to have strengthened his body also. He seemed even a bigger man above his useless legs.

He had reason to be confident. The year before, he had received the greatest vote any President had ever received in a contested election. No President had ever come to the White House in the midst of such domestic crisis as he did, save only Lincoln. In four years he had given America long pent-up and long blindly resisted social and economic safeguards essential to the vitality of its democracy. True enough, he had been halted in some of his plans; not every reform had worked perfectly, but he had won the overwhelming confidence of people who wanted democracy to work. There were more fights to make for them. Then, at fifty-five, in the fullness of his powers and the powers of America for its people, he knew that forces grew in ruthlessness whose patent purpose was to see democracy destroyed.

It is a very easy thing to note now that the war began less than two years later. It is less easy to remember those ghostly symbols of world security, the Maginot

*All over the world ...the watchword is* HOMIS



...exquisitely designed watches that come to you with a name famous the world over for five decades of watchmaking genius.

As a gift, as a quality timepiece to serve you faithfully, accurately year after year—choose one of the many glamour-styled Homis creations. Featured by better jewelry and department stores in your city.

HOMIS

HOMIS COMPANY
*Manufacturers of fine timepieces since 1898*
*Switzerland • Los Angeles, California*

*America's* Most Comfortable Underwear

THE S-T-R-E-T-C-H DOES it! Step into *ONE-PIECE* JONES *Quality* HAPS, pull up over your shoulders . . . and feel that free-fitting comfort *only* this modern, form-fashioned shirt-n-shorts can give you. Airy, absorbent, rib-knit construction . . . *never* bulky or untidy. HAPS are bind-proof and climb-proof; no pinching or bagging . . . you don't even know you're wearing underwear! Try them! WIVES find just ONE-PIECE makes washing easier; no ironing. No buttons to bother! *Guaranteed the most comfortable and convenient underwear man ever wore, or money back!*

The Smart, Modern, ONE-PIECE Way to Wear SHIRTS-N-SHORTS!

HAPS INTERKNIT * Closed SEAT...

Only HAPS give you real bathroom convenience; no unbuttoning! Here's super-comfort through the super stretch, found only in our HAPS INTERKNIT* Closed Seat. Gives and takes with you... s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s like elastic when and where you need it, and snaps right back into trim fit.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Jones QUALITY HAPS*
For SMOOTH-FITTING Comfort

$1.25 up

If you like comfort, write for Booklet L
AUGUSTA KNITTING CORP., UTICA 2, N. Y.

Line, the French Army, the strange powers attributed to and expected from the British Fleet. In terms of the crackpots who have persisted, it is not easy to recall the respectability of rigid isolationism in the years before the war—and after it, before Pearl Harbor. Not many people remember that in the summer before Hitler marched into Poland the Congress declined to modify the Neutrality Act of 1935 which bound the President's hands and made it impossible for American industrial power to stand with the French Army and the British Fleet as potentials against German aggression.

Roosevelt hoped for peace for America, but he did not mean that America should idly allow the dictatorships to destroy the democracies. When war came, he made a point of describing the peculiar quality of our neutrality by his statement that "even a neutral has a right to take account of facts. Even a neutral cannot be asked to close his mind or his conscience." He moved immediately—and successfully this time—to secure such change in the Neutrality Act as would make it possible for American industry to supply French and British fighting forces. It was "cash and carry" then, but only the Allies could come and get it.

SOME historians given to labels have called America's part before Pearl Harbor America's "soft" war. After the fall of France, it became quickly tougher in Presidential utterance as well as Presidential act. The whole surplus store of American arms went by fast freighters to a Britain left unarmed after Dunkirk. By September the President had found a way to let Britain have fifty destroyers in a deal for bases in this hemisphere. Already, then, war production in the United States was growing to the possibility of the President's invention of the great American war weapon of lend-lease.

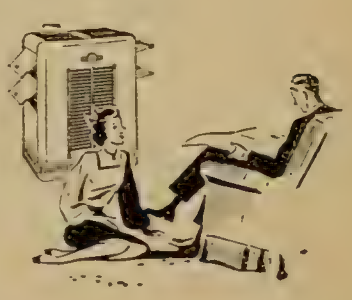
In September also—and in the midst of a national election campaign—he secured the Selective Training and Service Act providing the first draft of men in peacetime in American history. In peacetime, too, he secured the right to seize industrial plants not co-operating on defense orders. Camps grew, ships rose on the ways, new American fleets took the seas. Production began to answer the incredulity that had greeted the President's goal of 50,000 planes. In the archives in Washington there are memos bearing the scrawl of approval and injunction, "Work Fast—FDR."

The Japanese solved the problem of American isolation. And solved it on a Sunday afternoon while the President, relaxing for a little in the oval study at the White House and nursing the sinuses that plagued him all his life, was working at his stamp book. Before he went late to bed, almost every major participant in the "defense" effort had been with him on the first day of war. The attack, which had come under the mask of negotiations still under way in Washington when the bombs dropped, was surprise and naval disaster, but it found Washington in full stride of preparation for the greatest war ever undertaken.

That day the Commander in Chief gave orders like a commander on the bridge of a ship. One who watched him work has spoken of his "genius in disorder" and said that his command on that crowded seventh of December was to be compared only with his confident leadership on his first days in the White House when the national economy seemed tottering. The crowds which had heard the news gathered outside the White House fence. The Cabinet members, the generals, and the admirals came in. They found a leadership which did not relax while he lived.

HE DESERVES A LIFE THAT'S BRIGHTER...
3 CHORES LIGHTER...
IT'S easy WITH PERFECTION!

**1 SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO..**



Every room in the house warm and inviting in winter—thanks to Perfection Oil-Burning Heaters. And all the warmth without work or dirt! Dial control gives any degree of heat you want. Heat-directing shutters send heat where you want it—keep floors warmer. Blower and humidifier extend heat range and increase comfort.

**2 WATCH HIS EYES SPARKLE...**

When he sees what a Perfection Oil Range can do to the kitchen! So bright and cheery—so clean and convenient. Ashes, dirt, soot and clutter—gone forever! "High Power" burners give any degree of heat you want. "Live Heat" oven assures better baking. Perfection in the kitchen means *better living.*

**3 PLENTY OF HEAVENLY HOT WATER . . .**

On tap all the time for baths, housework and laundry—thanks to Perfection's modern Oil-Burning Hot Water Heater. What a comfort that will be!

*Due to our war work only limited quantities available at present.*

**PERFECTION** *The Mark of Quality*

Oil RANGES • HEATERS • HOT WATER HEATERS

*7792-A Platt Avenue • Cleveland 4, Ohio*

GET RID OF STAINS ... Odors ... Germs

And do it the sanitary way—with Sani-Flush. It will keep the toilet bowl white . . . remove a source of toilet odors. The hidden trap will be thoroughly cleaned too.

Sani-Flush works chemically. Its use two or three times a week is sufficient. Just shake a little into the toilet bowl. You don't have to scrub. Sani-Flush disinfects too. Will not harm toilet connections—or septic tanks and their action. (See the simple directions for use on the can.) If you haven't used Sani-Flush, try it. For sale everywhere—two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
For Cleaning Toilet Bowls
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
Replacement or refund of money if defective or not as advertised therein

Sani-Flush

QUICK
EASY
SANITARY

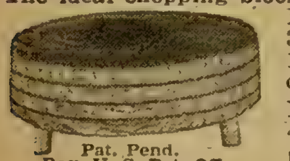
PSORIASIS

PSORIASIS SUFFERERS: Has everything failed to bring even temporary relief from scales, lesions and itching? Then write today for FREE important information. You needn't invest one cent!
PIXACOL CO., Dept. L-34, Box 3583, Cleveland, Ohio

TUK AWAY BUTCHER BLOCKS

The ideal chopping block for Home, Ranch, Farm, Restaurant and Camp. 3½ inches thick, 10½ to 12½ inches wide, 6 inches overall height ......$4.14

Five other popular sizes 4¼ to 18½ inches.



Pat. Pend.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

If unable to obtain locally, write

TEXAS MANUFACTURING CO., Brenham, Texas

Nobody knows yet how to count or measure such a war. The greatest war we had ever fought before was concerned with only a single European land front and the Atlantic Ocean. Roosevelt's leadership in this war concerned men on every continent and every sea. In what we had called the World War before, we were engaged for only nineteen months, and only for part of that time were large American forces engaged. This war began with men dying, and the fighting had gone on for three years and five months when Roosevelt died.

In this war, lend-lease to our allies alone has cost more in dollars than our total spending before. For this war American industrial production is more than three times as great as in 1918 and nearly half of the total national production has been for war purposes, a proportion twice as great as that in the peak year of the last war. The arsenal of democracy was working as the arsenal of destruction.

ALL this production and power and treasure was to be under the direction of one man. He took the direction and held it. He called tough old Admiral William D. Leahy to the White House as his personal chief of staff and through him kept in close touch with both the joint (U. S.) Chiefs of Staff and the combined (Anglo-American) Chiefs of Staff. On the ground floor of the White House a specially guarded and staffed map room was set up where messages were received about the progress of our forces everywhere. On the maps he watched the war of men and supplies, of strategy and logistics, of heroism and death and victory.

It was a dark story at first—Guam and Wake and Midway and Bataan. Then slowly the men and production and ships and planes which were his concern became his concern also in Coral Sea, Midway again, Komandorskie Straits, Guadalcanal, Attu, Kiska, Bougainville, Tarawa, Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Hollandia, Saipan, Guam again, the Palaus and Leyte, on toward Japan. The first great secret enterprise came at last to other maps: Casablanca, Oran, Algiers, Tunis, Kasserine Pass, and on to Gela, Salerno, Messina, bloody Anzio, tough Cassino, to Rome. Rome somehow seemed the signal for the greatest secret and toughest job of all, Normandy. The President had been sick, but he was gay that June day.

"What are you fellows grinning about?" he wanted to know, grinning wide and happy himself.

Within five months the Americans alone sent more fighting men to France—men fully equipped—than the entire expeditionary force of the last war. And yet, within the same period at the other side of the world, we landed a force sufficient to ensure the liberation of the Philippines. We were clearly already on the victory road.

Under Roosevelt's direction we built a Navy greater than the combined navies of all our allies and enemies. No greater Army ever marched under the American flag, or in equipment and quality under any other. The air power we built broke Germany and shatters Japan. These are the parts of victory certainly, but only a part of the evidence of leadership which Roosevelt provided in this war. In the faith he created among the three great Allies and all the United Nations, he was a force for victory in himself.

A whole decade before he met the monolithic Stalin in Teheran, he had extended the first hand of recognition to the almost pariah Russians in 1933. Our full safety and solidarity in the Western Hemisphere grew straight from the Good Neighbor policy and its observance, which proved not merely to the Americas but also to the world our international good intentions. Roosevelt's ardent and early aid to Britain made the simplest Briton as well as its first statesman regard him as friend. In a whole world in trouble he seemed the man men everywhere believed they could trust.

Such faith is not to be counted in terms of divisions or battleships. It meant much at home in terms of production. He was a man as well as a commander to our fighting men. In America his train moved to war plants and military camps. His friendship for Churchill, formally begun on the foggy seas of the Newfoundland bight where they bound their purpose to freedom in the Atlantic Charter, was a good affection warmed by many meetings. The President was not bothered by Churchill's occasional intellectual arrogance. He was not unduly impressed on a visit to his Maryland hideaway when Churchill recited the whole of Barbara Frietchie and then turned in casual erudition to the nonsense verse of Edward Lear. He was sometimes amused by Churchill's Tory fears. I had a feeling, as he talked of him, that he liked to bait him a little, even to tease him in the dead-pan presence of Stalin, who, he discovered, could laugh. The President had a deep respect for Stalin. I remember once his speaking of a plan for the solution of some problem he had outlined to the Marshal. He mimicked Stalin's brief, decisive thoughtfulness.

"I had not thought of it," he quoted the Marshal as saying. "It is a good idea. I will sign."

And that was that. It was very different with Churchill at that time. Describing him and imitating him, the President put his hands up defensively. "Churchill is acting now as if he is always afraid of getting hit."

THE nature of the differences of the Marshal and the Prime Minister placed Roosevelt between them. In the deepest sense he had the trust of both. It was not accident that at Yalta, by general consent, he served as the chairman of the last great conference of his life.

There can have been few greater moments in history than that time at Yalta. Victory in Europe was clearly before them. They reached decisions which the happiness of the world cannot allow to disintegrate. It was a great time—and a happy one as well.

But it was not a happy voyage home. Before the cruiser Quincy turned toward home they knew that "Pa" Watson was dying. General Edwin Watson was a good deal more than the President's secretary and military aide. He was an arm upon whom the President literally leaned when he undertook to walk in his steel braces. More than anybody else, perhaps, he was the President's "tonic." It was his job to protect the President from overlong and overtalkative appointments. It was his gift and grace that he had warmth and charm and great good laughter. Also, he loved

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

TIRED, ACHY MUSCLES

Sprains • Strains • Bruises • Stiff Joints

What you NEED is

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

EYES TIRED?

TWO DROPS

QUICK RELIEF

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.

Murine
EYES
CLEANSES SOOTHES AND REFRESHES THE EYES

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

ASTHMATICS—
POLLEN TIME is here!

Relieve pollen-aggravated bronchial asthma attacks with Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. The aromatic, medicated fumes help clear the head, aid in reducing the severity of attacks, help make breathing easier. Economical, too—so keep ASTHMADOR always on hand, ready for emergency anytime, anywhere. At all drug stores in powder, pipe mixture or convenient cigarette form.

Rely on
ASTHMADOR

STOPS Most Rupture Worries!

C. E. Brooks, Inventor

Why worry and suffer along with an ill-fitting truss? Learn about our perfected invention for most forms of reducible rupture in men, women and children. Patented air cushion softly, silently helps Nature support the weakened muscles—day and night. Thousands made happy. Weighs but a few ounces, is neat and sanitary. No stiff springs or hard pads. No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. Welcome relief GUARANTEED.

**Sent on trial** to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores or by agents. Write TODAY for full information and Free Book on Rupture! All correspondence confidential.

**BROOKS COMPANY, 412-A State St., Marshall, Mich.**

Delicious Vita-Sert VITAMIN Chocolate Bar

SWEET
Vita-Sert
10¢
VITAMIN
CHOCOLATE BAR
COOK CHOCOLATE CO. Chicago

All These VITAMINS In Every Bar
A.... 4000 I. U.
$B_1$........ 1 Mg.
$B_2$........ 2 Mg.
D..... 400 I. U.
These quantities are 100% of minimum adult daily requirements as set by U. S. Gov't.

10¢

At All Food, Drug and Candy Counters

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

the President very much. And somewhere between Gibraltar and the Azores he died —of a cerebral hemorrhage.

The President came home to the piled mass of the details of his leadership which included more work and worry than exaltation. His report on Yalta was received with acclaim. But there were complaints on the home front. There was politics still. Politics had never abated for one moment. When it was worst it pretended to a greater patriotism than the President's. Fortunately, sometimes it amused him. Indeed, nothing seemed as eternal about him as his full-bodied laughter. It was one of the qualities which made him seem almost a man designed by nature to survive the strain of the American Presidency in such a war as this.

His gaiety was like Lincoln's humor—the releasing levity of a deeply serious man. Certainly as he grew older and more weary, he was not the debonair Roosevelt of the first crowded days in the White House. But he seemed in conversation still the self-confident, laughing, sometimes outrageous Roosevelt who used humor as a tool and a weapon and a release. It was not the humor of an easygoing man. It could arm indignation, as he showed, a year before he died, in his famous speech to the Teamsters. Humor was a part of his famous characteristic of reducing the most serious things to simplicity: Lend-lease was a garden hose lent to a neighbor whose house was on fire.

HE loved to tell the story of the origin of the name "United Nations" during Churchill's first swift visit to Washington after Pearl Harbor. They had struggled over combinations of fine words for a name for their league of belligerents. None of them seemed satisfactory. "United Nations" came to F. D. R. at night. Next morning he rolled into Churchill's bedroom. The Prime Minister was bathing. The President waited, and Churchill came out of the bathroom without a stitch of clothing on.

"He looked like a fat cherub," the President recalled.

But that morning he said, "Winston, I have found the name, 'United Nations.'"

The naked Churchill considered it solemnly and gave it his approval. Only after he had indicated his agreement did he seem to be aware of his nakedness.

"Later," said the President, "he told the King about it: 'Your Majesty, you are the only King of England whose Prime Minister has been received by the Chief of a State while completely nude.'"

Some people with neat little minds sometimes found the easy ranging mind of Roosevelt disorderly. They were shocked by his humorous memories of solemn occasions. It could, of course, be disconcerting to call about a job and spend your time talking stamps, or the venereal disease rate in Liberia, or a plan for the reforestation of the shores of the Persian Gulf. Conversation could be a defense with him as laughter was. But he could, in the first years of the war, turn easily to diversion for its own sake.

Much will be written about his collection of books, stamps, prints. His greatest collecting was not tangible: Everywhere he went—Casablanca, Teheran, Yalta even —he collected an amazing amount of nonessential but lively details about life and people. His interest in geography was never limited to maps. He even collected such evanescent things as bird calls. I know that during the earliest and most jittery days of the war he disturbed the Secret Service detail by a strange postmidnight sortie. His companions were some learned ornithologists who had come to join him in a contest as to which of them could

Here's a SENSIBLE way to relieve distress of 'periodic' FEMALE WEAKNESS

(Also a Grand Stomachic Tonic)

Have *you* at such times noticed yourself feeling nervous, irritable, so tired, a bit blue—due to female functional periodic disturbances?

Then don't delay! Try this great medicine—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—to relieve such symptoms. It's so effective because it has a soothing effect on one of woman's most important organs.

**Important To Know!**

Pinkham's Compound DOES MORE than relieve such monthly cramps, headache, backache. It ALSO relieves accompanying tired, nervous, irritable feelings—due to this cause. Taken regularly—it helps build up *resistance* against such distress. Pinkham's Compound HELPS NATURE. Also grand stomachic tonic.

DIRECTIONS: Take one tablespoonful 4 times a day before meals and at bedtime.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME

Most well-paid positions demand high school training. Without it, or equivalent, you can't advance to the full extent of your abilities in any trade, business or profession. Whatever your age, however you're situated, IT ISN'T NECESSARY TO STRUGGLE UNDER THAT HANDICAP. I.C.S., famous for more than 50 years, enables you to start your own high school in your own home. You're in a class by yourself—study in your spare time—acquire a high school education at astonishingly low cost. Authoritative texts! Rapid Progress! Write today for free booklet.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 8474-N, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.
Send me full information on the following subject:
.................................................................
*Name*.................................................*Age*..........
*Home Address*.................................................
*City*.......................................*State*.....................
*Present Position*.................... *Working Hours*..........*A.M. to*..........*P.M.*

CAT'S PAW

non-slip
Rubber Heels & Soles

DOCTORS KNOW!

SIMPLE PILES ARE EASY TO INFECT

How To Avoid Possible Injury And Infection

Be careful how you treat for Simple Piles. Avoid any method that may disturb the delicate, often irritated, swollen rectal tissues and nerves. The danger of injury and infection is too great to take such needless chances.

Play safe! Use modern 4-Way Rectal Cones. These scientifically medicated, professionally compounded, velvety-soft rectal suppositories for men and women act in 4 important, effective ways:

1—Quickly allay itching, pain, burning. 2—Lubricate, soften dry, hard parts. 3—Aid in reducing swelling and checking minor bleeding of Simple Piles. 4—Brought directly to the affected area by natural involuntary muscular action.

4-Way Rectal Cones take but a moment to use. No fuss, no bother. No staining of underwear or bedclothing. It's the *safe* way—no danger of injury or infection. If trouble persists, see your doctor. Economical! Box of fourteen—85¢ at Druggists. If your druggist is unable to supply you, send us his name and address and we'll mail you a trial box immediately.

**BEAUMONT CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

4-WAY RECTAL CONES

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

"For the SPARK that NEVER Fails"

INSIST ON RUMIN Gold Coated FLINTS and LIGHTER FLUID

At drug and cigar stores, PX and Ship's Service.

ROCK FLINT CO., 123 Doughty Blvd., Far Rockaway, N.Y.

SHORTHAND in 6 Weeks at Home

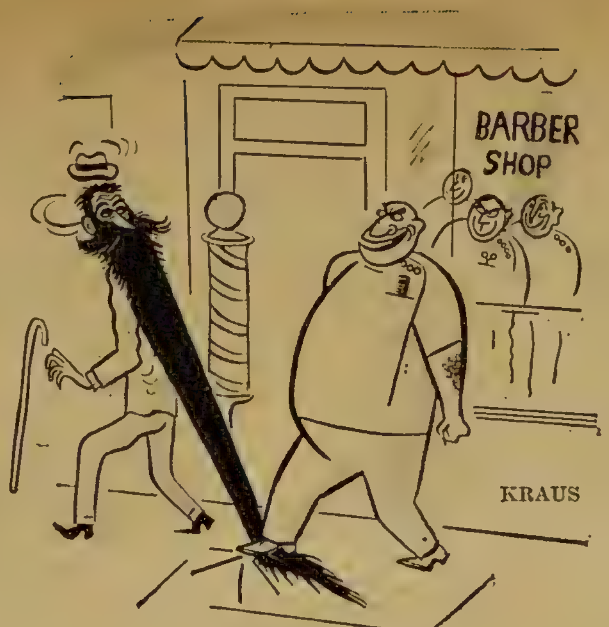
Famous Speedwriting system. No signs or symbols; uses ABC's. Easy to learn; easy to write and transcribe. Fast preparation for a job. Surprisingly low cost. 100,000 taught by mail. Used in leading offices and Civil Service. Write for free booklet to:

Speedwriting

Dept. 5409, 55 W. 42 St., N. Y. 18

CONSULT YOUR PHYSICIAN

"SM's" [pronounced S-Ems] are available *only* through properly licensed pharmacists. Never sold by mail or mail order houses. Consult your physician — purchase from your pharmacy.*** S. M. Laboratories, Seattle 1, Wash.



"Beaver!"

identify the greatest number of night sounds made by Dutchess County birds. He was proud of his long-standing membership in the Union of Ornithologists, but enjoyed claiming that that membership had greatly befuddled investigators of the Dies Committee when they were looking for left-wing organizations. "They couldn't tell," he said, "whether it was A. F. of L. or C. I. O."

He collected also, or invented—for private conversation and for his speaking to millions—parables to show his problems and make his points. And there was the proverb he brought back from Casablanca for those New Dealers, old friends and supporters, who had grown more worried as the war went on. They became very worried about American dealings in the conquest of North Africa with the Vichy French. I think he had been waiting a long time to give them his precise answer.

The President had faith in people as well as affection for them, but he was a realist about people also. Sometimes he was too kind to people upon whose affection and loyalty he knew he could depend even though their abilities were limited. Also, he used some people who were simple enough to think they were using him. He did not feel called upon to explain himself to his friends. He himself was confident of his goals. He attributed the proverb which he brought back from Casablanca to one of the Balkan countries, but it always sounded pure Roosevelt to me:

"In time of trouble, my children, it is given to you that you may go with the devil as far as the bridge."

He never would have asked for patience directly, but the request was there. He had a war to fight. Nothing seemed to him so important as winning it with the least loss of American lives and in such a way as to assure the continuance of democracy in security for all Americans. Somehow nobody ever seemed to recall he had four boys in that war—none of them in safety zones. For them, for other Americans, for himself, victory meant making democracy work for men, women, and children.

The steps he took in building power for war were accompanied all the way by the clearest insistence upon the purpose of the war as the protection and fulfillment of the possibilities of democracy. That insistence was the essence of the Four Freedoms attached to the lend-lease proposal of 1941. The same essential freedoms were fixed in the fighting purposes of Britain and America in the Atlantic Charter in 1941. In 1944 he advanced from freedoms to rights in the economic bill of rights which he embodied in his January message to Congress on the state of the Union. He repeated that bill of rights in his speech

AVAILABLE for IMMEDIATE DELIVERY!

Radios—
Table Models
Electric Fans
Electric Heaters
Health Lamps

Electric Irons
Electric Roasters
Electric Mixers
Waffle Bakers

Silverware
Cooking Utensils
Carpet Sweepers
Electric Extension Cords
Other Electric Items

Electric Cookers
—1 or 2-Burner
Electric Broilers

*Send Stamped Return Envelope for Prices*

JOSEPH WINKLER & CO.
Dept. LF
667-671 NO. CLARK STREET
CHICAGO 10, ILLINOIS

FAST RELIEF FOR PAIN

Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills can bring prompt relief for **Headache, Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Pains or Functional Monthly Pains.** They do not upset the stomach and they taste good. Have you tried them? 25 tablets 25c; 125 tablets $1.00. Caution; read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

DR. MILES Anti-Pain Pills

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) *Use* DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 4724, Detroit 4, Mich.

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

at Soldier Field at Chicago in October. It is worth remembering now:

The right of a useful and remunerative job in the industries, or shops, or farms, or mines of the nation;

The right to earn enough to provide adequate food and clothing and recreation;

The right of every farmer to raise and sell his products at a return which will give him and his family a decent living;

The right of every business man, large and small, to trade in an atmosphere of freedom from unfair competition and domination by monopolies at home and abroad;

The right of every family to a decent home;

The right to adequate medical care and the opportunity to achieve and enjoy good health;

The right to adequate protection from the economic fears of old age, sickness, accident, and unemployment;

The right to a good education.

"ALL these rights," the President said, "spell security. And after this war is won we must be prepared to move forward, in the implementation of these rights, to new goals of human happiness and well-being."

He understood the opposition to such ideals. He knew better than most Americans that there were men who regarded the war as a new phase, a new turning to the right—away from the program he and the great mass of Americans who had four times elected him had worked out together.

Just a week before he died he wrote again his determination and his faith to an old political friend:

". . . I am sure that Americans who have done so much in the winning of the war have no doubt that we can give victory the rich meaning of full employment in the United States and of assistance to other nations in their reconstruction. Victory, without the use for abundance of the powers we have developed in production for war, would be, indeed, a hollow victory. We must plan security and abundance together. Such a stronger American economy will be essential to carry out the responsibilities that lie in plans made at Bretton Woods, Hot Springs, and Dumbarton Oaks. Similarly, abundance at home depends upon organization for order and security in the world."

He was tired then, but not changed. He understood the American destiny of which he had been both the prophet and the leader. It had not altered. But, better than anybody else, he knew how weary he was, how suddenly, quickly, the war had made him old. He could see the wavering signature where so recently the bold scrawl had been. He was not fooled. But others were—some who loved him most. The spark of humor and liveliness never left his face, and somehow I think that misled his friends, as people who saw only the photographed image were not misled.

Well, perhaps he died right for history. We can say that easily, remembering the abortive tragedy of Wilson, who had no historic right to live after he was stricken at Wichita. He not only failed to get peace; he lingered in its dissolution. Somehow there seems no tragedy now about Lincoln's dying. He departed in fitness with victory. But we forget much about Lincoln; we remember the funeral train and Walt Whitman's lilacs and forget that death interrupted his devotion to freedom for people. And peace and people made the joint heritage Roosevelt left us. He knew that peace and freedom are inseparable and that there can be no enduring peace except upon a decent earth.

We shall have to wait to know his full greatness—and our own.

THE END

KEEP REGULAR
the healthful way!

NO HARSH LAXATIVES

JUST LEMON AND WATER

IT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

TRY LEMON AND WATER YOURSELF

JUICE OF ONE LEMON
IN GLASS OF WATER
FIRST THING ON ARISING

It's simple—natural! Yet most people find that lemon and water, when taken first thing on arising, insures prompt, *normal* elimination day after day! And it's *good* for you—supplies vitamins C, P and B1, helps prevent colds, alkalinizes, aids digestion. Refreshing to take, too. Try it ten days.

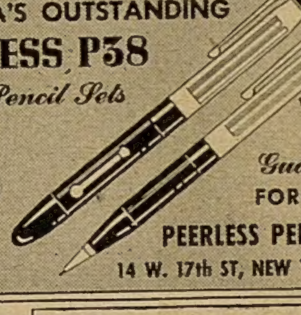
LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

California Sunkist

*Keep regular the Healthful way!*
LEMON and WATER
...first thing on arising

POEMS WANTED
For Musical Setting
Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. Don't Delay—Send us your Original Poem at once—for immediate examination and FREE Rhyming Dictionary.
RICHARD BROTHERS 48 WOODS BUILDING CHICAGO, ILL.

AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING VALUE
PEERLESS P38
*Pen & Pencil Sets*
$8.75
SEE YOUR DEALER



*Guaranteed* FOR ALWAYS
PEERLESS PEN CO. MFRS.
14 W. 17th ST, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

DETECTO DIET AND CHARM BOOK

BE LOVELY—SAFELY
So that you'll be proud to step on your DETECTO BATHROOM SCALE when they're available again--get the DETECTO CHARM BOOK with reducing diets, gaining diets, exercises, calorie charts and weight tables. Send 10c for mailing and handling to Dept. L.
DETECTO SCALES, Inc.
ONE MAIN STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

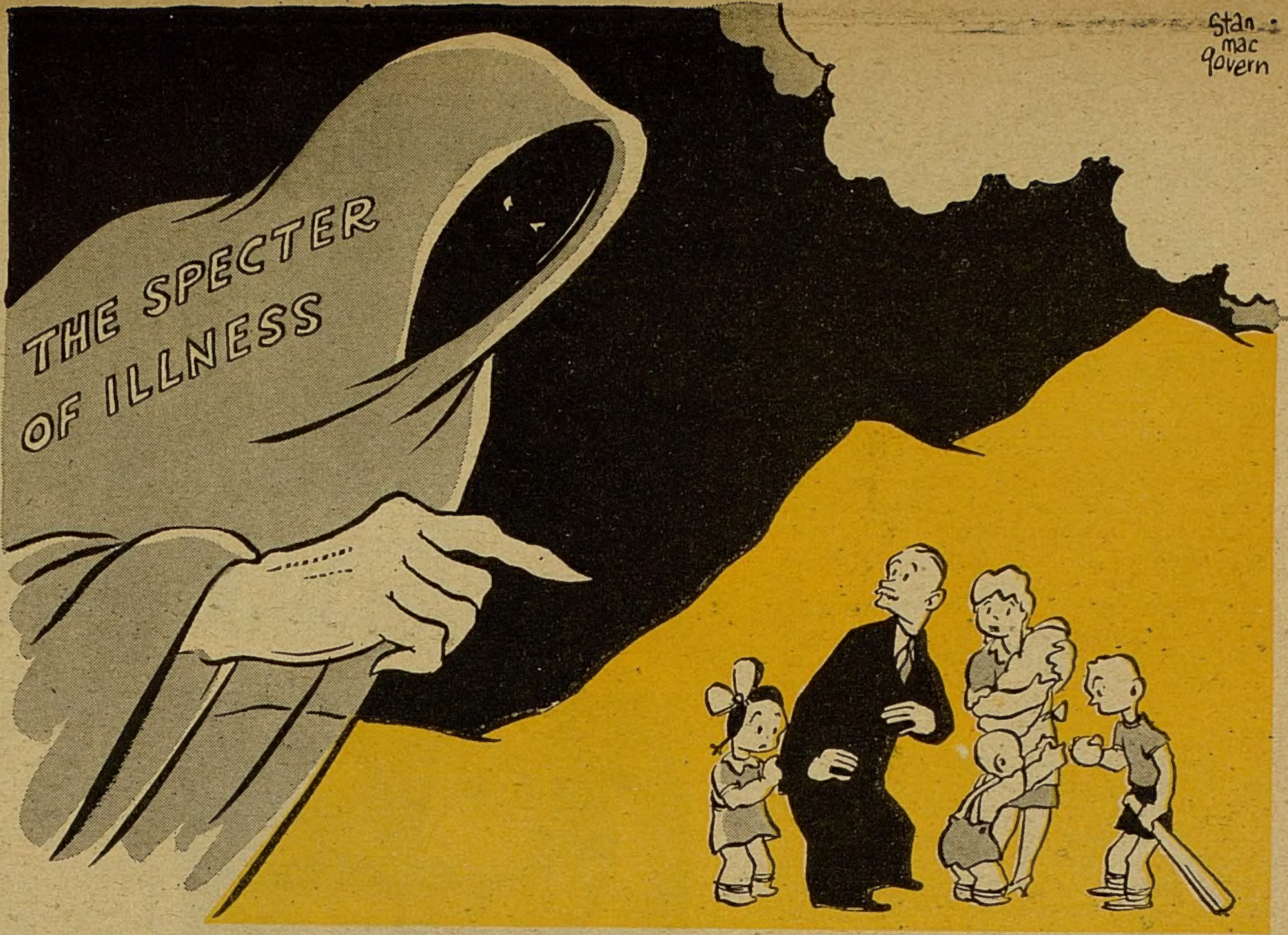
PULVEX
FLEA POWDER
*Kills fleas*
25¢ AND 50¢
100% SATISFACTION ...OR MONEY BACK

Who Is the Robber That Steals Your Sleep?

It is common knowledge that nothing undermines health so quickly as loss of sleep. You know how just one or two sleepless nights can drag you down. Who is the "robber" that creeps upon you in the middle of the night and keeps you awake? Is it "NERVES" that rob you of the sleep you need? Nervous Tension can be responsible for so many Wakeful Nights as well as Crankiness, Restlessness, Nervous Headache and Indigestion. When you feel Nervous and Jittery—when you can't sleep at night, why don't you try **Dr. Miles Nervine?** For over 50 years Dr. Miles Nervine has been a mild but effective sedative, that helps to quiet your nerves, relieve Nervous Tension, and permit Refreshing Sleep. Get Dr. Miles Nervine at your Drug Store. It comes in two forms. Liquid **25c and $1.00** sizes. Effervescent Tablets **35c and 75c** sizes. **Caution;** read directions and use only as directed. See what it can do for you to relax tense nerves and help you get your sleep and rest. **Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.**

SEPT. 8, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
*Publisher*
EDWARD MAHER
*Editor*



# MEDICAL CARE FOR THE AVERAGE FAMILY

THE other night after a session at the bowling alley, we dropped into the dog wagon for a late bite and ran into Elmer, a pungent character with whom we occasionally swap ideas on life as it is lived in these United States.

Elmer is a sound fellow with a wife and four kids who makes, we gather, around fifty dollars a week at some job which, though unexciting, is steady.

Over a second and third and then a fourth cup of coffee, we got into a discussion of family medical care and the provisions for it contained in the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill now before Congress.

"Take a guy like me, for instance," said Elmer. "I ain't anxious to deal with any more government bureaus than we've got now, but when a fellow's got a family, he needs something to take the worry over doctors' bills off his mind. I'd be in a hell of a fix if one of us or one of the kids got really sick.

"Take now, for instance, some of the folks who live down in the valley and don't work steady. They're always broke, but when they get sick or one of their kids gets sick they go to a free clinic. If they're really in a bad way they go to a free hospital and get good care, no matter how long it takes to get them well. The rich, too, they're all right. They can afford doctor and hospital bills without going broke. But me, I'm caught right in the middle. I'm not going to send my kids or my missus to any free clinic even if I could get away with it. We ain't broke and we can pay our way, but I hate to think what would happen if one of us got sick bad. It would wipe out all we got: our war bonds, our savings, maybe even the house. It might put me in hock for a couple of years."

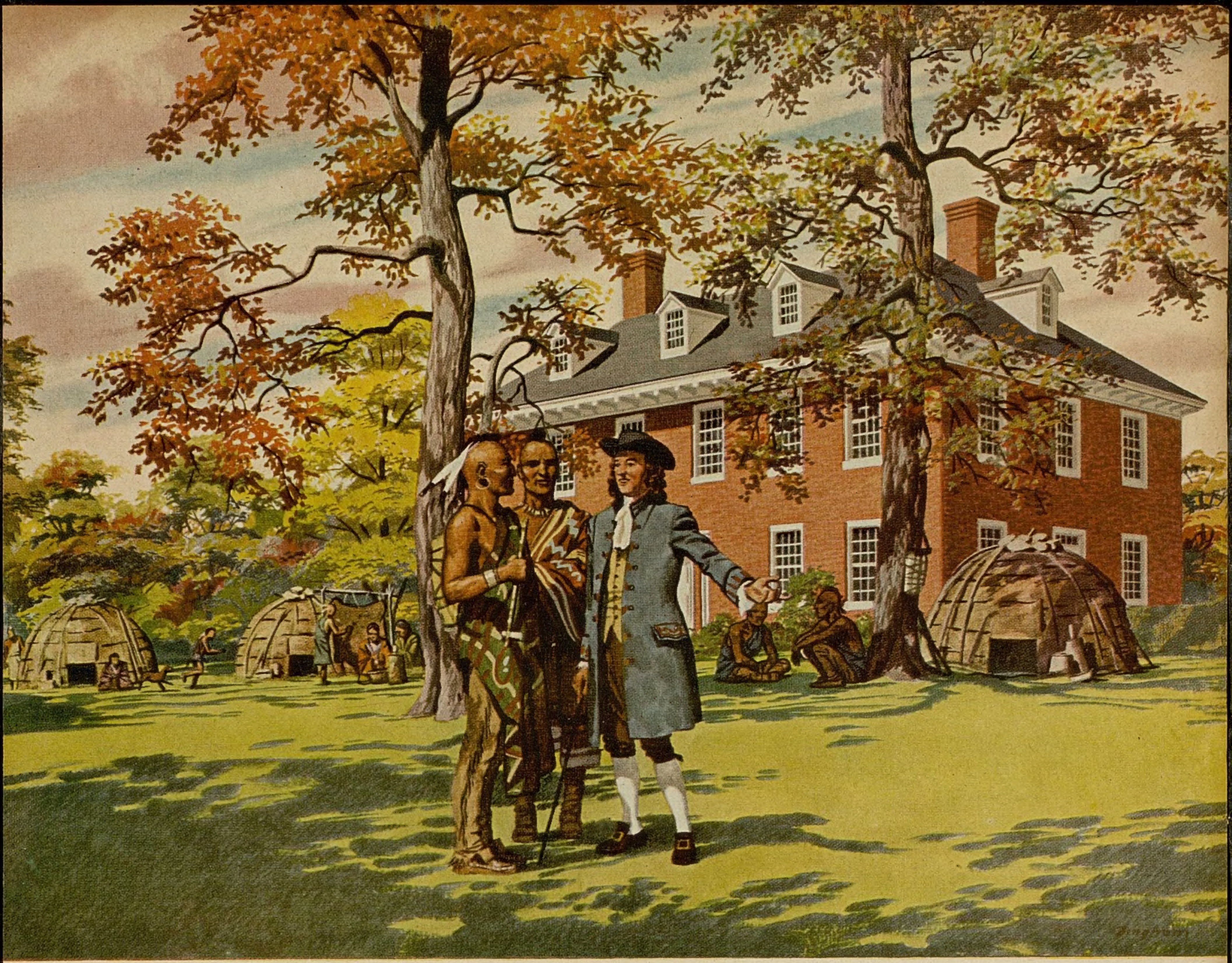
It seems to us Elmer has stated the nub of the family medical problem in this country. Both the poor and the rich have access to adequate care. It's the middle fellow, who wants to stand on his own feet medically as well as otherwise, who gets the short end of the stick under present circumstances. Elmer might have gone still further and pointed out what is a very real danger. All too often a child or other member of a family in his circumstances gets treated at home for what is thought to be only a cold or a fever when a doctor's advice should be sought. Three dollars is three dollars and not to be tossed out lightly. Thus illnesses that should be stopped in their tracks by prompt professional attention become long drawn out and all too often fatal.

The problem of assuring unlimited access to modern medical care for families in modest circumstances on a sound American basis long has been clamoring for a solution. Group plans and community plans already in operation to this end in scattered instances do not go far enough fast enough. What is needed is a workable national plan that will assure more protection and cost less.

Unless the men of organized medicine promptly produce one that will protect the Elmers and their families at a cost they can afford, the government is sure to step in and impose a plan that may and probably will be less satisfactory to both the patients and the doctors.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



Indian Camp at Stenton, Home of James Logan, Penn's Secretary . . . from an early print.*

# Philadelphia
## The Heritage Whisky

> *". . . he (Logan) had merited the peculiar affection and confidence of the Indian tribes, they often visiting his grounds . . . under his hospitality . . ."*
>
> Watson's *"Annals of Philadelphia"*

Openhanded was the hospitality that flourished in Colonial Philadelphia. In the mansion houses of the wealthy, or the city's substantial inns, all were genuinely welcome. A friendly tradition worthily sustained today by "The Heritage Whisky," Philadelphia Blend. Here's whisky so fine you could justly reserve it for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia . . . regularly and often.

*Continental Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

Famous since 1894
Philadelphia
The Heritage Whisky
Philadelphia
Blended Whisky

*86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS*

*CONTINUING, BY POPULAR REQUEST, THE SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS FOR PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . *THE HERITAGE WHISKY* . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894

MAKES BREAKFAST COUNT FOR MORE!
Here's whole wheat pressed into bite size biscuits to provide stay-with-you nourishment. Just a small serving helps keep you going strong all morning long. Try it!
Shredded Ralston
BITE SIZE WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS
Shredded RALSTON
RECIPES

10 FEATURE SECTION

## IN HOLLYWOOD

BY JIMMIE FIDLER

IN HOLLYWOOD . . . or anywhere, Shredded Ralston is the cereal that helps keep me fit-as-a-Fidler. Those bite size biscuits must pack a peck of energy because when breakfast starts with a bowl of Shredded Ralston . . . well, there's none of that before-lunchtime let-down. It's a four-bell cereal for flavor, too! And the miracle is, each biscuit stays crisp in milk . . . and that's not just "Idol Chatter."

Jimmie Fidler

JIMMIE FIDLER
is heard Every Sunday Night
Over the Blue Network.

rs in Hollywood are usually spoi
be be if given a normal chan
mud." of their parents
they didn Fan mag
ites wouldn
walking down
Monty W